

THE OLD TOWN SPEAKS

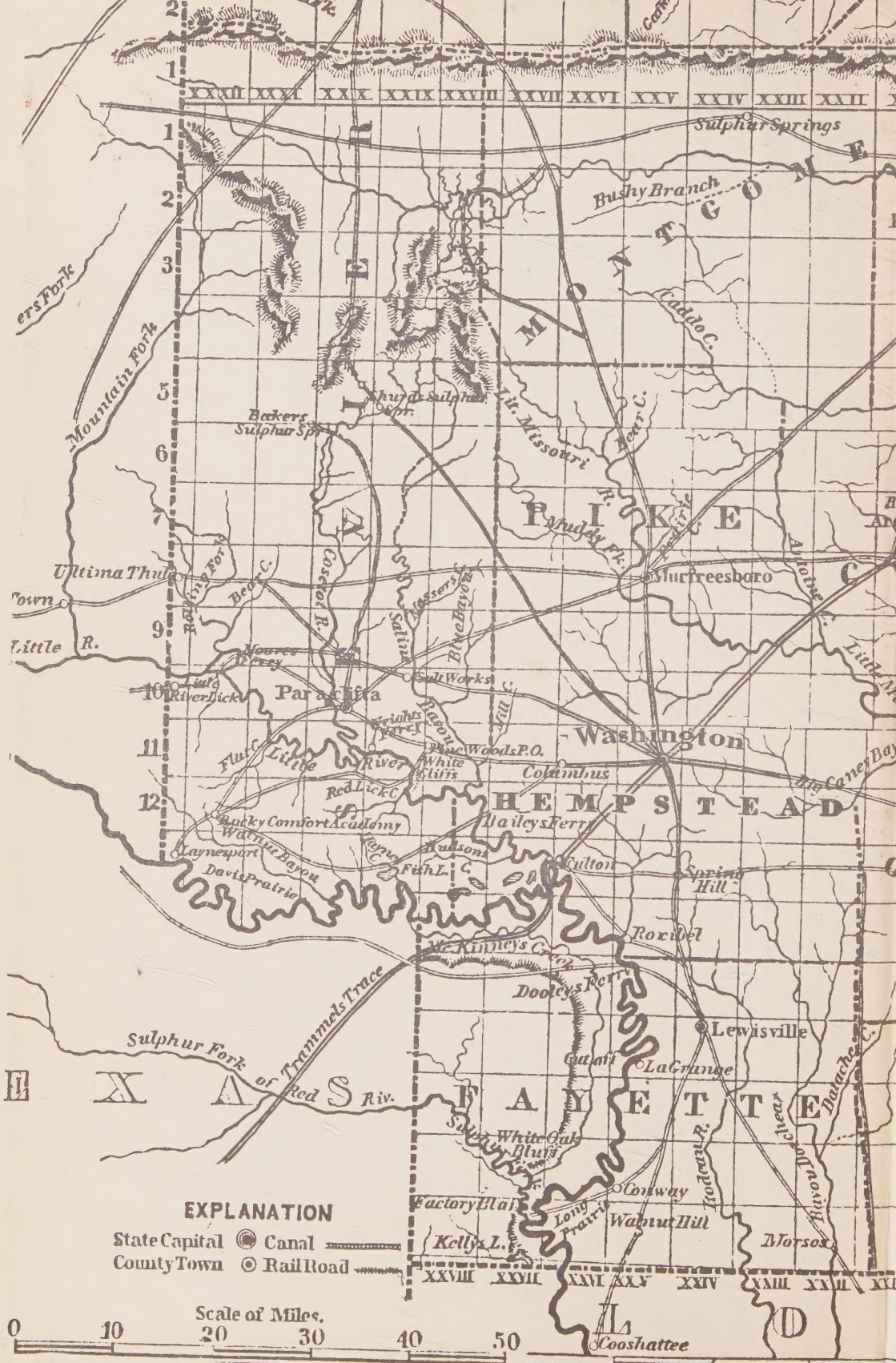
Recollections of
WASHINGTON

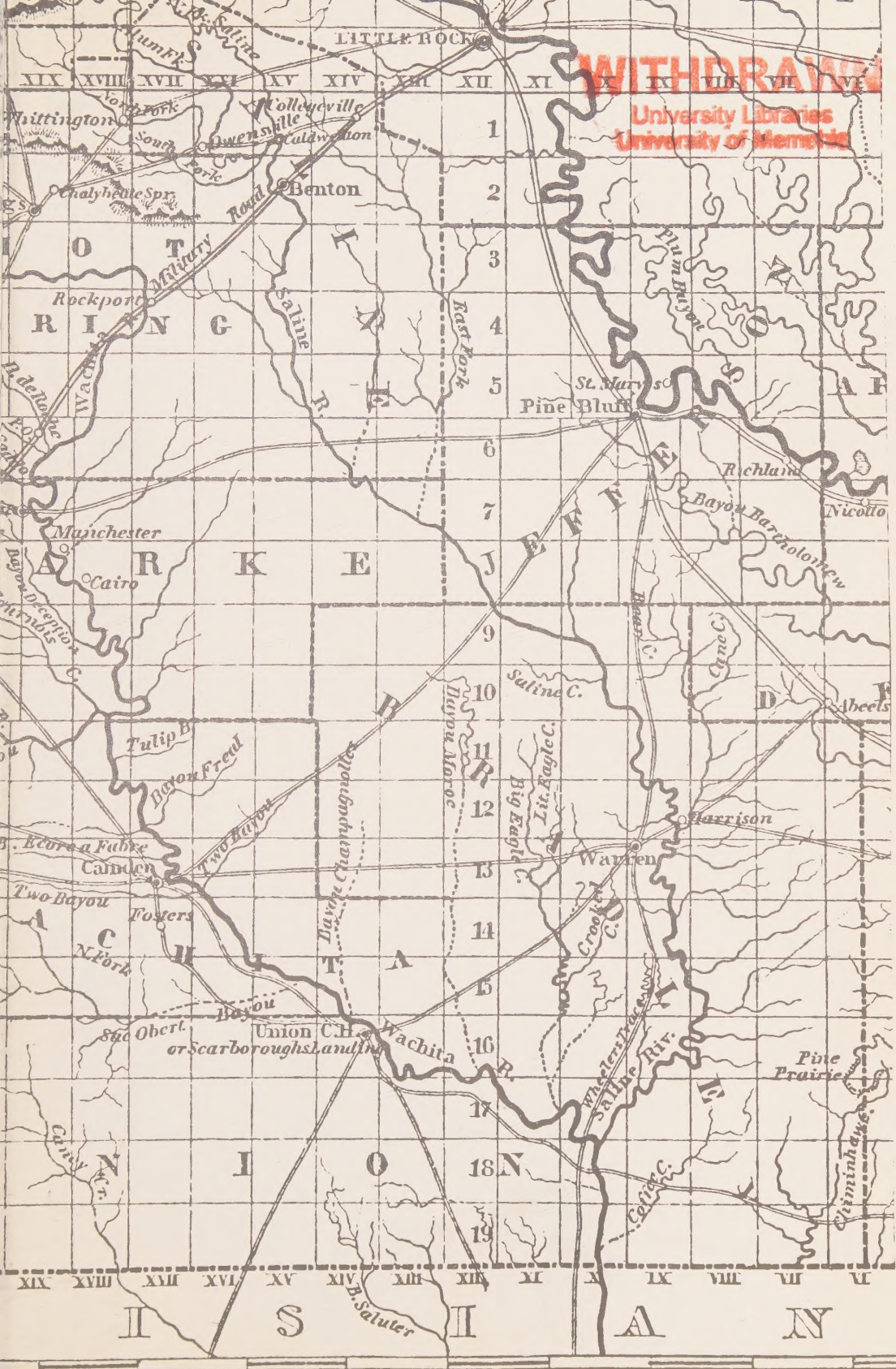
HEMPSTEAD COUNTY, ARKANSAS

Gateway to Texas, 1835
Confederate Capital, 1863

by

CHARLEAN MOSS WILLIAMS







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"THE OLD TOWN SPEAKS"

NOV. 23
1816

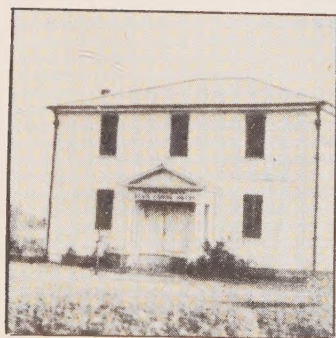
WM. H. ETTER
BORN IN
YORK COUNTY, PA.
FOUNDED
WASHINGTON, ARK.
TELEGRAPH
1840
OLDEST WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER
WEST OF THE
MISSISSIPPI



THE
WASHINGTON TELEGRAPH
WAS THE ONLY ARKANSAS
NEWSPAPER THAT DID
NOT SUSPEND PUBLICATION
DURING THE CIVIL WAR -
JUDGE JOHN R. EAKIN WAS EDITOR



Court House



*Court House
1841*



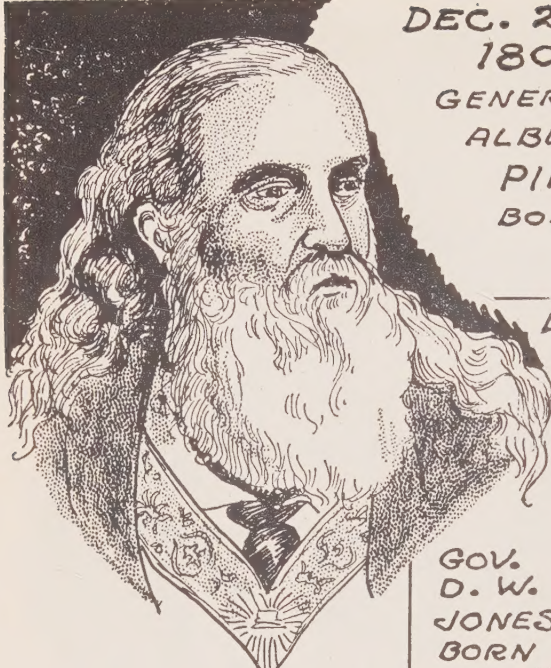
Presbyterian Church



M. E. Church, South



Baptist Church



DEC. 29,
1809
GENERAL
ALBERT
PIKE
BORN

DECEMBER 15



GOV.
D. W.
JONES
BORN
DEC. 15,
1839
IN TEXAS

19TH
GOVERNOR
OF
ARKANSAS
1896
TO
1900



HEMPSTEAD



CLARK



PULASKI

THREE COUNTIES CREATED
DEC. 15, 1818

Daniel Webster Jones, nineteenth governor of Arkansas, was born in Texas but came to this state as a child with his parents. Studied in Washington academy, Hempstead county. Enlisted in the Confederate army and promoted to major in 1862. Shot through the body in battle of Corinth, Miss. Recovered and rejoined his regiment. Promoted to colonel at age of 23. Practiced law after the war and elected attorney general, serving two terms. Served two terms as governor of Arkansas, 1896 to 1900. Died on Christmas day, 1918. Hempstead, Clark and Pulaski counties were three of the five counties created by the Missouri legislature before Arkansas territory was organized. Hempstead was named for Edward Hempstead, first delegate in congress from Missouri territory. Washington became the county seat in 1825. Clark county was named for Governor William Clark of Missouri territory. Clark county seats of justice have been Barkman's house 1819, Biscoeville 1825, Stroud's 1827, Greenville 1830 and Arkadelphia 1842. Pulaski county is named for Count Casimir Pulaski who fought in the American revolution. Cadron became the county seat in 1820 and Little Rock in 1821.

FIRST ARKANSAN IN PRESIDENT'S CABINET



AUGUSTUS HILL GARLAND
BORN 1832 IN TENNESSEE...
THE FOLLOWING YEAR THE FAMILY
MOVED TO ARKANSAS.. GARLAND
ATTENDED SCHOOL IN BARDSTOWN
KY... AT AGE 19 HE TAUGHT
SCHOOL IN SEVIER COUNTY...

HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE BAR
IN WASHINGTON, ARK... FORMED
PARTNERSHIP WITH JUDGE THOS.
HUBBARD... IN 1856 GARLAND
MOVED TO LITTLE ROCK AND
BECAME PARTNER
OF EBENEZER
CUMMINS. WAS
MEMBER OF THE
SECESSION
CONVENTION.

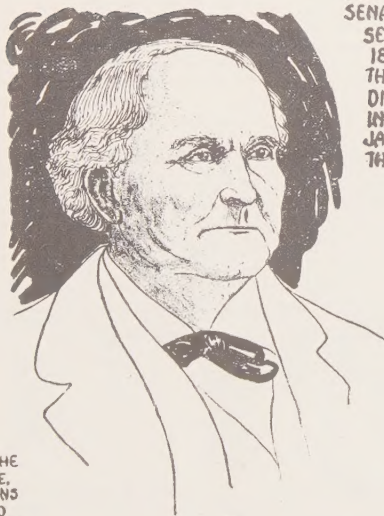
A.H. GARLAND



HE HELPED MAKE
CONSTITUTIONS OF
1836 AND 1874

GRANDISON ROYSTON

BORN 1809 IN CARTER
COUNTY, TENNESSEE...
ATTENDED PRESBYTERIAN
ACADEMY... READ LAW...
ADMITTED TO BAR 1831...
CAME TO FAYETTEVILLE, ARK...
IN APRIL 1832 BUT MOVED
TO HEMPSTEAD COUNTY...
SERVED TWO YEARS AS
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY...
AS A LAWYER HE TRAVELED THE
CIRCUITS WITH WALKER, PIKE,
WELL, ASHLEY, BATES, CUMMINS
AND OTHERS... COMMISSIONED
BRIG-GENERAL ON STAFF OF GOV.
BREW... CONSTITUTIONAL CONVEN-
TION OF 1836... MEMBER OF THE
FIRST STATE LEGISLATURE AND
SPEAKER OF HOUSE 1837.

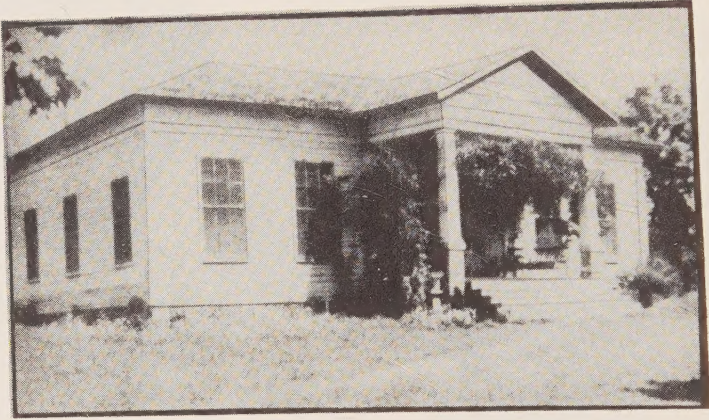


IN 1841 PRESIDENT TYLER NAMED
G.D. ROYSTON U.S. ATTORNEY FOR
THE DISTRICT OF ARKANSAS... HE
WAS ELECTED TO THE STATE SENATE
1858 AND IN THIS SESSION BECAME
FATHER OF THE LEVEE SYSTEM OF
THE STATE... ELECTED MEMBER OF
CONFEDERATE CONGRESS 1861....
DELEGATE TO CONSTITUTIONAL
CONVENTION OF 1874 AND WAS
ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THAT BODY.

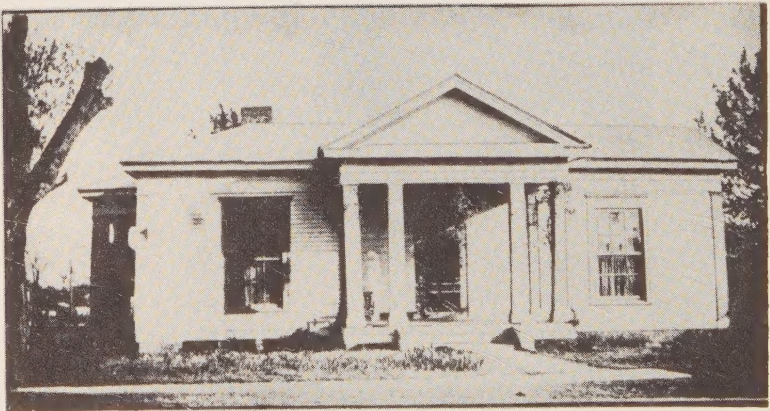
DIED AUG. 14, 1883,
IN HIS 80TH YEAR..



GARLAND WAS ELECTED TO THE PROV. CONGRESS
OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES AT MONTGOMERY..
ELECTED MEMBER OF CONFEDERATE SENATE 1864..
ARGUED THE TEST OATH LAW BEFORE THE U.S.
SUPREME COURT... IN 1867 HE WAS ELECTED U.S.
SENATOR BUT WAS NOT PERMITTED TO TAKE HIS
SEAT... ELECTED GOVERNOR 1874 AND SENATOR
1877... DURING HIS ADMINISTRATION AS GOVERNOR
THE STATE WAS DIVIDED INTO FOUR CONGRESSIONAL
DISTRICTS... GARLAND WAS NAMED ATTY-GENERAL
IN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.. HE DIED
JAN. 26, 1899, WHILE ARGUING A CASE BEFORE
THE U.S. SUPREME COURT..



Ruth McEnery Stuart's home



Garland-Sanders-Harkness home

They're to Be City Mothers



THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION.

Washington, Ark., April 21.—(Special.)—"City Fathers" are about to be replaced by City Mothers in this somewhat ancient and notably historic town of Washington. Geographically, Washington may be somewhat off the main line just at present, but if the prevalence of women's rights means anything, then Washington is in the forefront of enlightenment and progress.

The new all-feminine administration was chosen at the election on Tuesday, April 3, but what used to be called petticoat rule will not be formally in effect until May 16.

No remarkable erudition will be required to pick out the new lady mayor-to-be in the picture above. Front and center. Correct.

The complete personnel, reading as usual from left to right, is: Miss Julia Deloney, alderwoman; Miss Ella Monroe, recorder; Miss Mary Catts, alderwoman; Mrs. T. Y. Williams, mayor; Mrs. I. L. Pilkington, alderwoman; Mrs. J. W. Butler, alderwoman; Miss Kathryn Holt, alderwoman.

Some of the City Mothers seem to

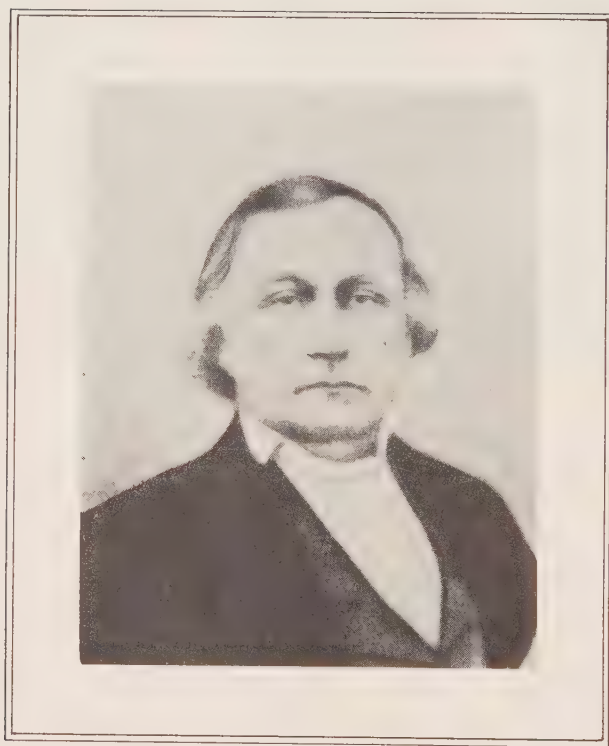
be mothers in the academic sense only.

The new administration was elected without opposition and with the full consent of the male population. At least no male, so far as is reported, has said anything.

Washington is most appropriately named inasmuch as it once was the capital of Arkansas. This was during a period of the Civil War when, because of the proximity to Little Rock of certain unfriendly, not to say obstreperous, bodies of Northern troops, the state officials found it expedient to do their officiating elsewhere.

Now Washington is the county seat of Hempstead county, still possesses and points out to visitors the building, in a good state of repair, that once was the state capitol, and has about 600 inhabitants. It is the boast of the town that it has no vacant residences or business houses.

Members of the new administration will receive no salaries, but the mayor and recorder may receive fees from cases brought before them in court actions. Pin money!



Matthew Moss

WASHINGTON
HEMPSTEAD COUNTY
ARKANSAS

GATEWAY TO TEXAS 1835
CONFEDERATE CAPITAL 1863

by

CHARLEAN MOSS WILLIAMS

“The Old Town Speaks”

HOUSTON TEXAS
THE ANSON JONES PRESS
MCMLI

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CHARLEAN MOSS WILLIAMS

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FOREWORD

While rambling through old papers and letters recently, I came upon the following letters from my old-time friend, Edgar Holman, and his good wife, Bettie, which letters were inspiration for my story of Washington.

My Dear Mrs. Williams:

Some days ago, I received a Hope paper in which was the fine article you wrote about Washington, Hempstead County, and the old settlers of that section, and enjoyed it very much. It was very interesting and gave a lot of history that ought to be preserved. I would not take anything for my copy of the paper. Why don't you add a few more chapters and make a book of it? * * * * *

I am, with best wishes to you,

Edgar W. Holman

BETTIE'S LETTER:

Dear Charlie:

The old James K. Jones home you wrote of was my father's boyhood home; it belonged to his father, Dr. Isaac N. Jones, and not to J. K. Jones till several years after the war. It was there that my father gave a home to Mr. Black, of the Bowie knife fame. You may have read the history of the Bowie knife written by my father some years ago. We enjoyed your article very much. I'll never forget Mr. Billy Moss; he had whooping cough, and when he would begin to cough, he'd grab the first thing at hand, and one day I saw him holding to a post, and when he finished

coughing, he said, "dam it." I was quite a child and it tickled me very much.

With all good wishes to you and yours,

I am

Your old time friend,

Bettie Holman

The above letters were written from San Diego, California, on July 3, 1928, where Edgar and Bettie had gone for Edgar's health.

Edgar's great-grandfather was the first man in Hempstead County to receive a pension from the United States Government as a Revolutionary soldier, and Bettie, his wife, was the daughter of a former governor of Arkansas. Of Edgar and Bettie, the famous Bowie knife, and the writer's Uncle Billy Moss, we will have more to say.

It may be well to acquaint the readers here and now with how and when the State of Arkansas came into being, first as Arkansas Territory, and later as a state. It was on December 15, 1818, that the Legislature of Missouri Territory passed an Act, cutting off a portion of Arkansas County, Missouri; thus was formed a new county in that Territory named Hempstead, in honor of Edward Hempstead, congressman from St. Louis, Missouri. Then, by an Act of Congress, passed on February 20, 1819, and signed by President Monroe on March 2, 1819, Arkansas County, Missouri, became Arkansas Territory. The name was never changed, although several attempts have been made, from time to time, to do away with the name Arkansas. At each suggestion, someone would exclaim! "Change the name of Arkansas? Hell, NO!"

At this period, Arkansas was a trackless wilderness; we say trackless because the white man, as yet,

had scarcely set foot here; only the trails of wild animals and the red man could be seen winding over hills and through the river bottoms of cane and cottonwood. The only avenues of travel were the rivers—going north and south. The only trail across the country was the old Military Road which was first a buffalo trail, then an Indian trail over which 'tis said DeSoto traveled in 1541. This trail became known as the old Military Road, from its having been cut out, or widened, by the United States troops in President Jackson's day, when that president was driving the Indians out of the South, and needed a wider trail or road. The military forces that accompanied the Indians had to do the work of opening the road for the cavalcade as it advanced.

*In the Great Inconstancy and Crowd of Events
Nothing Is Certain Except the Past Seneca*

The material used for this work has been gleaned from the courthouse records of Hempstead County, Arkansas, from old files of the *Washington Telegraph*, and other sources. The book also contains biographical sketches, stories and anecdotes—just handed down.

Old trunks, chests and attics, rich in historic lore, have also yielded their treasures, and to those friends who have given me access to such papers and files, I am deeply grateful. I make no apologies for personal references appearing in these pages since the book is actually a monument to the memory of my pioneer grandfather, James Moss, whose grave is somewhere among the Indian mounds near Washington, unmarked.

The Author

THE PIONEERS

In that period, the early part of the nineteenth century, a stream of emigrants began pouring into this section of Arkansas; coming from the East, North, South and Southeast. These pioneers had among them able lawyers, statesmen, teachers, ministers, architects, writers, doctors, artists, farmers, and other skilled professions. While the spirit of adventure is ever a strong factor in human nature, the primitive urge is home and fortune. These early adventurers were seeking homes and fortunes in what as yet was an unexplored land, and sparsely settled.

This influx of pioneers into Hempstead County began in 1814, with the coming of the writer's great-uncle, Matthew Moss, from Virginia, who was the first man to bring a keel-boat up around the Great Raft in Red River. Others soon followed, and in 1815 came Alexander Shook, his brother, Jacob, and Daniel Props, Methodist missionaries. Also came William Stevens and John Henry, the latter known as Father Henry, who organized the first Methodist church and built the first house of worship in Arkansas.

This church was known as Henry's Chapel, and was located at old Mount Prairie, one of the first settlements in Hempstead County.

Settlements sprang up, religious gatherings were formed and meetings were held in the homes of the settlers or under oak trees. The locomotive had not yet made its appearance and the era of railroading was

just being ushered in. Many of the first settlers came down the rivers in keel-boats propelled by oars, while others came on horseback or in wagons, following the Indian trails.

Some settlements were named for prairies and others for creeks, of which the following are familiar at this day and writing: Mine Creek, Bodcaw, Water Creek, Bois d'Arc, Yellow Creek, Caney Creek, Ozan Creek and Bridge Creek. Then, there are Prairie de Ann, Prairie de Roane, Lost Prairie, Mound Prairie, etc. Later, they became townships, still bearing the same names.

These trail-blazers cut out roads, established ferries on the rivers and cleared up the farm lands. There were as yet no domestic animals here; the settlers lived on wild fruits, berries, fish and flesh of wild animals until their farms began to yield food. Bear meat took the place of bacon and pork, the opossum and coon were plentiful also. It was not unusual for the heads of families to get up before daybreak and go a few hundred yards from their homes and kill a deer or wild turkey, and the river bottoms were full of bear. Buffalo roamed the plains just across the Red River, and once or twice a year the settlers would band together and go by boat up that stream to where Clarksville, Texas, now is and bring back boat-loads of buffalo and divide it out among themselves. They established trading posts on the banks of Red and Little Rivers, the Cossatot and the Little Missouri Rivers, at which points they made contact and traded with the Indians.

As the years passed, many of these early pioneers became prominent in State and National affairs. Clark, Andrews, Scott, Witter, English, Stephenson, Hill and Judkins were the first legislators.

The territory of Arkansas was divided into four circuits, and Hempstead County was in the first Judicial District. When Hempstead County, in the southwestern part of Arkansas, was formed, it covered a vast area from which many other counties have since been carved. Since it bordered on the Red River, much of the early history of Texas is closely interwoven with that of southwestern Arkansas.

MISSOURI TERRITORIAL COURT

Prior to the formation of Arkansas Territory, a Court of Common Pleas had been organized in a community known as the old Marlbrook Settlement, and court was held in the home of John English under the laws of Missouri Territory. William Woodward was the first judge, Alexander Walker the first sheriff, and James Stuart was the first clerk.

Later, a log cabin was built on the John W. Williams plantation for a courthouse. The immortal Texas patriot, Stephen Austin, then a Federal judge, held the first court in this, the first courthouse ever erected in Hempstead County.

The first Grand Jury was composed of the following men: Francis McClelland, Benjamin Clark, William Stephenson, Henry Stephenson, Calvin Menny, Matthew Moss, John C. Penington, Benjamin Ogden, Abraham Stuart, Jeremiah Pate, Joseph English, John Harper, Will Crabtree, Simon Miller, Isaac Penington, William Ashbrook, Thomas Jacobs, Basil Berry, John Holkom and Sapaw.

Here we chronicle the lives of those who were actors in the drama of adventure, toil, hardship and privation at the beginning of our State's development. To them we owe our very existence. Thus they lived—lest we forget.

PREFACE

The frontier phase of a state's development soon passes into history. The colorful life of pioneer days, with its romance and its picturesque features, becomes, in the course of time, tradition. Time, with its many and varied changes, ushers in new ideals, new customs and new conditions, but the past cannot be ignored.

The Arkansas of today is very unlike the Arkansas of a century ago; the footprints of the old era are rapidly disappearing, and the possibility of drawing portraitures at first hand will soon, if not already, have vanished forever. The purpose of this work is, primarily, to preserve a pen picture of that phase of American life which lingers, but dimly, amid the Southern hills—that period which belongs to the pioneer days.

It is therefore my purpose and pleasure to chronicle for posterity, and particularly for the descendants of those sturdy pioneers who settled in Hempstead County, and whose ancestors lived in Washington prior to the War of 1861, incidents and events of history and happenings which give an insight to the human side of our forefathers, as well as to their public careers. The time has come when our knowledge of that interesting period can no longer be handed down by word of mouth.

Certain writers, with less zeal for accuracy than for picturesque effect, have created an impression that Ar-

kansas is a backwoods state, and unprogressive. Such literature as *A Slow Train Through Arkansas*, and stories by writers like Opie Reid, have left erroneous impressions in the minds of some people. There are indeed shiftless and ignorant people in some of the mountainous regions of every state, as well as in the slums of cities, yet it is a grave error to assume that such people are representative.

The pioneer emigrant to Arkansas was a man of the highest type of culture and refinement, a man of muscle, courage and ambition. He might indeed rear an illiterate family, yet transmitted intellectual powers do not remain hidden. He brought with him from his Eastern or Northern home his ideals, and in the very structure of society was an aristocratic leaning. Losing touch with the established rules of living, passing under the shadow of the barbarian, he began to live the days of buckskin and moccasin, rifle and ax, log cabin and puncheon floor. Under such conditions was born the real American.

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WASHINGTON

THE CRADLE OF ARKANSAS HISTORY

Immediately upon the creation of Arkansas Territory as a government separate from Missouri, the citizens of the old Marlbrook settlement bethought themselves of establishing a permanent seat of justice for Hempstead County.

The community in which the Court of Common Pleas was being held was in the blacklands and not deemed a suitable location for a town. A committee of three or four men was sent out to select a more suitable location, and the site that is today the historic town of Washington was chosen on account of its high rolling hills, clear springs and running brooks. This spot was already known as Ebenezer Camp Ground, where a large shed had been erected under which the pioneers and their families for miles around came to hold religious services. Elijah Stuart had already built for himself a residence there in 1818.

The county civil government which existed under the laws of Missouri Territory became extinct after the organization of Arkansas Territory; the county business was then transferred to the Circuit of the new Territory, Arkansas. However, the seat of government remained in the little log shanty on the John W. Williams plantation until 1823, when it was moved to the house of Elijah Stuart on the present site of Washington.

The first Arkansas Legislature meeting at Arkansas Post (an old French and Spanish fort which was left on the Arkansas side when the line separating the two Territories was drawn), passed an Act in 1823, which stipulated that "The Seat of justice in and for the County of Hempstead shall be at the house of Elijah Stuart," and, "The Courts to be holden in and for the said county shall be holden at the house of Elijah Stuart, as before mentioned." The same Act further said that "The Commissioners heretofore appointed to locate the seat of justice in Hempstead County shall retain all the powers and privileges heretofore possessed by them."

The parties who composed this Commission were my grandfather, James Moss, Elijah Stuart, Meredith Edwards, Samuel B. Davis and Hewitt Burt. James Moss, of Saline Township, and Anderson Pate, of Missouri Township, together with John Nunn and Stuart, were appointed to lay off the streets of the town. The records also show that the November term of Circuit Court was held in the house of Elijah Stuart in 1824; and the March term of 1825 was "begun and held in the town of Washington, at the Court House, in and for the County of Hempstead, and Territory of Arkansas, on Monday, the 21st of March, 1825."

During the decade from 1810 to 1820, many settlers made their homes in the Territory later embraced in the county. Prominent among these were the Gibson brothers, James, William and Joseph; Col. Abraham Stuart, his brother, Elijah, who located here, the Johnson brothers, Edward and James, Matthew Fontaine and James May. Others who came in later and contributed much to the building of the county and the town of Washington were Grandison D. Royston, a

lawyer and political leader, William W. Andrews, a wealthy merchant, William H. Etter, a landowner and newspaper publisher, and Daniel T. Witter, a man of learning and a plantation owner. Washington is notable for having had among its citizens a remarkable number of men who have been distinguished in public affairs of the State and Nation.

In 1824, Washington was a well established town. A courthouse was built of hewn logs and occupied the site of the building now designated as the Confederate State Capitol. The contractor was one Tilman L. Patterson who, with the help of free labor, furnished by local citizens, erected the structure for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. Expenditures against the county in connection with the erection of the courthouse follow:

Paid John Nunn for services	\$ 40.00
" Elijah Stuart as commissioner	40.00
" A. M. Oakley for services	50.00
" For lock on courthouse	5.00
" For cleaning off public square	48.00
" For selling lots	25.00
" James Moss as commissioner	40.00
" William E. Woodruff, Printer	3.75
" For entering land for town	200.00
" A. M. Oakley for entering land	15.00
" William E. Woodruff for printing	2.25
" William E. Woodruff for printing	10.00

The same officers who were appointed by the Missouri Legislature continued to hold court at the new courthouse until their terms of office expired, after which an election was held and James Moss was the first man elected to the office of county judge. He served in that capacity from 1827 to 1833. A. M. Oakley was the next clerk, Thomas Dooley, sheriff, and William McDonald was coroner. Edward Cross was surveyor from 1825 to 1827.

Washington was named in honor of the first president by a Virginia clergyman. Its historic background is unsurpassed. It has given to the State and Nation more illustrious men and women for a town of its size than any other town in the United States. Its old courthouse has been the scene of more stirring events of history—military and political activity, than any other one in the State. It has given to the Nation one cabinet member, several United States senators and congressmen; to the State two governors, (three lived here), several chief justices, Supreme Court judges, attorneys general, and a long line of lawyers of note. In fact, for many years, the Bar of Hempstead County was the cream of jurisprudence—inferior to none in the State.

Having been established as soon as the Territory was formed, Washington is the oldest town in the State. According to the records, it was the first town in the State to be incorporated, the date of its incorporation being April 15, 1830. The old town is truly the cradle of Arkansas history—all inclusive. Education, jurisprudence, religion, Masonry, literature and art, had their beginnings here. Its citizenry was made up of teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, soldiers, planters, and businessmen of every known calling.

Situated directly on the old Military Road which crossed the State from east to west, its taverns were the stopping places and headquarters for travelers westward bound to Texas (then Mexico) and to the gold fields of California. It was the gate-way to the West.

Where the two highways cross in the center of the town was the intersection of five Indian traces, including: the old Chihuahua Trail, the Ft. Jessup Trail,

and the Ft. Towson Trail. Of a later date, was the Trammell Trail, marked out by Nicholas Trammell from Gaines' Landing on the Mississippi River through Arkansas to Camden on the Ouachita, then taking a southwesterly course, crossing Red River at Dooley's Ferry.

The first courthouse served its purpose until 1840, when it became necessary to plan a more commodious building. Arkansas Territory was divided into four circuits. Hempstead County was in the First Judicial Circuit, the other three circuits were located in the northern, the eastern and southern part of the Territory.

In the first council of the Territorial Legislature, meeting at Arkansas Post. Hempstead County was represented from 1820 to 1833 by David Clark, Robert Andrews, Matthew Scoby, Daniel T. Witter, George Hill, and J. W. Judkins. In the House of Territorial Legislature, between two periods, Hempstead County was represented by John English, William Stephenson, John Wilson, F. King, William Trimble, T. W. Scott, William Shaw and Hewitt Burt. T. P. Eskridge was one of the Territorial judges; Sam C. Roane, Thomas Hubbard and G. D. Royston were the first prosecuting attorneys.

The lawyers and judges who composed the Bench and Bar were called circuit riders. In those days, the courts were few and far between, and these circuit riders made their rounds regularly twice a year. Sometimes, they'd hardly get back to their starting places before it would be time to start again. Upon return home from one of these trips, on horseback, sunburned and travel-stained, they resembled more a squad of soldiers returning from battle than dignified judges and jurists.

The vaults of Hempstead County's courthouse contain many a quaint and curious record of an age long gone, among which I copy a bill of sale from one William Cravens which reads:

This is to certify that I, William Cravens, of the county of Rockingham, Virginia, do by these presents, emancipate, set free and forever discharge from slavery, my negro woman, Nance, who I purchased from Esther Cravens, widow, in the year 1795, then aged about twenty-three years old, and I do for myself, my heirs and executors by these presents release, grant and confer unto the said negro woman, Nance, together with all her issue from the time I purchased her as they arrive to the age of twenty-five years, all and singular, my rights, title and claim and interest in the said negro woman and her issue at the age of twenty-five years above mentioned. In witness whereof, I have set my hand and seal this twenty-third day of November, 1803.

The liquor question had its day then as now, for we find where one William Robinson was indicted for "selling spiritous liquors," as was also Reubin Maddox for "selling spiritous liquor to the Indians."

A bill against Alexander S. Walker for challenging Matthew Moss to fight a duel. (June term of court 1819.)

At the April term of court, 1820, the court ordered that a road be laid out, beginning at the Red River ferry, the most direct and best way to the Mound Prairie settlement, intersecting the road leading to the courthouse, Reubin Maddox, Sam Hopson, and Matthew Fontaine to be appointed to view the work and report to the court. Daniel Ringo and Grandison D. Royston were fined one dollar each for being late for court, and Grandison D. Royston was fined one dollar for "contempt offered the court for using improper expressions towards all attorneys and the court."

In 1841, it became necessary to erect a second and more commodious courthouse; the first one by this

time was too small to hold the records and accommodate the courts and traveling public. This was, and is, a two-story structure with large auditorium on the first floor, and four jury rooms on the second, with wide hall between. It is built of heart-pine timbers, hand-hewn, and painted white, with green window blinds. The upper story is reached by two stairways, one on each side of the front entrance. The judges' bench is in the rear of the building facing the front entrance. There are two large pillars about half-way the auditorium, and twenty-five or thirty feet apart. This, the second courthouse, erected on the same spot as the first one, is the Alma Mater of Arkansas' most brilliant statesmen. They were not only admitted to the Bar, and began their law practice in the building, but many of them obtained their marriage licenses there, and were married in Washington.

THE OLD MILITARY ROAD

The one time buffalo trail, and afterwards an Indian trail through Arkansas, became in President Jackson's day the old Military Road, after Jackson drove the Indians out of the South. He had promised the people that if he were elected he would drive the Indians from the South, and he made good his promise. He had to open up a road across the country from east to west, because all travel had been from north to south over the rivers. At one time this road was also called the Southwest Trail.

The United States troops coming south crossed the river at Memphis, following the trail across Arkansas in a southwesterly direction, went through Little Rock, thence to Arkadelphia and Blevins, and, turning due south, passed through Washington and went to what is now the town of Columbus, thence on through Brownstown and Ultima Thule, and on into the Indian Territory to Ft. Towson.

Franklin Street, the main thoroughfare of Washington, is the original Military Road; it runs to the block on which the Methodist church stands and turns westward, going through what was known as Mound Prairie, or Mound Place, so named from a large Indian mound. It went in the direction of old Greenville (now Mineral Springs) and on into the Indian country. From Washington, this road ran northwest to what is now Wallaceburg, Antoine, Spoonville or Holly-

wood, Benton and Little Rock. It later became known as the Little Rock road. It crosses the Little Missouri River, the Antoine Creek at Antoine, the Terrevoir Creek, the Caddo River near Arkadelphia, the Ouachita River at old Rockport, the Saline near Benton and the Fourche la Pave near Little Rock. All of the towns mentioned were stations along the route and became well-known in the days before the railroads changed the route of travel.

There was a stage line from Washington to Little Rock, and a line from Brownstown and Ultima Thule going west. This old road was established before Washington was laid out as a town; however, it was changed to some extent after the town was platted. The old road from Washington going southwest is still used as a public road, following the general direction as it did years ago before the county was settled up. This road, in the general direction it takes, follows the old Indian trace made by the Indians ages ago in their raids to the southwest. When the Government surveyors marked out the route for the military highway of the present time, they found this the best and most practical route for a highway through the State; hence, it was designated to make of it a great National highway through Arkansas.

These old highways have been restored in many parts of the country; and there is no reason why this one through Arkansas should not have been restored and kept up, because of the historical association and its practical value. There was never any question about its being the best route for such a road; the Indians thought so, and they had the whole of Arkansas to pick from without paying for a right-of-way.

The citizens of Washington repeatedly petitioned the State Highway Department to rebuild this road

from Blevins to Fulton as a memorial road. It is the very first road built through the State. It was used by the United States troops during the Mexican War, for the Arkansas troops who went to the aid of Texas, and by the Arkansas armies during the War Between the States.

When the government was removing the Indians from the South, they were hauled over this road from Little Rock. A supply depot, or camp, was established between Washington and Columbus where the wagon-trains stopped for food and rest. The food consisted of corn and beef. A Mr. Johnson, of Columbus, Arkansas, had a contract with the government to feed both Indians and teams. Mr. Johnson bought quantities of cattle for this purpose, and raised the corn himself. It is said that he fed from four to five thousand Indians while he had this contract. It was months before the job of moving the Indians through Arkansas was completed.

THE OLD TAVERN

Located on Franklin Street, in the heart of the town, is the site of Washington's old tavern, or Travelers Inn, one of the first structures of its kind erected in the State. A two-story building, with long veranda across the front and sides and wide hall through the center, its dozen or more spacious rooms afforded ample accommodations for the pioneer travelers going to and fro across the country.

It was also a stagecoach station. Here the townspeople gathered to smoke their pipes, gossip, get letters from the folks back East, and glean the latest news.

The structure was unique in having been built of hand-hewn, heart-pine and walnut timbers, some of the planks measuring eighteen and twenty inches wide. A large auditorium on the second floor was used for balls and public meetings. This building sheltered many a noted wayfarer. More than once, David Crockett was a guest here. It was here on the corner of the block that Crockett met what he called a critter who approached him and said: "Pears to me I've seed you somewheres," to which Crockett replied, "Spect you have cause I've been thar."

Colonel Bowie of the Bowie knife fame was domiciled here while he had James Black, the silversmith, make for him the original Bowie knife. Stephen Austin, the father of Texas, and his brother-in-law, James

Bryan, often stopped here overnight. Here too, in the old tavern, Sam Houston shut himself in while he dreamed his dream of a free Texas. The people, seeing strangers emerging from his room day after day, thought he was running some kind of a gambling device. When he called his Council together in the old courthouse, where the die was cast, it soon became known that he was gambling for bigger stakes than those on a roulette wheel; therefore, it was here in the old courthouse in Washington that the great state of Texas had its birth.

On leaving Washington for the Texas war, David Crockett went to Fulton, on Red River, then a steamboat landing, where he took a boat for Shreveport, and from there he rode horseback to San Antonio where he met his death in the Alamo. Major Gaines, in command of the Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky troops on their way to help Texas free herself from Mexican domination, stopped at the old tavern for rest and refreshment. Here he (Major Gaines) hired Nicholas Trammell to guide them through Mexico to the southern border of what is now Texas, paying him \$500 for his services. It is said that Trammell, to avoid running into John Murrell's band of outlaws at that time operating through Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas (Mexico), on the other side of Red River, took the U. S. troops seventy-five or a hundred miles out of the way.

Gen. Albert Pike enrolled from the old tavern of Washington for the Mexican War; in fact, Washington was the mobilization place for all military operations during the war. Pike was in command of Company E while eight or ten or more companies were also being mobilized here.

This old landmark was in after years purchased by Col. W. H. Etter for a residence. He lived in it until after the War Between the States. Albert Pike, as a refugee from Little Rock, when that city fell into the hands of the Federal Army, was a guest of Colonel Etter while he was writing his *Morals and Dogma* for the Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Masonry. In 1839, Colonel Etter printed the first issue of the *Washington Telegraph* in the old tavern. Some years after the War, the building was sold again and converted into a store for general merchandise. It eventually fell into possession of Negroes, and in 1943 it was condemned by the Town Council and torn down.

BUSINESS FIRMS OF WASHINGTON

1830 - 1886

It is difficult for me to go back farther than the fifties for accurate figures on Washington's population as records at this time are not available, but it will be seen from the following list of business firms that Washington was a flourishing town between the period of statehood (1836) and 1886. Here I give a list of business firms copied from old files of the *Telegraph*, as follows:

David Block and Brothers, Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods

Ludlow and Britton, Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

W. B. Green and Cheatham, Dry Goods.

John and Wash Britt, Retail Dry Goods.

A. B. Cox, Dry Goods and Dealers in Liquor.

Bill Price, Dry Goods and Groceries.

W. B. Stuart, Retail Dry Goods.

Fall and Hannah, Dry Goods and Groceries.

Alexander and Tom Higgs, Saddle and Harness Store.

August Kyle, Tin Shop and Saloon.

Wiseberg, Dry Goods and Groceries.

Chase, Knox and Jacobs, Carriages, Buggies and Wagons.

A. L. Warner, Photographer.

Charley Peyton, Tailor Shop.

Richard Dugger, Tailor.

Matt and Green Cheatham, General Merchandise.

George Davis, Dry Goods Store.

Charley Phillips, Candy Store.

Mr. Dennison, Tin Shop.

John Tolden, Wood Shop.

John Arnett and Brother, Saloon.

Henry Lazarus, Dry Goods Store and Supplies.
John Horn, Dry Goods Store.
John Morgan, Dry Goods Store and Groceries.
Phillips and Mack Parsons, Dry Goods and Groceries.
John Mayer, Dry Goods and Groceries.
John Mayer, Dry Goods and Groceries.
John Levinson, Dry Goods and Wholesale Groceries.
Paup and Jett, Dry Goods and Groceries.
E. K. Williamson, Livery Stable.
Dr. Walker, Drug Store.
Solomon, Tin Shop.
E. Weidemann, Dry Goods.
A. M. Crouch, Silversmith & Jeweler.
C. M. Conway and Phil Cox, Dry Goods and Saloon.
Lowery and English, Dry Goods.
Dr. Hinton and Brother, Drug Store.
Dr. W. P. Hart, Drug Store.
Drs. Carrigan and Knox, Drug Store.
S. T. Hargis, Dry Goods.
Wash Rowton, Saloon and Groceries.
Baird and Carruth, General Merchandise.
Holman and Ware, Wholesale Dry Goods.
Hart and Thomas, Dry Goods.
Williams and Baird, Dry Goods.
Jett and Simms, General Merchandise.
B. Jack and Cohen, General Merchandise.
The Rosenbergs, General Mercantile Store.
Drs. Dutton and Carrigan, Drugs.
Britton and Andrews, Merchants and Dealers in General Supplies.

HOTELS

The Wallace Hotel.
The J. D. Jones Hotel, a six story structure with 100 rooms.
The Cy Smith Hotel, fifty rooms.
The Winn Hotel, a two story building.
The High Hotel, sixty rooms.

After the War, and during the Reconstruction Period, there were the Beardsley Hotel, the Lazarus Hotel, the Davis House, and several boarding houses; the last hotel to do business in Washington was the Black Hotel, which had an enviable reputation for

serving good table d'hote meals and was torn down and moved to Hope in 1941. Today, there are two or three short order houses, or cafes, in the town, and Washington's population is only 334 inhabitants.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE

*Those who live in history only seem
to walk the earth again.*

From here on, when we speak of the old Court House, it is of the second building we write, one hundred and ten years old and, barring a fire or cyclone, it will stand another century if properly cared for. I say this advisedly, for when the building was rehabilitated in 1939 it was found that the material of which it was built was as hard as a rock, and the studdings were pinned together with spikes and bolts so firm that it was with difficulty the carpenters could remove them.

It is about this old court building that an intensive historical interest centers. There is no one building in the State about which cluster more pioneer records of judicial debate in the making of Arkansas history. Never did a little building, between the years 1841 to 1938 (when the county seat was moved to Hope), echo to the sound of better logic, eloquence, or argument than did the old courthouse of Hempstead county.

Judge Brice Williams, a prominent lawyer, wrote:

There is not a town between the seas of the same population that has turned out so many men distinguished for their ability or high and important positions which they have filled in the councils of state and nation.

William Trimble and Edward Cross left their training in the old court house to go out and serve in the Ter-

ritorial Supreme Court as Judges. Daniel Ringo, careful and extremely punctilious in legal matters and technicalities, afterwards became United States District Judge. Edward Cross, John R. Eakin and Burrell B. Battle, rare jurists and scholarly gentlemen, served as judges of the Superior or Supreme Court. In after years, James K. Jones left the home courts for the broader field of the United States Senate where he sprang into leadership of the whole Democratic party. Augustus H. Garland grew great enough to fill worthily the various positions of governor of Arkansas, member of the Confederate Congress, United States Senate and Attorney General of the United States of America.

Dan W. Jones, whose home in Washington still stands, became Governor of Arkansas, and also served the state as Attorney General. Bernard F. Hempstead was made Registrar, and Daniel T. Witter, a man of ripe learning in law, was made Receiver of the Land Office.

Judge Williams himself was a man of rare ability and worth. He served as circuit judge and legislator, and under Cleveland's administration was appointed commissioner to assist in framing a government for Utah.

Thomas H. Simms was Collector of Internal Revenue for Arkansas. Orville Jennings, an orator of unusual eloquence, and Grandison D. Royston were legal lights. General Royston was elected to the Confederate Congress in 1861, and served in that body two years. Hempstead County sent him to the Constitutional Convention where he was elected president of that body. He was delegate from the state at large to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, and always filled each honor with distinction.

The old court house frequently heard Albert Pike deliver his weighty arguments from which Latin phrases dropped as precious nuggets. It is quite likely that in idle moments, as he looked from the open window upon the queenly catalpa's snowy bloom, or the stately magnolia blossom, he would rest his arm upon the window sill, to scribble tender sentiments from such poems as "After The Midnight Cometh The Morn." Judge Hubbard was there, year after year, working diligently upon legal intricacies.

From his home in Washington, Judge A. H. Carrigan went to serve on the first State Capitol Commission under Governor Dan W. Jones, after filling many other places of honor. He was the author of the bill which appropriated the first \$100,000 for the purchase of arms for the state during the Civil War.

Stephen Austin was at home in the old court house, making Hempstead County his headquarters before he became so famous in Texas that the Capital City was named for him—Austin, Texas. David Crockett was no stranger in its halls, although only a “bird of passage”, for he, too, passed on to find death in the Lone Star State.

E. W. Gantt was elected to the United States House of Representatives in 1860, although the troubled times prevented him from taking his seat.

Among the jurors, it is quite likely that there sat a man, a jeweler and blacksmith by the name of James Black. It was he, who made to order for James Bowie a knife which Bowie used some time later in a duel, and with which he killed his antagonist. It was in the old court house in Washington that Charles Fenton Mercer of Virginia, in 1844, heard Col. Chester Ashley deliver a speech and remarked: “I am astonished that a gentleman of such commanding talents is not in the seat in the council of the nation.” His words were prophetic for Col. Ashley took his seat in the United States Senate the next year under President Polk’s administration.

During the War Between the States, the Federals took possession of Little Rock, and Washington was made the temporary capital on November 5, 1863. It remained the seat of government until the close of the War, and all the records of the time were preserved in the old courthouse. Two or three sessions of the Confederate Legislature were held in the building, with Judge A. B. Williams, J. R. Robins and H. V. Cheat-ham representing Hempstead County in both Houses.

To recite fully the story of Washington would require a large volume. The great men it produced; the colorful activity of its pioneer years; the pen picture of the adventurers en route westward to build the

new empire called Texas, who passed through Washington's streets, and paused at this pioneer community to secure supplies to last them until they reached their journey's end in the new Republic which Sam Houston had wrested from the tyranny of Mexico; the War activity when the little town became for three years the capital of Arkansas—all these stories would make a large and colorful book of history.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE RESTORED

In 1929, the citizens of Washington petitioned the General Assembly of Arkansas for an appropriation to restore and preserve the old landmark. The sum of \$5,000 was granted by that body and the work of restoration was accomplished through the efforts of Mayor W. H. Etter, and this writer, commissioned by Governor Harvey Parnell. The architect and contractor were Mr. Frank Porter and Mr. Paul Bailey respectively.

The rehabilitation work was commenced in the fall of 1929 and finished in April of 1930. Dedication rites were performed by the local lodge with ex-Governor Charles H. Brough, State grand orator, speaker by special invitation and request.

THE BAR OF HEMPSTEAD COUNTY

This article was written by J. G. B. Simms, brother of Capt. Thomas H. Simms. J. G. B. Simms married a daughter of Major Gaines who commanded the Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee troops that marched through Washington over the old Military Road to the Mexican War, to aid Texas in freeing herself from the yoke of Mexican tyranny and oppression.

Mr. Simms moved to Lake Village in Chico County, the beautiful resort on the shores of the blue and picturesque Lake Chico where he built for himself a home. Mr. Simms reared a large family, among whom is Mrs. Elizabeth (Simms) Autry, wife of Dr. J. R. Autry of Columbus, Washington's oldest sister town in Hempstead County.

Mr. Simms' article on the Hempstead County Bar depicts an accurate account of Washington's lawyers before and after the War of the sixties. I here quote Mr. Simms:

The Bar of Hempstead County was inferior to none, and the best in the state. In view of subsequent events, I have often recalled the characterization of it by Judge Joe Conway who said that "it had too much talent for its territory." Its old Nestor then was Hon. Thomas Hubbard, who had once occupied the Bench, and was a fine specimen of that old-time manhood and culture which is now only a memory. I think he died early in the war. His home, over on the hill across the creek, was the rendezvous of visiting lawyers and other notables who came to town.

Hon. John R. Eakin was then in active practice, and he had few equals as a scholar and jurist. He came from a proud old Tennessee family, and he was the soul of honor and of good breeding. He was later a member of our Supreme Bench, and few of its many occupants during the years of its existance have more greatly adorned it.

B. F. Hempstead perhaps came next in years. Modest and quick witted, full of humor, with always a smile, he never came around the clerk's office that we did not lay down pens and enjoy the sunshine he radiated. He had a large and lucrative practice.

Grandison D. Royston was physically and mentally one of the foremost of those days. With a laugh that could be heard several blocks, we always knew when he was on the streets. Then, when sighted, he was more easily identified by the stream of ambier which flowed from the sides of his mouth and liberally spotted his otherwise immaculate linen. His hand-writing was a holy terror to us boys in the clerk's office—a dash, a blot, a few twists of the quill pen, made up the sum of his efforts. Some times I would call him in to interpret it for me. "Why John, that is perfectly plain," he would say, and doubtless it was to him. He was wealthy and one of the most honorable and useful of men.

E. W. Gantt bloomed out into prominence about this time. He was eloquent, ambitious, and naturally drifted into politics. His race for Congress against Dr. Charles B. Mitchel was among the hottest of these eventful days. He was elected, but Mitchel was fully compensated by being sent to the United States Senate immediately thereafter.

Judge Elmore Mitchel, of post bellum days, was one of his children. Father and son, with nearly all others I now mention, have long since gone.

Gantt's law firm was composed of himself and James R. Page. Page was a quiet fellow who could see a dollar as far as any one, and he always went for it in a still hunt. A. B. Williams was a partner of Major Hempstead; he was genteel and of a lovable disposition, wrote a beautiful hand and was a very able and effective lawyer. His influence was broad, and his personal popularity was great. Judge Bob Williams of a late date was his son, and they both have departed this life.

Orville Jennings had an office next door to the clerk, and he was shrewd and accomplished in his profession. Having lately come from the North, the feelings engendered by the approaching war made residence in Washington uncomfortable for him, and he went back to Little Rock.

Wyatt C. Thomas, the then accomplished editor of the Washington Telegraph was a lawyer of good ability and a most accomplished and highly strung gentleman. He was proud of his Virginia blood and would not brook an insult. He was a scholar, and his editorials have added tone and character to the paper. Young and Thomas composed a firm whose office was around the corner facing the old Phillips residence. "Long Thomas", he was called, because of his height.

James K. Young afterwards occupied the Circuit Bench. He died only a few years ago. He was taciturn and dignified and possessed of good ability. Long Thomas was a bachelor of perhaps forty, and I have never heard of him since those stormy days.

A. T. Delony was in practice there then. Some members of his family are now in Little Rock, well known in the social and literary world.

James P. Erwin, a kinsman of Judge Eakin, was also upon the list of lawyers there. I think he was a man of some means and did not devote himself closely to the profession.

Billy Worsham, then a young man, was also a licentiate. He and his brother, George, together with Bob Winn, were counted among Washington's young men; they owned valuable Red River farms and did not do so much in town except to preserve social ties.

Judge Daniel T. Witter had long been a citizen of the town, and, I believe, a member of the Bar; but he had become old and infirm and my acquaintance with him was limited. His only daughter, I believe, was afterwards the wife of Dr. Hart.

I can never forget one limb of the law who came to Washington about this time,—a Mr. Packard, from Tennessee. He had a simple case of some kind and came into the clerk's office one Sunday morning, rather boozy, and insisted upon writing a decree he had taken the day before. I told him that Capt. Sanders always did that work him-

self and would not like it. But he would have his way, and he made the most horrible botch of it I ever saw. The next day, when the old Captain discovered it, there occurred the only burst of anger that I ever heard of as escaping this good and saintly man's lips; and this presumptuous act was more than the accomplished clerk could stand. There may have been a few other lawyers in those days, but I have noted all that I now recall.

Dan Jones was just finishing his college course, and came on at once to a life of usefulness and fame. Joe Conway, Bob Carrigan, and James K. Jones were also members of Hempstead's Bar, the latter finally entering the field of national renown.

Jim Lowery, a bright young man, the son of Rev. James Lowery, a Methodist Minister was just starting out to practice law about this time, or a few years later, but he died quite young.

LAWYERS OF A LATER GENERATION

Other lawyers grew up in Washington—grandsons of the old line, and from the years 1860 to 1890, we had the two Eakin boys, William and Percy, sons of the old Judge John R. Eakin, chief justice; and W. H. Etter, grandson of the founder of the *Telegraph*; the latter never very eloquent of speech, but a very learned and deep student. Then there were L. F. Monroe, son of a Confederate veteran, and Steve Carrigan, grandson of James K. Jones of national fame, both natives of Washington. Both of these men served the District as prosecuting attorneys.

Then we have the Simms brothers, Albert and John, born in Washington, but now members of the courts of New Mexico, Albert having been a member of Congress from that state.

THE WASHINGTON TELEGRAPH

Oldest weekly newspaper west of the Mississippi River, the first issue of the paper came off the press in the fall of 1839, and each issue thereafter appeared weekly, without fail, down through the War Between the States and through the Reconstruction Period. The founder was William H. Etter, who came to Arkansas from Pennsylvania in 1836, bringing with him down the rivers his old-fashioned hand press—the kind that Benjamin Franklin used.

While the *Telegraph* has had different editors from time to time, the ownership has never been out of the Etter family, and up to two years ago, its last editor and publisher was William H. Etter IV, great-grandson of the founder. Young Mr. Etter enlisted in the army in World War II, and after serving two years in the Signal Corps, he returned to his home in Washington after the Japs surrendered and took over the management of his paper again until 1947, when he went into the hardware business. During his absence, his wife kept the paper going. However, we hope Mr. Etter will, in the near future, revive the publication of the *Telegraph*, for it is one of the landmarks of the State.

At present, Mr. Etter has a department of his hardware store equipped with modern job printing machinery and is doing a lucrative job printing and advertising business.

The *Washington Telegraph* received honorable national recognition for having passed the century mark of continuous publication in 1939. From its beginning in 1839, the paper prospered and was patronized by enterprising businessmen from New Orleans to St. Louis; commission men, and others who had customers in this territory advertised in it and read it.

The *Telegraph* was the official organ of the Arkansas Confederacy during the War Between the States; Washington was also the depository of the Confederate Treasury for the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the main depot of army supplies.

The *Washington Telegraph* was the only newspaper in the State that did not suspend publication during the War, and owing to a scarcity of paper it was sometimes printed on the back of wallpaper. During Colonel Etter's absence in southern Texas, as a commissioned officer for the Confederacy, the paper was edited by his brother-in-law, Robert Brady, and John R. Eakin. After his death, which occurred in Brownsville, Texas, Robert Brady again became the editor; and after Brady, Colonel Etter's son, John P. Etter, took over the management. Then came Ed Givens, an able journalist, who ran the paper until Grover Cleveland became president of the United States, when Mr. Givens was called to Washington City to become private Secretary to James K. Jones, member of the Senate in Cleveland's administration. This was in the eighties.

After Mr. Givens gave up the paper as editor, it fell into the hands of his brother, Sam Givens, and W. B. Harkness, to whom it was leased for a few years. These last named journalists went to Texas in the early nineties and engaged in the newspaper business, Mr. Givens going to Ft. Worth, and Mr. Harkness to

San Antonio. Mr. Harkness was one of the first printers to operate the lineotype machine, becoming an expert. From that time, down through the years, John Etter's son, William H. Etter III, took charge of the paper and kept it going until his death in 1933, when his son, William H. Etter IV, great-grandson of the founder, fell heir to it. Thus, the old paper was owned and published through four generations of the Etter family.

TEXAS EDITOR PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE WASHINGTON *TELEGRAPH*

As late as 1929, Mrs. Annie Snow of New York City sent the editor of the *Stamford Leader* (Stamford, Texas), Mr. George English, copies of the *Washington Telegraph*, about which he wrote in a letter to the *Telegraph* in the following language:

Mr. Editor:

We see that the *Telegraph* is still in existence and going mighty good. More than eighty-one years ago (at this date, 110 years), it started. It ran right along through the years up to the Civil War and then, through that; it got down to the announcement that we, us, the editor, had discovered America over there in the sand hills and pine woods near Washington. It has told of everything important that has happened since 1839.

We note that Judge Alfred Carrigan celebrates his 94th birthday. The paper states that he is the oldest living subscriber. Judge Carrigan lived to celebrate his ninety-sixth birthday. That seems easy. The judge was ever the most charming character to us—the true Southern gentleman in every particular.

It's some step back to the days of pine trees 200 feet tall, but there were a few around there that might have been that tall. In that day, the judge stood head and shoulders taller than many of his fellows, all of whom have long since been laid low by the unerring sickles of the grim reaper.

The Washington Telegraph is refreshing—refreshing like the wine that has gone on and aged and comes out for usage in the mellow—not sear—days, to cheer us on and make us understand that the race is not always to the young, as well as not always to the swift. This old paper has had perhaps forty editors (now more than that) some very smart and some not so smart. The present editor is named “Young” and the publisher is named “Gold”. Our office “devil” says it takes a “young” fool to start a newspaper and a “gold” mine to keep it going.

THE ENGLISH BROTHERS

The writer of the above letter, George English, had a twin brother named Charles. Both were born in Washington, grandsons of a pioneer Methodist minister, the Rev. James Lowery, and both George and Charles English are newspapermen, editors of the *Stamford Leader* and of the *Bonham News*. They were among the visitors at the Homecoming in Washington in 1936 and, while there, visited the old home site where they first saw daylight. The old house had been gone for years, but the spring branch was still there, with its cool running water. At the suggestion of one, that they wade in the branch, as they did when they were boys, these two dignified editors pulled off their shoes and rolled up their breeches and waded in, while each took a picture of the other one.

WASHINGTON THE CRADLE OF ARKANSAS METHODISM

In 1814, a company of emigrants came into Arkansas from southwest Missouri. In this company were John Henry, and Alexander and Jacob Shook, Methodist missionaries. When they reached the Arkansas River, at a point which is now Little Rock, they had to wait on the opposite bank until a ferryboat could be built before they could cross the stream. Much of the way, the party had to cut out a road as they trekked along, some in wagons, and some on horseback.

On reaching their destination, Mound Prairie, they erected there the first house of worship ever erected on Arkansas soil, and named it Henry Chapel, in honor of John Henry who preached the first Methodist sermon ever preached in Arkansas. The spot is marked by a stone slab with name and dates inscribed thereon, placed there about forty years ago by Rev. A. D. Jenkins, one-time pastor of the Washington church.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE

In 1822, a delegation of Methodists from the Missouri Territory came to Washington and held the first conference at old Ebenezer Camp Ground. It was at-

tended by people from the Mound Prairie, Marlbrook and surrounding areas. The purpose of this gathering was to organize a church. This was the first conference, and this, the first church established in Arkansas Territory (Henry's Chapel having been established when this was still Missouri Territory) was known as Ebenezer Church.

THE FIRST CIRCUIT

Also planned at this time, in this section, and called Ebenezer Prairie Circuit, was the first Circuit. To substantiate my claim for the statement, I quote from the minutes of this conference:

Ebenezer Prairie Circuit
September 6, 1822

This brings the day appointed for the first sitting of the Arkansas District Conference. Those who attended agreeable to appointment convened at a place near the Camp Ground. When the business of the conference being opened by singing and prayer it was found that the following persons were members: Benjamin Ogden, Joseph Reid, Gilbert Clark, Salmon Ruggles, Daniel Rawls, John Tollett, William Herold, Thomas Tennant and James Blackburn.

The above named ministers were all licensed preachers.

Deacons: John Harris and Henry Stephenson.

Elders: William Stephenson, Francis Travis, John Henry, John Scripps. Presiding Elder in the chair, Gilbert Clark, was elected Secretary by an unanimous vote. It was then moved by Brother Reid, seconded and carried, that one of the circuit preachers be elected to co-operate with the committee appointed to superintend divine services on the camp ground, and John Harris was elected.

Again in 1823, the conference was held at the same place, and I herewith quote from the record of 1823:

The District Conference for 1823 was held at the same place, Thursday, September 11, 1823.

This brings the day appointed for the second sitting of the Arkansas District Conference. The following members were present: John Tollett, Henry Stephenson, Gilbert Clark, William Harned, Benjamin Ogden, John Sexton, John Henry, Joseph Reid, Salmon Ruggles, F. McMahan, Samiel Laird, Daniel Rawls and Thomas Tennant.

I quote another source, as follows:

Arkansas Territory,

September 6, 1824.—William Stephenson, P. E. in the Chair. Green Orr was recommended by the Conference as a proper person to ride the circuit, Gilbert Clark likewise.

People came to these gatherings from all parts of the Territory; they came in wagons, buggies and on horseback. They camped under temporary shelters, and some slept in the covered wagons. From this time on, the old camp sheds were being abandoned as places of religious gatherings as were also the sheltering oaks and arbors. Meeting houses were being erected, and in the larger towns churches were being built.

Some time in the thirties, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church authorized the organization of a new Conference to be called the Arkansas Conference, the first session having met at Batesville, Arkansas, with Bishop Morris presiding. The second session met at Little Rock in 1837, and the third met in Washington in 1838.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church, South, in session at Columbus, Georgia, in 1854, divided the Arkansas Conference into two Annual Conferences—the Northern and Southern; the Northern was called the Arkansas Conference and the Southern, the Ouachita Conference, and the first session was held in Washington, Bishop Cavanaugh presiding,

with W. P. Ratcliff as secretary. This Conference met in Washington in 1857, Bishop Capers presiding. The name was changed to Little Rock Conference in 1866, at a session held at Arkadelphia, with Bishop G. F. Pierce presiding, and J. E. Cobb as secretary. Another session was held at Washington in 1870 with Bishop J. C. Keener presiding and S. G. Colburn as secretary.

Again I quote from the same data in my files:

When the General Conference of the M. E. Church South which met in 1866 adopted the present plan of District Conferences, it was regarded by many as an innovation upon Methodism. By consulting the records, however, we find that as early as 1822, there was held a District Conference for the Arkansas District (which included the whole state of Arkansas) at Ebenezer Camp Ground in Hempstead County.

In 1842, the Washington District and the Washington Circuit were formed. Andrew Hunter was appointed over the Washington District, and J. Eastbrook for the Washington Circuit. Washington Station was organized in 1853.

Among the list of pastors for this circuit were Cadesman Pope; Rev. C. O. Steel had charge of this station in 1868, then a list of pastors in the following order: Arner, Colburn, Steel, McSwain, Winberg, McLaughlin, Hawley, Keith, Robertson, Sanders, Cason, Gold, the latter serving the church in 1889 and for a number of years afterwards. Brother Gold established a home in Washington, and lived there until his death which occurred about the year 1929. The Washington church today is being filled by various pastors of a younger generation. Brother Gold was about the last of his generation and that venerable list.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Zion Church was organized in Washington, the oldest known records being dated 1830. They were, however, destroyed by fire several years ago when the clerk's home in which they were stored burned.

The original building was large and roomy, with square belfry and with blinds on four sides, large square pillars in front, made of solid heart-pine. The baptistry was under the pulpit.

During the War Between the States, the church was used for an emergency hospital where the sick and wounded of both armies were cared for, many of whom died in the building and were buried in the old and new cemetery, and those who wore the gray were laid to rest in the new Presbyterian Cemetery.

After the War ended, the bodies of the Union soldiers were removed to Little Rock by the Federal authorities.

A few years ago, the State D. A. R. came to Washington and met in the old church in a patriotic program, after which the members of the society, together with the citizens of Washington, repaired to the old cemetery and held memorial services over the graves of several Revolutionary soldiers. Many noted divines and lecturers have spoken from the pulpit of this old church, and many, many baptisms and weddings have taken place there. The building withstood the ravages of time and use over a hundred years and was still in

use in 1937 when it was demolished by a cyclone. A new brick church stands on the spot today. One may read a sketch of this church in Rines' *History of American Churches*.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. A. R. Banks, member of Bethel Presbyterian Church, Bethel Presbytery of South Carolina, came to Arkansas and settled in Hempstead County in 1835. He organized the Washington and Spring Hill churches in 1836.

The church in Spring Hill grew and prospered, but for some reason the Washington church seems to have gone down, or been disbanded for a time. However, according to the minutes, Rev. Aaron Williams, also from Bethel Presbytery, South Carolina, came in 1842 and settled in Hempstead County, taking charge of a large new academy either at Spring Hill or Washington (there were church schools at both places), and at once reorganized the church at Washington which had some time been vacant.

Then again in 1849 there seems to have been another reorganization of this church when the congregation, or town, erected a large and commodious building and, according to the minutes, the names of members and ruling elders are given as follows:

A. R. Banks and W. S. Lacy, with "19 members", and two Ruling Elders, J. W. Hannah and J. L. Spence.

Charter members: J. W. Hannah, J. L. Spence, William C. Elder, Mrs. Grandison D. Royston, Mrs. Martha Shaer, and Mrs. Martha Davies.

The exact date of the erection of a house of worship for this denomination is not available, but it was a beautiful structure with stained-glass windows, in-

dividual pews and a balance at the front facing the altar for the use of slaves. All slave-owners in those days took their Negro slaves to church with them and they became members along with their masters.

One of the first pastors called to serve this church was Rev. Samuel Williamson, D. D., former president of Davidson College in North Carolina, at a salary of \$800. This is perhaps the oldest Presbyterian church in this section of the Ouachita Presbytery. The church flourished from this time on, and its membership increased throughout the years.

In 1860, it dismissed 13 members to form Marlbrook Church whose members included M. W. McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Spraggins, A. J. Murphy, Ann Murphy, S. M. Scott, Mrs. Sarah T. Cross and J. T. McIntosh.

The Synod of Arkansas met in the Washington church in 1856, and it has been said by some that that body was organized at that meeting by Rev. Dr. Byington, with Rev. A. R. Banks as moderator. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the Synod did meet in Washington on September 28, 1856, with Dr. Byington and A. R. Banks present.

Seven members left this church to form Greenwood Church on June 8, 1861. Charter members were: Col. Thomas G. McFaddin, Mrs. Sarah Muldrow and their servants. This congregation later joined the Hope church when that church was organized. And some members left the Washington church to form a church at Columbus, Arkansas, after which a church at Richmond was formed from the Columbus church. The following members composed the Columbus church: R. M. Wilson, Edwin Wilson, T. Wilson and James T. Wilson.

The Washington church contributed \$200 to aid in building a church at Camden, Arkansas. A letter was received from P. K. Rounsaville on December 25, 1859, thanking this church and congregation for the donation.

Besides dismising various members to various points of the Southern church, this church sent out one missionary, Miss Lalu Wier, to Cardenas, Cuba. The families of Lloyd and McRae, missionaries, were formerly members of the Washington church.

The quaint old church edifice was destroyed by fire about 1887, or 1888, and the present building was erected on a different site the following year, and dedicated by Rev. C. C. Williams. Ministers serving this church from the beginning of its organization with A. R. Banks in the 1830's to the present time: Rev. Samuel Williamson, 1857-76; W. B. Crawford, 1876-79; G. F. Robertson, 1880-81; J. M. Kirkpatrick, 1882-85; A. J. Cheatham, 1885-89; B. B. Morrow, 1892-94; S. L. Hogan, 1895-96; C. C. Williams, 1895-1912; Flourney Shepperson, Supply; Rev. Atwood, Supply; Y. P. Scruggs, 1916; W. L. Sullivan, 1919-26; Dr. J. C. Williams, 1926 to the present. At this writing, Dr. J. C. Williams, the last named on the list, is over 90 years old, still active, attends all church conferences or Presbyteries, and lives in Washington.

A Sabbath School, organized early in the church's organization, is still going strong. W. M. Carrigan was the first superintendent. On February 24, 1860, this church sent to the Choctaw Indians, for Home Missions, \$29.25; for Foreign Missions, \$76.40; Home Missions, in May, 1857, \$63; to the General Assembly, 1858, \$20, and to Home Missions in 1858, \$40.65.

Services are held regularly in each of the three churches in Washington, including Sunday School and church societies.

At one time, there were two other churches in Washington: the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and the Episcopal. The former building, a two-story structure with Masonic Lodge on the upper floor, was eventually burned down, and the latter destroyed by a cyclone in 1905.

CHURCH SCHOOLS

While Methodism was growing in Arkansas, and churches were being built throughout the State, Washington was among the first towns looking toward the establishment of church schools and other institutions of learning.

We find from records and old letters that early in the first part of the nineteenth century there were in Washington three seminaries of learning: The Male Academy, The Female Academy, and a mixed school for boys and girls. There were also private schools, one being taught by a Mrs. White, and one by A. T. Delony. Rev. A. R. Banks also taught a private school here.

In 1844, William E. Ratcliff was appointed agent for conference schools, or seminaries. A committee was appointed consisting of J. Custer, J. Parker and J. Eastbrook for this important work, and soon the erection of two church schools of high order within the bounds of the conference was approved, one north and one south.

J. Custer and Andrew Hunter were appointed to have charge of the southern part of the State, and J. Custer was appointed agent for the Washington Male and Female Academies. Thereafter, the appointments were as follows: in 1847, Louis R. Marshall; in 1848, Louis P. Lively; and in 1849, P. C. Turntine was

made superintendent of the Washington Seminary, with H. C. Thweat as agent.

Other schools were organized and adopted as conference schools. The Mineral Springs Academy was also a flourishing school, as well as those of Spring Hill. These schools in a large measure met the demands of the day, and paved the way for greater advancement in learning.

Of teachers in the above mentioned colleges, Mrs. Vaughn mentions Thweat, Borden, Joiner and Slack. The list is too long and too far back in the past for me to be able to get more data on Washington's educational and literary prestige. Suffice it to say that this historic old town became, and was, a center of learning. It drew people of wealth and influence from far and wide, and was known in the hey-day of its existence as the Athens of the South.

All families of prominence were large slave-owners, and it was a common practice for the young masters of the young Negro slaves with ambitious trends to teach them to read and write. I recall that my father had a young Negro boy, named Dan, who wanted to be a preacher. Dan was about the age of one of my brothers, and he and my brother would burn the midnight pine-torch in the home, my brother teaching him the three R's. By the time he was grown, my father gave him his freedom. He later went to Hot Springs and became one of the State's most prominent Negro divines. His name was Dan Hill, and he never forgot us; he often came back to see and talk with Marse Matt. Many slaves were set free by their masters long before Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and even after the War many were loath to leave their masters and comfortable quarters.

After the colleges, came the high school system, and Washington was among the first towns to organize and operate a high school, with A. R. Bennick as the first principal. This school was organized and held in the old courthouse which had been bought from the county in 1873, or '74, and used as a school building until the year 1915, when a new brick schoolhouse was erected. From the year 1874, the old courthouse became the Alma Mater of the State's most illustrious men and jurists. Both State and National heroes were made, and began their careers in the old court building.

My earliest recollections of the Washington High School dates back to 1878 when J. C. Littlepage was principal, and my twin sisters, Laura and Lucy Moss, were graduated, Laura being the class valedictorian.

If I remember correctly, the young ladies of that period were Laura and Lucy Moss, Nora and Sue Jones, daughters of Senator James K. Jones, Rosa Wallace, Belle and Lilly Nelson, Rena Davis, Jenny Delony, Mary Carrigan, daughter of Judge A. H. Carrigan, "Little Mary" Carrigan, daughter of Dr. A. N. Carrigan, Nellie and Lizzie Brady, Amy, Jessie and Maggie Bell, Annie Turner, Mattie and Carrie Carruth, Maria, Maggie and Susie Justus, Bettie Jones, daughter of ex-Governor Dan W. Jones, Bettie Hart, daughter of Dr. W. P. Hart, one of the town's leading physicians and father of Mrs. Lucille Hart King whose husband is at this writing (1949) president of the William R. Moore Dry Goods firm of Memphis, Tenn., Florence and Snow Stuart, Nannie Toland, May, Sue and Nannie Purdom and Ninette Simms. Some of the young beaus of that day were the Carrigan boys, Henry Trimble, Dan Hart, Montcalm Simms, John Mitchell, John Ware and Henry Hol-

man; others there were, but I think the girls outnumbered the boys, as many of the young ladies married out-of-town sweethearts and scattered to the four corners of the globe.

Returning now to the subject of schools; the first Negro school in the State was established at Washington in 1871. It was taught by a Northern man. This was only a few years after the War Between the States, while the Federals were encamped on the hill just across the creek from town, and it was taught in the Baptist church. It has been said that the young Negroes were so averse to being taught by a Yankee they had to be run down by someone on a horse and forcibly led into the building. My authority for this statement is Uncle Bob Samuels, a native Negro of Washington.

There were indeed country schools scattered throughout the land. A description of one by J. W. Ellis, as printed in the *Washington Telegraph*.

A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCHOOL

The first school I attended was taught in Redland Township. The teacher was an old-time schoolmaster who believed in the virtue of Dr. "Hickory Switch." He was a veritable Ichabod Crane of "Sleepy Hollow" fame. The girls and boys of ye pioneer days deemed him a modern Solomon.

The only spellers used in those days were Webster's "Blue Back." The readers were Goodrich's and McGuffey's, and the arithmetics were Pike's and Smiley's.

The house in which this primitive school was taught was a log cabin with fireplace in one end, and without windows save for a square hole in the wall with a clap-board shutter. The seats were made of split pine logs with auger holes in which pegs were driven, on which rested a hewn slab made of the half of a split log. A log of the house just above this desk was removed, and another slab was fastened above this so it could be raised to

let in the light, or lowered to keep out the rain and cold winds.

Those pupils far enough advanced to begin writing lessons sat in a row before this slab desk and learned, first, to make "Pot hooks" with their pens; then, the capital letters, until sufficiently advanced to follow "copies" set by the master with a "good goose Quill pen" of his own make.

Primitive indeed were the old field schools of those pioneer days of long ago, before the advent of our present system of public schools. These facts are stated in order to call attention to the great improvement in educational facilities since that day and time. Our children of today enjoy all the advantages of the wonderful increase in educational advancement: yet, we sometimes think that, according to the number of pupils attending these pioneer schools, a greater number made good than do those favored by our modern methods of instruction.

THE OLD PIONEER CEMETERY
OF
WASHINGTON, ARKANSAS

The first grave we see as we enter the woods where once was the burial ground of the pioneers, are those of Dr. Isaac N. Jones and his wife, Elizabeth Wilson Jones, the father and mother of our beloved ex-Governor Dan W. Jones. On the headstones of each we read dates as follows:

Dr. Isaac N. Jones, born June 16, 1797, died
Feb. 11, 1861.

Elizabeth Wilson Jones, born Sept. 7, 1805,
died Jan. 28, 1861.

Isaac Newton Jones, Jr., born 1824, d. 1846.
Elizabeth Littlejohn, wife of W. W. Andrews
and daughter of Dr. Isaac N. Jones and
Elizabeth Wilson Jones, 1830-1857.

We ramble on and find the graves of others as follows:

Samuel G. Wheat, b. 1819 d. 1860.

John P., son of John and Mary Field.

William Moss, b. 1804 d. 1882.

Elizabeth, his wife, b.-d. 1867.

Susan E. Maddox d. 1844.

Mary A. Maddox d. 1844.

Thomas H. W. Maddox, d. 1856.

Henry P. Poindexter, b. 1792 - d. 1854.

George W. Green, 1814 - 1858.
 Michiel R. Green, 1817 - 1854.
 Jeremiah Pate, 1794 - 1858.
 Reba C. Cone 1831 - 1848.
 Ezekial Nance, son of Ezekial and Laura
 Nance, date of birth obscure, died 1851.
 Mary Belcher Mirick d. 1877.
 Nancy Collins 1794 - 1851.
 Eli Collins, Revolutionary soldier, Lytle's Co.
 Dozier's N. C. Regiment.
 James Williams, Rev. soldier, Chile's Co. Se-
 vier's Regiment.
 John Holman, Rev. soldier, Uoc's Va. Mil.
 Other Rev. soldiers are buried in the old
 cemetery including a body servant of Gen.
 George Washington.
 George Elmore, son of Joel D. Conway, d.
 1853.
 Simon Block, d. 1828.
 Juliette Pauline, wife of Orville Jennings and
 daughter of Capt. Abraham Block, d.
 1858.
 Laura Ida, daughter of Orville Jennings, d-
 1859.
 Anthony May, b. 1800.
 Laura Block, - 1835 - 1853.
 Henry D. Coleman, 1806 - 1837.
 Jennie, daughter of A. H. and S. V. Garland,
 d. 1860.
 Thomas Hubbard, son of A. H. and S. V.
 Garland, d. 1856.
 Catherine Elder, 1791 - 1850.
 Isadora Mirick 1838 - 1859.
 Ephrimm Mirick d. 1874.

Sarah E. H. Meredith, 1816 - 1845.

Joseph Crosby d. 1852.

The list is incomplete, as many graves are lost, and inscriptions and headstones are completely obliterated. Many graves are a mass of rubble and bricks, with trees growing in the middle of them, bringing to mind the lines of the poet: "The oak shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold."

PRESBYTERIAN CEMETERY
OF WASHINGTON
DESIGNATED THE NEW CEMETERY

The New Cemetery, although at this writing it is ninety years old, is situated one-half mile from north-west of the town. The ground was purchased by the Presbyterian church of Washington in 1860. *Record Book P*, page 669, in the county clerk's office, shows that the deed to the property was from John Brooks to Daniel Alexander, Joel W. Hannah, William Marshall, William A. Carrigan, Thomas G. McFaddin, John W. Allen, Robert W. Wilson, Alexis B. Pope, and William M. Carrigan, ruling elders of the Presbyterian church.

The townspeople purchased squares in this cemetery, and their forms, together with those of their families, sleep their undisturbed sleep in this old new city of the dead.

There are about two hundred squares listed in the record book of this cemetery, but we shall make mention of only a few men whose monuments bear the oldest dates, as follows:

Thomas S. Hubbard, 1795, and his step-son

Rufus K. Garland, - b. 1830

Daniel T. Witter, 1795 - 1884

W. W. Andrews b. 1819

John R. Eakin, 1822 - 1885

A. T. Delony, 1828

A. B. Williams, 1828 - 1896

A. H. Carrigan, 1828 - 1924

Grandison D. Royston, 1809 - 1889

Benjamin P. Jett, b. 1808

A. O. Stuart, 1820 - 1883.

Other names engraven on tombstones are as follow:

Patterson, Conway, Page, Jones, Nance, Burt, Holt, Ferguson, Mitchell, Weldon, Walker, Pope, Trimble, Carruth, Chase, Smith, Bradley, McDonald, Hempstead, Bouldin, McFaddin, Hannah, Phillips, Britt, Winn, Stuart, J. A. L. Purdom, A. C. Baird, Simms and Moss.

(These latter names are, in the main, sons and daughters of the pioneers.)

For years, the descendants of these early citizens of Washington, though scattered far and wide over the nation, have come back annually to visit the graves of their ancestors and renew old ties.

CONFEDERATE DEAD

In the corner of this cemetery are the graves of about seventy-five or one hundred Confederate soldiers, in the midst of which stands an imposing monument erected by the citizens of Washington about fifty years ago, with the following inscription:

Erected by our citizens to the memory
of the Confederate soldiers who died
at this Post during our late Civil War,
Far from home and kindred.

True to their native soil, they gave
their lives to a cause that was lost.

Their survivors will never suffer their memory to
perish.

MASONRY IN WASHINGTON

Freemasonry played an important part in the building and growth of Washington.

Mount Horeb Lodge No. 4, of Washington, was organized in 1838, through a dispensation of the Grand Lodge of Alabama. The same year, a lodge was organized at Arkansas Post as Morning Star Lodge, and one at Little Rock as Western Star Lodge, by the Grand Lodge of Louisiana; of the latter, Edward Cross of Washington was made master. Previous to this, there was only Washington Lodge at Fayetteville.

These four lodges held a convention in Little Rock on November 21, the same year, and formed the Grand Lodge of Arkansas. Representatives at this convention were: Fayetteville, Simon Evens, past master; W. L. Wilson; Robert Bedford; Abraham Whinney; Richard C. E. Brown; Samuel Adams and William Oldham.

From Western Star Lodge, Little Rock, were: William Gilchrist, past master; Charles L. Jeffreys, past master; Nicholas Peay, past master; Edward Cross, past master; and Thomas Parsel: Alden Sprague and John Norris.

From Mount Horeb Lodge, Washington, were: James H. Walker; Allen F. Oakley; Joseph W. McKeen, or McLean, and James Trigg. Of this convention, John Norris of Little Rock was made secretary.

The Grand Lodge was organized by election of

William Gilchrist, grand master; James Walker of Washington, grand senior warden; W. L. Wilson of Fayetteville, grand junior warden; Alden Sprague of Little Rock, grand treasurer and George C. Watkins, grand secretary.

Mount Horeb Lodge flourished; its membership increased and it became one of the most active lodges in the State. The Masonic Hall was on the second floor of the old Cumberland Presbyterian Church; the furnishings were of the finest, consisting of the three stations, the altar, and the two symbolic pillars, or columns. The station in the east was elevated, with its three steps; its trimmings and drapings were of gorgeous blue and gold; the chairs were of cathedral design, large and graceful; the stations in the south and west were of similar design, but smaller; the two columns were elaborately carved and decorated with the usual Masonic symbols and mounted on rollers, the altar being of the same material, wood, all white. An old fashioned melodeon enhanced the dignity of the spacious hall. There was also a large chest in which were kept the uniforms and regalia of the high officers.

The jewels were of coin silver, made by A. M. Crouch, a silversmith and jeweler of Washington. These jewels are still in existence, and are used today by the new lodge of Washington. The membership of old Mount Horeb Lodge in the days of long ago included Arkansas' most distinguished statesmen.

The War came and took the flower of Hempstead County's young manhood, and the lodge disbanded soon after the surrender.

The records of Mt. Horeb Lodge were carried to Little Rock and stored in the old Masonic building on Fifth and Main, which burned some thirty or forty years ago, and most of them were destroyed.

I was fortunate, however, in procuring from Mr. Fay Hempstead, who was for fifty years, or more, grand secretary, a list of Mt. Horeb members as late as 1866, which follows:

J. A. L. Purdom, W. M.; Charles White, S. W.; R. P. Williams, J. W.; B. F. Johnson, Treasurer; S. Martin, Secretary. This list was dated 1852. In 1853, Mt. Horeb was represented by J. A. L. Purdom, and in 1855 the officers were: J. A. L. Purdom, W. M.; James K. Young, S. W.; Henry P. Johnson, treasurer; W. H. Toler, Secretary and R. C. Stuart, Tiler. At this time, Andrew Martin and Warrent McElroy were initiated. In 1856, the Grand Lodge was represented by Charles B. Mitchel. In 1858, the Grand Lodge was represented by J. M. Kilgore and C. B. Mitchel.

Sessions of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas of 1863 and 1864 were held in the Hall of Mt. Horeb Lodge No. 4, at Washington, Ark.

Officers of Mt. Horeb Lodge No. 4, November, 1866, were: W. P. Hart, W. M.; W. H. Carruth, J. W.; J. E. Borden, Secretary, J. H. Nealy, J. D.; T. H. Simms, S. W.; R. Dugger, Treasurer; A. B. Williams, S. D.; and S. W. Crossnoe, Tiller.

Members were: J. A. Amonette, James Bradberry, William S. Burt, Preston Bland, Hewitt E. Burt, David Baldwin, A. C. Baird, John S. Burt, J. Bolliter, M. D. Brake, A. M. Crouch, W. H. Carruth, Garland Crenshaw, E. V. Collins, L. M. Carlton, T. F. Daniel, Richard Davenport, Calvin Davenport, John R. Eakin, D. M. Foster, C. C. Gillespie, M. T. Holt, W. M. Henly, P. O. Hooper, John Justus, Daniel W. Jones, Needham Johnson, W. R. Jacobs, James T. Kidd, Imri Lewis, D. H. Lindsey, Matthew Moss, J. M. McElroy, J. L. Moore, G. I. McKnight, G. H. Marshall, W. M. McGee, R. E. Mimms, Noel G. Neal, W. J. Nunn, Samuel Ogden, C. M. Ohlson, W. O. Pepper, Charles Peyton, W. M. Price, J. B. Powel, J. W. Reed, W. D. Reagan, G. W. Rogers, Simon T. Sanders, R. C. Stuart, J. L. Stuart, W. B. Stuart, J. P. Saner, George E. Spears, C. L. Sutton, W. L. Stockton, W. H. Toler, John Toland, W. H. Trader, B. F. Vaughn, A. B. Williams, Morris Wiseburg, E. K. Williamson, A. L. Warner, W. M. Watkins, M. B. Welbourne and J. K. Young.

PIONEER HOMES IN WASHINGTON

THE HEMPSTEAD HOME

The Hempstead home was built by Maj. B. F. Hempstead, whose uncle or brother Hempstead County was named for.

THE BLOCK HOME

The oldest, and the first two-story residence erected in Hempstead County, is the old Abraham Block home. It is over a hundred years old, and is now occupied by Miss Mary Catts, a teacher in the high school. Miss Catts' parents have owned the old house about forty years.

THE DANIEL T. WITTER HOME

Judge Witter was one of the pioneer builders of Washington and his old home still stands on the corner of Franklin Street. Judge Witter was one of the pioneer jurists long before the War of the sixties. On a lot adjoining this house is the office of Judge Witter, recently repaired and improved, and converted into a residence. This office was used during the War as a stronghold, or prison, in which Federal soldiers captured during the struggle by the Confederates were held. They were chained together in the center room, the chains being passed through holes in the door; and

for years after the War, parts of those chains remained hanging there.

THE A. O. STUART HOME

This is the home in which Ruth McEnery Stuart lived and wrote her first novels and magazine articles. It is still standing and occupied at this writing. The house is owned by Lat Moses. The old Stuart home has been the scene of many a gay party before and since the Gay Nineties. Many homes of distinguished men of the old town have burned down and were never replaced.

SECTION TWO

WASHINGTON AND THE CONFEDERACY

WASHINGTON, ARKANSAS and THE CONFEDERACY

Rise! Rise! ye shapes and shadows of the past

The same year that Abraham Lincoln was elected president of the United States, Charles E. Mitchel, of Washington, was elected to the United States Senate, along with W. K. Sebastian. Sebastian was expelled from that body for being a Southern sympathizer, and Mitchel resigned when Arkansas seceded. The same year (1860), Hon. Henry Rector was elected governor of Arkansas.

In April, 1861, Secretary of War Simon Cameron, issued the call to Arkansas to furnish 780 men. Governor Rector's reply was:

In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas to subjugate the Southern states, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is adding insult to injury.

The people of this commonwealth are free men, not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity their honor, lives and property against Northern mendacity and usurpation.

(Signed) H. M. Rector,
Governor of Arkansas.

A convention was called by the governor, and every county in the State was represented. David Walker was elected president of the convention, and resolutions were passed to refer to the people of Arkansas the matter of whether they would co-operate with the Union or secede.

The matter was never referred to the people, for dramatic events followed in such rapid succession that David Walker called another meeting of the convention on May 6, 1861, and the Ordinance of Secession was passed 69 to 1. The one NO was cast by Isaac Murphy, of Madison County.

A Provisional Congress was then called to meet at Montgomery, Alabama, on May 18, 1861, at which Arkansas delegates were: Augustus H. Garland, Robert Johnson, Albert Rust, H. F. Thompson and W. W. Walker. Here, at Montgomery, Alabama, the Constitution of the Confederate States was formed. Leading in the movement was August H. Garland, who served as a member of that Congress until the War ended.

War now having been declared, the next step was the organization of Arkansas' fighting men into companies, regiments, brigades and armies; and Washington, Arkansas, again became the military headquarters and center of activity in the State.

THE HEMPSTEAD RIFLES FIRST COMPANY FORMED IN WASHINGTON COLONEL GRATIOT, COMMANDER

The first company to organize was the Hempstead Rifles. It was composed of the best blood and brains of Hempstead County and was commanded by

that gallant veteran of the Mexican War, Col. John R. Gratiot—a West Point graduate.

OFFICERS:

John R. Gratiot, captain; Daniel W. Jones, 1st lieutenant; Benjamin P. Jett, 2nd lieutenant; George Taylor, 3rd lieutenant; James J. Erwin, 1st sergeant; Chambers B. Etter, 2nd sergeant; William Phillips, 3rd sergeant; and M. L. Langston, 4th sergeant.

STAFF:

William C. Smith, surgeon; Cadsman Pope, chaplain; J. Montcalm Simms, quartermaster, and J. A. Rawles, issuing.

PRIVATEs:

Ed. E. Alexander; L. W. Alexander; S. C. Allen; F. B. Arnett; A. S. Aaron; John Albright; John Blevins; A. W. Blevins; Jacob Bee; Eli Brackman; A. J. Bass; R. O. Caughan; H. G. Conway; W. J. Carruthers; Homer Cross; L. B. Clark; Samuel G. Garlack; Green Cheatham; S. P. DeLony; M. M. Draper; T. K. Crabtree; Hugh A. Blevins; John Dowman; T. D. Daniels; J. R. Davenport; William J. Ferguson; Charles J. Tussell; N. Griffin; J. T. Griffin; W. H. Garland; John Graham; James Hill; Oliver F. Hay; D. H. Hawks; Charles Peyton; E. T. Reynolds; Jesse A. Ross; William Himes; David Reeder; John Reeder; J. L. Stuart; W. H. Smith; G. W. Lilley; James Sissell; Joel W. Thomas; D. C. Harry; George Sissell; H. R. Russell; F. Saunders; R. W. Jones; J. F. Saner; W. N. Johnson; Joseph Thomas; W. F. Mears; H. B. Williams; William Hart; J. L. Whitmore; Ed Jett; G. H. Worsham; J. T. McIver; W. W. Weldon; Henry Martin; T. J. Wiley; C. E. Mitchel; James L. Stuart; John H. Neely; Thomas C. Smith; G. S. Ox-

ley; J. F. Skinner; C. D. R. Preston; J. E. Sissell; James R. Rather; J. W. Street; Thomas H. Simms; W. H. Wilson; J. H. Williams; H. J. Whitmore; J. A. Watt; Joseph Bright and A. L. Warner.

HEMPSTEAD RIFLES' ROSTER

The grandchildren of Col. John R. Gratiot who commanded the Hempstead Rifles own a parchment stained and yellow with age—just tribute to the cause of the South, and courage of heroes of other days. It is a roster of the Hempstead Rifles, the first unit in this section to enlist for service in the Confederacy. It tells a story of devotion to a cause of idealism almost unknown in this materialistic age.

The document was presented to Capt. John R. Gratiot by Col. W. H. Etter, in 1861, and since that time it has been in the Gratiot family.

Colonel Etter will be remembered as the founder of the *Washington Telegraph*, the official organ of the Confederacy in Arkansas. Colonel Etter was from the North, but without hesitation threw himself into the task of aiding his countrymen in the fight.

COMPANY REORGANIZED

After the Hempstead Rifles had been practically annihilated at the Battle of Oak Hills, Missouri, where their loss was heavier than any other unit engaged, Colonel Etter helped to reorganize the company, financed it, and saw the boys of old Hempstead march gaily away. Too old for active service, himself, he could render assistance only from the sidelines, but his work was so outstanding, his ability so pronounced, his interest in the cause of the Confederacy so real, that

he was entrusted with the duties of agent for the State in all its dealings with other commonwealths or individuals. On a mission to Brownsville, Texas, he was captured by Federal troops and died in prison there.

The Rifles numbered among its members men whose names are familiar in the history of Arkansas. Colonel Etter, not content with devoting all his time and giving abundantly of his means, had prepared and presented to the company the roster mentioned above.

The presentation was to the captain, John R. Gratiot, for whom the Hempstead County Chapter, United Confederate Veterans, was named.

The Colonel's newspaper, the *Washington Telegraph*, was the *Arkansas Gazette's* friendly rival for newspaper supremacy in the State, and it was one of the *Gazette's* employes, a skilled penman and designer, who prepared the roster. It is a beautiful piece of free-hand work, every letter and stroke and flourish as clear as if steel-cut. At the top of the sheet there are two Confederate flags, waving in opposite directions and between them, in French, the inscription: "God Defend the Right." The head of a lion is drawn in each of the four corners of the parchment and at the bottom center is a tiny scroll on which is hand-printed: "Written for Colonel W. H. Etter, June 6, 1861." The parchment is old and faded, but each inscription is perfectly legible.

JUDGE TRIMBLE WRITES A LETTER TO THE WASHINGTON *TELEGRAPH*

Messrs. Editors:

Having just completed the task assigned to me by our County Court of equipping the new Hempstead Rifles in everything necessary for active service, except arms, and dispatched them bouyant and hopeful to the scenes of their toils and dangers with Colonel McCollough, as well as procuring clothing for our gallant "Southern Defenders", Captain E. K. Williamson, which I have this day forwarded to 1st Lieutenant, W. H. Prescott, to Columbus, Kentucky, their present post of duty, I feel it due to the patriotic and noble ladies of Washington and its sister towns, Columbus and Spring Hill, that I should in this public manner express my profound thanks to them individually and collectively for the prompt and invaluable service rendered our soldiers in their constant and unwearied attention in preparing and manufacturing clothing for their comfort during the approaching winter.

They deserve all praise for their devotion to our brave volunteers, and their acts of kindness have been so free and ample that I cannot, if I would, make comparison among the young ladies; and as the married ones are not rivals, except in noble deeds, I may be permitted to make special acknowledgment to Mrs. Lucetta Walker of Columbus, a lady of venerable age, and distinguished for her generosity. She has donated the goods and made with her own hands for our soldiers 110 garments and knitted 46 pairs of socks within the past five months. Here is an example of industry worthy of imitation, and I am proud to say, by the aid of such munificence, we have not a Hempstead volunteer who is not amply clothed.

The following list of clothing has gone forward by Lieut. Prescott to the "Southern Defenders" viz: 85 pairs

of pants; 72 jeans and kersey coats; 7 flannel shirts for sick soldiers; 140 blue denim shirts; 65 plaid overshirts; 185 pairs of drawers; 150 pairs of woolen socks; 80 pairs of shop made brogans; 10 pairs of blankets and camp equipage for recruits.

Respectfully,
John D. Trimble,
Commissioner.

Judge Trimble's old home, built in 1852, is still standing on Franklin Street in Washington in a splendid state of preservation, and contains much of the rare old furniture that was used by the Judge and his wife, including a massive, canopied tester bedstead. The home is still owned and occupied by a granddaughter—Mrs. Mattie (Trimble) Wilson.

LETTER FROM WYATT C. THOMAS
TO A FRIEND BACK HOME
MANASSAS JUNCTION

July 23, 1861

B. F. Fall, Esquire—
My Dear Friend:

I have time to dispatch only a few lines. The tents are being rapidly struck, and preparations are going on all through this huge encampment for speedy departure. A great battle was fought the day before yesterday, of which you have doubtless had full accounts ere this. It was one of the hardest, and most brilliantly won fields in the history of the World. The enemy's force is estimated at fifty thousand or seventy-five thousand; ours in action was not more than 15,000. Our loss is considerable—1,000 will cover it, however, killed, missing and all.

The enemy's loss is estimated at 3,000. It was not only a victory, but a rout—a fearful panic on the part of the Yankees. They have retreated to Alexandria, and we are now about to take up our line of march for that place and Washington City. Some awful fighting will be done, but we will win, no matter at what sacrifice.

In the fight on the day before yesterday, we made a forced march and reached the scene of action late in the evening. For several miles along our route we were exposed to deadly shells of the enemy which whizzed and whined over our heads and bursted all around us. When we reached the field, one battery opened them and just cut a lane all along their ranks. We (our regiment) did not get a chance at them with our muskets; we will get our hands full now.

I tell you, my friend, such a victory was never gained upon this Continent as the "Battle of Manassus." How

every bosom here swells with pride. We lost many gallant souls; however, amongst others we have lost Colonels Gartrell and Barton, of Georgia, both eminent men; Colonel Fisher of North Carolina; and the 4th Alabama Regiment, Colonel Jones, lost his gallant Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major. Ben Lee of South Carolina was killed, and Colonel Wheat (Bob Wheat) of New Orleans, Louisiana, is very badly wounded. Colonel Johnson and Wade Hampton were both slightly wounded; and General Beauregard had his horse shot dead beneath him.

Oh! Beauregard is the greatest officer, and most gallant gentleman in the world. President Davis was also present, having arrived late in the evening from Richmond. There was great rejoicing, you may depend upon it. But the field of Battle—Oh! God! You cannot conceive of such a heart-rending scene.

I am in a great hurry, so excuse me for the present. I don't know that I shall ever see you again. I think it is very doubtful, for the Arkansas Regiment will do some desperate fighting. If I live, I will see you again; we are determined to conquer! I heard Beauregard in a speech to the Washington Artillery the evening of the fight say that he could whip 500,000 of them. The enemy, besides the great number of wounded and killed, had over 1,000 taken prisoners. They broke and fled and scattered in every direction, leaving baggage, knapsacks, wagons and forty pieces of artillery, besides thousands of guns and side arms. We killed a great many of their officers and took several of them prisoners; among others, the notorious Colonel Wilcox; also a member of their Congress, Ely of the Rochester, New York District. He came along to witness a great Yankee victory and report the same in Washington. He came down with the Senator from Vermont but the latter dignitary escaped us.

I have just come from the pen which contains the prisoners; many of them belong to the famous New York 27th, and to Ellsworth's Zouaves, and hundreds of miserable looking creatures from other Regiments.

Very truly and Sincerely your friend,

Wyatt C. Thomas.

A BULLETIN

Manassus, July 21st.

We have won a glorious, though dearly bought victory. Night closed on the enemy in full flight, and closely pursued.

Signed—JEFF DAVIS.
(From the Telegraph.)

THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS, MISSOURI

Tuesday Morning, August 20, 1861

The following description of this battle, the first in which the Hempstead Rifles participated, was written by James P. Erwin to his brother-in-law, John R. Eakin, August 20, 1861:

Dear John:

Between daylight and sunrise this morning, our camp was startled by the booming of cannon and rattle of small arms under General Lyons, who we understand, from prisoners taken, left Springfield at six o'clock on yesterday evening for that purpose.

It was our intention to have surprised them this morning at daybreak at Springfield, but we were prevented from marching last night by a thunderstorm.

The battle is said by officers to be one of the hardest fought engagements they ever witnessed. The fight was wavering when the 3rd Regiment (Gratiot's), which had been held in reserve, was ordered to charge a battery that had been making sad havoc with our other regiment during the whole day; and right gallantly did we charge.

For twenty minutes we stood the most galling fire that was ever witnessed. Nobly did our little band stand up against three thousand Federals, until victory perched upon our flag. McCullough says it was our regiment that won him the day.

On the opposite page I will give you a list of the names of the members of the Hempstead Riflemen who fell fighting under the banner of the South. The Hempstead Cavalry has only one member killed, as his body was found (John Carrigan), and one slightly wounded. We captured fourteen pieces of artillery and three hundred

men. General Lyons was certainly killed, as his body was found, and about his person a great many of his papers.

Churchill's regiment was literally cut to pieces. I do not know the number of killed and wounded on either side, but do know that the enemy's loss is much greater than ours. Our regiment's loss of officers was pretty severe. Killed—Captains Brown and Ball, of Van Buren and Fayetteville, and Lieut. Walton of Ft. Smith. Wounded—Major Ward, and one Captain and two Lieutenants. Col. Gratiot and Lieutenant Col. Province, unharmed.

List and wounded of the Hempstead Rifles: killed, J. M. Simms, William H. Wilson, M. L. Langston and Parker, formerly of the Dixie Blues. Severely wounded: Thomas H. Simms, Homer Cross. Fatal: C. E. Allen, George Worsham, A. L. Warner, G. D. Britt and Wiley Stinson. Slightly wounded: William Phillips, James T. Reynolds, Ed B. Alexander, William Kidd and Daniel Hanks.

Several of the boys were grazed and had their clothes cut by balls, but these do not deserve the name of wounds; amongst the number, your humble servant. Our young friends, George Worsham and Lucky Britt, were badly wounded in the face and will be disfigured. Warner proved his devotion to the South in this terrible ordeal and has a leg shattered to pieces. He fought shoulder to shoulder with his old companion at Washington. All our boys fought bravely, desperately—not one faltered until the enemy retreated, and the day was over.

Yours truly,
James P. Erwin.

The following letter from Brig. Gen. N. B. Pearce explains itself:

The Hempstead Rifles:
Gentlemen:

As we are to part after a trying campaign, I herewith tender to each member of the company my warmest gratitude for the universal good conduct of the company as gentlemen and soldiers. Yours was the first company received by me on being appointed your General. Yours was the first company in Benton County (Camp Walker). Around you, I formed my command, and I cannot express the feelings I entertain at parting with you. Your gallant conduct on the memorable 10th will never be forgotten.

Like true Southerners you are brave and gallant, and I feel proud that Arkansas boasts of such sons.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
N. B. Pearce, Brigadier General.

RESOLUTIONS

At a meeting of the Hempstead Rifles held in camp, November 27, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, that our sincere and hearty thanks be tendered to the citizens of Washington, and vicinity, for their united efforts in equipping our company for a winter campaign. And while our unfeigned appreciations are due to a patriotic community, where well-timed liberality has been so beneficent to us, yet to Judge Trimble, through whose untiring exertions we have been so well provided for, so thoroughly fitted for a campaign, severe though it may be, to the Judge, we must say we feel a debt of gratitude which we can never hope to repay. And to the ladies, ever foremost in a good work, we hardly know how to express the gratitude we feel. Accept, then, a soldier's heartfelt thanks and be assured your kindness will never be forgotten.

B. P. Jett, Jr.

HOME AGAIN

Just as we go to press, the music of the Band announced the approach of The Hempstead Rifles. They have served the country well. The flag which Miss Betty Conway presented before they left, (it seems only yesterday), they brought back again. It is a little torn with grape shot, and has some slight marks of blood here and there, but that doesn't hurt. It has no dirt on it! Thank God! The boys kept it out of the dust!

FROM THE *TELEGRAPH* (No Date)

About twenty gallant young men left here Tuesday under Lieut. Jones, to join the Hempstead Rifles now

stationed at Ft. Wayne—eighty miles above Ft. Smith. We regret we are unable to give the names of these new recruits, but we can endorse them wherever they go as men of unflinching courage—with a will to dare and do. This small body of recruits will swell the list of the Hempstead Rifles to 107—the largest company—and, we will venture to say, the best material on the frontier.

THE WASHINGTON BAND

The Washington Brass Band returned home Sunday evening last, after an absence of some weeks to the seat of war. They accompanied the South Arkansas Regiment till its junction with General McCullough's command when, owing to their private engagements, they were compelled to return home. By an exchange from the various places through which they passed, we gather information of their hearty welcome and kind treatment by the citizens. This, they readily deserved; for, in addition to their exquisite music, they are gentlemen in their social relations.

To those who have treated them kindly, in their behalf, and on our own account we return them thanks. Welcome home, Gentlemen! You know not what a void your absence has created. We don't know of anything our people would miss more—except it be the “Telegraph.” From the *Telegraph*.

MARRIED

In Washington, Thursday evening, the 3rd instant, at the residence of her father by the Rev. Mr. Harold, Chaplain of Goodes Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, Major John P. Bull, of St. Louis, Missouri, (now connected with Morgan's Arkansas Regiment), to Miss Zenobia, youngest daughter of our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, Simon T. Sanders.

MARRIED

On the 3rd instant, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James W. Smith of this county, by the Rev.

M. H. Wills, Miss Belle Smith to Captain D. C. Dupree,
of McNair's Brigade.

MARRIED

On last Thursday night by the Rev. M. Stanley, Mr. James V. Thomas to Miss Belle, daughter of Capt. Simon T. Sanders, at her father's residence in Washington.

Misses Belle and Zenobia Sanders were sisters of Augustus H. Garland's wife, who was Miss Virginia Sanders before her marriage to Mr. Garland.

These items were clipped from the *Washington Telegraph*, undated, but both families were living in Washington before and during the War Between the States.

A FLAG PRESENTATION

Capt. Dan Jones and Capt. Henry P. Johnson's companies left yesterday for Little Rock and Jacksonport. A flag was presented by note from Mrs. W. W. Andrews to Captain Jones' company, and one in the same manner by Miss Bettie Trimble to the company of Captain Johnson. We would have wished these ladies to have presented them in person, but the heart goes with the presentation all the same, and the sentiments of those soldiers to guard them quite as strong. With true knights, the wish of ladies is their law.

Clipping from the *Telegraph*, undated.

THE FOURTH ARKANSAS REGIMENT

Officers

EVANDER McNAIR, COLONEL

A. BRICE WILLIAMS,
LIEUTENANT COLONEL

(Both of Washington)

I herewith give the names of the companies organized into the Fourth Arkansas Regiment. The date: August 17, 1861. There were eight companies composing this regiment:

Company A, from Calhoun County—78 men, Joseph E. McCollough, Captain.

Company B, from Hempstead County—91 men, Rufus K. Garland, from Hempstead County, Captain.

Company C, from Montgomery County—79 men, J. F. Irvin, Captain.

Company D, from LaFayette County—73 men, Joseph C. Tyson, Captain.

Company E, from Hempstead County—86 men, John A. Rawles, Captain.

Company F, from Montgomery County—94 men, J. M. Simpson, Captain.

Company G, from Pike County—88 men, Jason T. Black, Captain.

Company H, from Polk County—64 men, William H. Earp, Captain; making a total of 863 men.

All of the company officers, and a complete history of the regiment, is given in *The Camp, The Bivouac and The Battle Field*, written by W. A. Gamage, brigadier surgeon of McNair's Brigade, and published at Salem, Mississippi, in 1864.

This book is the history of the Fourth Arkansas Regiment from its organization down to the date the book was printed, and contains its campaigns and its battles with an occasional reference to the current events of the day, including biographical sketches of its field officers and others of the old brigade. The entire work was begun and finished in camp, and gives the names of the companies organized into the Fourth Arkansas Regiment. It also gives a complete list of the killed, wounded and missing at the Battle of Elk Horn, and a list of killed and wounded and missing at the Battle of Murfreesboro. The book also contains an original poem composed by James W. Ellis of Washington entitled: "Murfreesboro's Dead," dated at Shelbyville, Tennessee, February 15, 1863. A list of the loss to this regiment at the Battle of Chickamauga is given, and there also appears the Muster Roll, as made out by James W. Ellis of Washington, Arkansas. The book is full of facts of absorbing interest and historic value.

FROM THE WASHINGTON TELEGRAPH

"Faithful Dick"

Lieutenant Ed D. Jett and Surgeon J. A. Williamson have arrived. They were both at the Battle of Elk Horn. At the Battle of Elk Horn, a Mess, composed of Lieutenant Jett, young Ed Smith, and several others, had for a servant a negro boy named "Dick" belonging to an esteemed fellow citizen, Thomas Smith.

Before going into battle, the boys, not wishing to be robbed by the Hessians, left all money (about \$500.00) in the hands of Dick as their banker, and ordered him to stay with the Rear Guard and baggage—out of danger.

The Battle raged long, and Dick became very uneasy about his Mess missing their regular meals in the midst of such sharp exercises. At length, he loaded himself with provisions and went to take them their dinner. He fell into the hands of the enemy and found himself a prisoner. Dick affected to be delighted with the circumstances and told them that he was a "Union Man", and belonged to one of the best Union men in the world,—“Old Man Smith”, about twenty miles off. (The distance was 250 miles.) They kept Dick along, however, without searching him, and at Bentonville one night, Dick saw his chance and “fled.” He came into the Mess with the money all safe, and with a fine overcoat for himself, which he “found just on leaving.”

LETTER TO THE *TELEGRAPH* (No Date)

Mr. Editor:

Will you please permit me through the columns of your paper to tender to the ladies of Washington my most sincere thanks for the many favors bestowed upon the sick soldiers under my charge in the hospital at this place. The indefatigable efforts put forth by them were most praiseworthy and well deserve the admiration of all true-hearted Southerners.

Day after day, they were seen making their way through the burning sands of mid-day sun, in order to soothe the sufferings of those who are going forth to defend their homes, their rights and their all.

Having provided the hospital with every thing necessary to make the beds of the inmates as comfortable as possible, they then gave their attention to the sick in person, visiting their bedsides and administering such consolation and comfort as women alone can do. Often did I see the tears of gratitude roll down the cheeks of our brave

soldiers as these Heaven-born messengers would approach the bedside of those whose lips were parched with burning fever and, while they gave the cooling beverage to allay their burning thirst, the soldiers' countenances might be seen to glow with rage towards those who were endeavoring to lay waste the homes of such patriotic ladies.

Long will the kindness of Washington be remembered by the gallant sons of Texas and, when on the field of battle, amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, a thought of those philanthropic daughters of the South will stimulate them to nobler deeds of valor and courage. Go on, you noble ones, in such acts of charity, and you will soon have your reward in seeing the banner of peace unfurled to the breeze, and uninterrupted happiness established throughout the length and breadth of our distracted county.

Signed,
W. M. Bradford
Attending Physician.

MORE FROM THE *TELEGRAPH*

Dr. C. E. Mitchel arrived at home last Sunday from the seat of War. Many are the pleasant things we have heard in connection with his army trip, and many are the good things we have heard of his doings, not the least of which was his unceasing attention to the sick in the South Arkansas Regiment. At all hours and times, with untiring vigilance, he was at his post voluntarily administering to the sick soldiers, and by his skill in the healing art added to the kindness with which his heart is always overflowing, giving comfort and consolation to the afflicted and disconsolate. His many friends will be grateful to hear of his continued good health.

The doctor brings with him his son, Elmore, who, though but fifteen years of age, fought like a veteran at the Battle of Springfield.

OUR BATTALION

(Item from the *Washington Telegraph*)

At an early hour last Wednesday, the Battalion of volunteers under command of Lt. Colonel McNair took up the line of march for Missouri. It was a splendid sight. The different companies, under the command of their respective officers, were marched into town from the camp and formed in front of the Jones Hotel—the Confederate Guards in front. This company was presented with a flag from the ladies of Hempstead County by the hands of Miss Emma Jett. The address speaks for itself, but we must be allowed to take special notice of a clear and spirited manner of delivery. It came from the heart and was more effective than if studied by cold rhetorical rules.

This flag was received by the Honorable C. B. Mitchel, a member of the company. Alas! Friend Charley! It was well done, beautifully! But you and I are not the material for these occasions. Many a youthful eye gleamed with enthusiasm, and one could almost see the bursts of eloquent response heaving for expression from the young men in the ranks—fired by the potent spell to the very heights of chivalry.

The Confederate Guards were then marched to the right, exposing in front the "Bright Star Rifles" from LaFayette County. A beautiful flag was then presented to this company by Miss Bettie Etter, through a friend, and received by A. Slaughter, Esquire, a member of the company. The response was eloquent and in taste. The flag bore upon its field the legend: "Fidelis ad urnam," and was selected by the donor as the motto for the company. They will not fail of the promise implied by its adoption. During the ceremony, the Hempstead Hornets carried with

them their own flag previously presented to them by the ladies of Missouri Township. The Washington Band was in attendance and, notwithstanding the early hour, a large number of ladies and citizens. And they marched away, and the quietude of a sleeping village settled upon the town.

AD FROM WASHINGTON *TELEGRAPH*

Wanted

Jeans and lindseys for the soldiers of Arkansas. I will pay cash for any quantity delivered to me at Washington. Our Army must depend in a great measure on home manufacture for clothing, and it is hoped that they will not be disappointed in their expectations of South Arkansas.

We learn that a flag will be presented today by Miss Emma Jett to the "Confederate Guards." These pageants are no empty things. The old chivalry yet lives in the South and the soldier fights for a sentiment as furiously as for a principle.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE ARKANSAS BOYS

The Correspondent of the Petersburg Express says: "Another soldier who was in the fight and near the Zouaves says: 'The Arkansas Regiment literally cut the 'pet lambs' to pieces—some of them had their heads entirely severed from their bodies and others had their skulls cleft from the top down to the neck, laying them wide open and exposing to view the blood and brains.' " (From the *Telegraph*).

THE COTTON PLANT GUARDS

From the *Telegraph*

The Cotton Plant Guards was a cavalry company from LaFayette County, Arkansas. This company

passed through Washington, remaining encamped a couple of days. Mention by the *Telegraph* is here made:

Many of the members were intimately known to many of our citizens and their sojourn amongst us was mutually agreeable. The company was much admired for the fine appearance which they presented on parade, as well as for the gentlemanly conduct of its members. The horses were splendid. They carried with them a flag presented by one of Hempstead's fairest daughters. Success attend them. We wish a glorious campaign and safe return.

FROM THE TELEGRAPH

A beautiful banner was presented last Monday afternoon to the Hempstead Cavalry in front of the Jones Hotel. It was an impressive spectacle. The Cavalry, all armed and equipped and ready for marching, occupied the middle of the street in two ranks. The companies of our battalion were drawn up in the rear; on the sidewalks, and the windows around were crowded with fair ladies. The banner was presented by Miss Belle Smith, and received by Lt. Williamson. Both of the addresses were appropriate and from the heart. We hope to be able to give them next week.

Many eyes were filled with weeping, as mothers and sisters, wives, and many of those too, whose throbbing hearts could yet acknowledge to the world no bond, looked upon the gay and gallant cavalcade, going off with bounding spirits and exultant hopes—eager for the glory of the battle-field. Such is the web and woof of life—smiles and tears—hopes and fears. "Some must laugh while some must cry," until the great future comes and equalizes all.

CRUMP'S BATTALION of TEXAS

We herewith give an account of a benefit concert given by the local citizens and talent of Washington during a sojourn in town of Colonel Crump's Battalion. Again, we regret that no date is given in the clipping from an old *Telegraph* issue:

Col. Crump has with his battalion a brass band which has been discoursing some of the sweetest music we have heard in many days. In connection with our own band (which must never be forgotten) our citizens were treated to a musical feast last night at the Tableaux, which, in addition to the scenes presented was not the least interesting part of the entertainment. We were almost led to exclaim with Shakespeare, that

"He that hath no music in his soul
Nor is moved by concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils."

In behalf of the ladies and our citizens we return thanks to the gentlemen of the band, individually and collectively, for the pleasure afforded last evening, and hope they will be on hand again tonight to lend a charm to the scenery of the occasion.

THE EXHIBITION

The ladies' volunteer aid concert and tableaux came off last night at the large hall of the Male Academy. It was a splendid success and richly repaid our fair friends

for all their trouble in the preparation. There were over 400 in attendance, the Tableaux, being composed of our young ladies (with some of the rougher set thrown in for effect), could not have been otherwise than beautiful; but, gotten up as they were, with most excellent taste in costumery, and presented with spirit, they were unsurpassed by anything we have heretofore seen.

The fancy dances performed by the little girls of Professor Tapana's School were absolutely lovely. No one could fail to be charmed by the sweet and graceful movements of these fairy-like creatures—so pure and joyous.

Our Texas friends, Messrs. Erwin, Storm and Brown (of Crump's Battalion) contributed much to the interest of the evening by several songs and duets. We were "Paul Prying" around and heard the ladies say that their music was very fine, and showed high cultivation. A gentleman of musical taste (more musical taste than gallantry we think, from the remark he made) told us this morning that he considered their songs "the best part of the whole performance." The ladies may guess "till crack of doom". We don't mean to tell, for we like him, and he may want to marry some day.

The orchestra was perhaps the best voluntary one that could be raised anywhere. It was composed of our own home band and the gentlemen of the band with Crump's Battalion, whose patriotic cooperation is noticed in another place.

The whole exhibition was much enhanced by the presence of a large number of soldiers of Crump's Battalion. "None but the brave deserve the fair," and it always happens, some-how, that the brave put themselves to extra trouble to go to see them. That's good taste anyway.

We must remark that the orderly and decorous attention of these gentlemen to the modest efforts of the ladies (many of whom were timid and shrinking) was fully appreciated and the subject of remark. Their hearty and good-natured cheering after each scene was anything but offensive. When the boys saw the last scene—an allegorical representation of the Southern Confederacy,

each state represented by a young lady, and the whole pyramid overtopped by the Goddess of Liberty—well, they wouldn't stand that long. After a minute of breathless silence, cheer after cheer seemed to explode like a volcano. The curtain closed, but it still kept on.

The Goddess of Liberty (who had gone to the dressing room and was putting on her shawl and thick shoes like a mortal) was called back and “curtesied” to the soldiers' compliments. That did not satisfy them. The States, by turn, did the same and all retired in the utmost harmony, and everybody was well pleased. Those boys will do. A voluntary song by some of the Texans after the performance was much admired. Weather permitting, the performance will be repeated tonight by request, with some change of program—and the proceeds donated to Crump's Battalion as a hospital fund.

CLIPPING FROM THE *TELEGRAPH*

The second performance for voluntary aid purposes came off last night. The attendance was good but, on account of the weather, the crowd was not so large. The proceeds of the concert amounted on the first night to \$200. On the second, \$60. The difference arose, doubtless, from the weather, the darkness of the night, and the distance of the hall, (about half a mile from town). All proceeds were donated to the sick of Colonel Crump's Battalion.

THE FEDERALS AT CAMDEN, ARKANSAS

(Extracts From A Private Letter — Camden,
20th April, 1864)

The Federal Army has been here and gone. Went last night after a stay of eleven days. It seems to us like a dream of a year. I send you a bundle of such newspapers as the Federal Army is allowed to read; and, as you will see, a few, of a more important character. In spite of the surplus religious papers, their army swore terribly in Camden; not to be nice about it, they were blasphemous.

On the evening of Friday, the 15th instance, the Federal Army under General Steele in person, entered Camden after a running fight all day, beginning at the Cross Roads about fifteen miles West, on the Washington Road, and ending in the streets of the city. The heaviest firing appeared to be around the grave yard, indicating that General Steele knew the weak point in these works, which is back of the grave yard, and ought to be strengthened. They were puzzled in not finding artillery in the forts. Said they expected a solemn time carrying the batteries, and yet they were not half an hour disposing their forces for the assault.

They must have known all about the premises. Only Lothar's command was in the town and retired handsomely. The first inquiry was for Marmaduke's artillery which had engaged them in the morning and then vanished mysteriously, they said, and they were disgusted at not capturing Camden. The privates said they were famishing, and the officers unanimously declared it was a lie; and that question of veracity and voracity continued so long as they remained.

The Privates swarmed into our kitchens and negro houses, snatching the food from the very negro children. Servants were tampered with, to betray hiding places; and almost every one was plundered, more or less. Some were ruined. I came in for my share. Little confidence is to be placed in servants. They betray their masters in almost every case.

Milk cows and calves were killed, in common with beef cattle. Of course pigs and hen roosts were contraband. The clothing of women and children were taken by the men, and either bestowed upon negro wenches or torn into rags. Citizens and negroes were beset by groups of common soldiers, and engaged in debate upon the causes and consequences of the War. The epithet "Rebel" seemed to be a sweet morsel under their tongues; and the logic was, that being a Rebel, all you have is theirs—if they can find it—and if your life is spared, it is a favor, and a gracious thing on the part of Mr. Lincoln. At first, I was interested and stood to talk with them. I was learning something. I was interested in the forensic display. I drew them out by questions and suggestions; but it soon became very tiresome. It was the same grand round of brave assertions, always assuming as past dispute, the question in dispute. I am satisfied their Army is kept in shameful ignorance. Officers, as well as men, seem to be honest in assertions the most mendacious I have ever listened to.

They have never had a draft for men in any Northern state, they say! They cannot find use for the millions who volunteer! They are only just coming down to their work! Their currency is as good as gold! The South began the work of enlisting negro soldiers! All their enterprises are successful! Sherman went to Selma! They have had no check in Florida! The siege of Charleston is a success! Shreveport is in the hands of Banks! They have 120,000 men on foot in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and Camden, by the way of Prairie De Ann, is the direct route from Little Rock to Shreveport! And much more that was news to me. But the grandest of all was the glorification of their prowess; No one daring to give them a fight on this side—said they had a reserve of 2,000,000 men.

They have no law for impressing negroes, but enterprising privates take out commissions conditional upon their raising their company of "Iron-clads", so they become very unscrupulous in their measures.

The guards they stationed at private homes were picked men, well to do at home, and spies upon the families. I conversed freely with them, and found them to be quite as intelligent and more communicative than their officers. I did not find the first avowed Abolitionist among privates or officers, yet all are radicals in politics (if I know the meaning of that word). They hate the negro with a perfect hatred. They say they "knock down and drag them out." They say they make good soldiers, but regard the whole negro business as a stain upon the service, and an excuse for a white man not to enlist.

Soldiers uniformly declare that they will never submit to the competition of negroes against white labor. Would not fight if they thought such would be the result, etc., etc. Colonel Mauter, Chief of Staff to General Steele, conversing with Mrs. - - - made this pious remark: "If God Almighty had sense, he would kill off the whole Negro race!"

The game of brag lasted a week. Their encampments were all about in the woods, where no one could make an estimate, and the town seemed to swarm with them. They represented their force to be overwhelming. They were laboring for a political military effect, and there were two ways of talking. The Army said: "D - m the rebels and Mr. Lincoln's amnesty; D - m a man that takes the oath. We are able to subjugate the country, and intend a conquest as complete as the Norman Conquest of England." They showed a printed map in which the present area of the Confederacy is black, and the part already conquered is light. The whole of Arkansas to the Red River, the whole, I think, of Louisiana and Mississippi, and the whole of Florida, are presented as light.

The conservative civilians say, "This war of invasion, in the way it is conducted, and in spite of the best intentions of any commanding General, is a disgrace on the

annals of the Nation; and must be brought to a close." The Presidential Campaign must end it. The citizens of Camden must convene and pass resolutions. They must strengthen General Steele in his conciliatory policy, etc.

I tried to find out how it is precisely the Conservatives expect to end the war, but just as I came to the point, Bam! Bam! - - Kirby Smith was at the Two Bayou Causeway. But I am too fast with the history of the Federal occupation of Camden, and, before I resume it, let me say, that I saw not one Federal officer that seemed to me like a gentleman. I am more and more convinced that Mr. Lincoln's adherents are the low-styled of folks at the North, yet the more numerous on that account. The Federals got here, on the 15th, in a famishing condition. They said Camden was the point they started for! Directly they were in our very kneading troughs. Our negroes tampered with all night to find out our secrets. They had rations of corn which they parched. Officers said they rather liked it. Men preferred to steal something better. A bare suspicion was enough to warrant them in ripping up a house. Here and there were guards, and again they were withdrawn. Provost guards passed occasionally, but the moment their backs were turned the rascals became bold again. But enough of this. The county round about was foraged with a beacon of destruction. I judge, by the contents of wagons returning. The very rats, cats and dogs were in personal danger. That resource was fast exhausted. The radius of plunder extended. The hopes of citizens as well as army rested upon an expected train of supplies from Little Rock, that had to come via Pine Bluff, Arkansas, to find feed for the teams. It left Little Rock on the tenth, and arrived on the 20th. The escort was no re-inforcements; all but 40 men had gone forward to meet the train at the Saline. Ruined families drew rations but it was soon found that it was to be one-fourth rations.

On the morning of the 18th, heavy firing in the West. In the evening, fugitives held groups of soldiers in the streets in solemn silence, to hear the story of the fight at Poison Spring that day. At first they were stunned, and

exaggerated their own losses; but over-night became reconciled and pronounced it a poor affair. One white soldier only, and about 100 negroes killed. The wagons they sent were old and shacklish and the artillery very poor. They were well rid of the lot! After that, I concluded they must be unconquerable—at least, in their own esteem.

Their true loss was 750 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and 198 wagons with teams and loading. Bragg, the life and soul of that army, was again in full blast. Bragg always of their over-whelming numbers, and the rights of the sovereign people against the Rebels. Their whole organization and tactics seemed to be for effect. Their army was lead by four Brigades, said to be commanding Division. The Brigades all led by Colonels commanding. These were encamped all around for miles, and by the way they pervaded every nook and corner, it did look to a citizen like an immense army. But on the evening of Saturday, the 23, Gen. Smith in person, (his spectacles were recognized), made a slight demonstration at the Two Bayou Causeway. The effect was instantaneous, as doubtless Gen. Steele intended it to be.

All the lines were drawn inside the town, not enclosing more than two-thirds the area of the city. General Steele left Mrs. Grahams, and made himself snug at Brook's House. Gen. Solomans, in like manner, evacuated Jim Tom Elliot's and went to a fort, and the rest in like manner. The Cavalry all snug, and nothing I could see for their horses to eat in the timber back of the grave yard.

Cannon in the forts, and so they waited all night and late the next day for an attack, and they were evidently scared. Kirby Smith's spectacles took all the starch out of them. From that time out, there was no more boasting, but anxious enquiries of the citizens what they thought of it. We were no longer so much "rebels" as Confederates. Their force was now easy to get at. Their divisions were probably each three Brigades, and their Brigades each three Regiments. Their crack brigade (Colonel McLane's) consisted of three regiments, 77 Ohio Veterans just returned, re-enlisted and recruited, 500 men; 43rd. Iowa, just re-

turned, etc., 600 men, and the 50th Indians, old time not yet out, 360-8,460 men. From what I saw of other regiments, I think this to be the fullest brigade, except the two negro regiments, which were pretty large. I think I am correct in putting their force, on arrival, at 13,000 fighting men. Deducting the losses known, and the above-named brigade with 1,000 cavalry, sent with return train to Mt. Elba, leaves them 9,800 men at the time of evacuation, not deducting the sick, who were not numerous among privates, but so many among officers that not one of the Colonels of the above brigade went on their fatal trip to Mt. Elba. General Steele had burnt the officers' trunks and mess chests at the Missouri River, partly for the lack of transportation, and partly because the privates were dissatisfied that the officers had luxuries, while the men were famishing, and had each to pack 60 to 80 pounds weight on the march. In cannon, they were not strong. They alleged that on the prairie, General Price had more pieces than they. At Poison Spring, they lost four. They sent ten pieces with the above wagon train, and since they left, I learn from - - - that six pieces have been found that they left, carriages and all, in the Ouachita River, above town, spiked, of course. This makes twenty pieces that General Steele is short in his immediate command.

As to the quality of their troupes, the Infantry is excellent, but when they left they were as much too greatly depressed in spirits as they had been elated when they came. The Cavalry was much inferior generally to the Confederates. Their horses were reduced in flesh, very much so.

The First Arkansas, and the Kansas Jayhawkers and Indians have the name in their own army of not fighting well. The rations of a private soldier for four days in advance was carefully noted. It consisted of eight hard break crackers (two a day), and a piece of meat the size of your hand. After the alarm of General Smith's spectacles, the Federals became not only more careful of their own safety, but more indifferent to the safety of private property. The officers complained of the general coldness of their reception in Camden and cursed, if possible, worse than before.

The only application for a guard likely to have attention must be from a lady well dressed. The only chance for a house was a guard. The only guards to be had appeared to be invalids. By this time, they had a doom's day book. A man went around and took a list of property, and the politics of the owners. It was distinctly marked that day after day the pressure became more intense, and the stiffness between army and citizens more clearly defined. Less temporizing on both sides. The ladies especially could not conceal their disgust. Those who may have thought well of the Federals before they came, were by this time cured. I understand that some took the oath, which was not called the oath of allegiance, but the "Amnesty". It was explained as something softer than the big oath. I got sight of a copy. It was silent upon giving aid and comfort to "rebels", but meant the same thing. It bound one to abide by all laws of Congress on the negro question, but left one free to object to other laws. The oath was accompanied by a printed hand-bill, an address from the bogus Governor Murphy. The idea contained in it was, "We have signed against the best Government in the World, Father, forgive us", etc., meaning, of course, Father Abraham.

Before I forget it, I must tell you that Dr. - - found out to a certainty that the general order in this Western Army is, that no calomel at all shall be used! They had better and safer ordered no gun-powder. That order alone would lose them an army in South Arkansas—if General Smith allows them a footing here. Their quinine is adulterated, and their coffee appears to have been submitted to some steaming process to extract the virtue before the army gets it. At any rate, I never saw such coffee before. Their men and officers were filthy, and not so substantially clad as ones whom I saw defiling across the river yesterday. They are more uniform, but the fabrics and called the oath of allegiance, but of "Amnesty". I was the making were made to sell. They burned a good deal of clothing when they evacuated, and all the negro's boxes and trunks of clothing and plunder, their sappers and miners tools, and many wagons, about one hundred,

I was told. Written order was posted that no negro man, woman or child, should ride in any wagon, and the soldiers swore that they would not starve to feed fugitive negroes, yet they forced them to go!

I did not find the negro soldiers impudent to a firm white man, but they were over-bearing to the negroes, and made them believe there was a negro general under whose orders they were acting. My own impression is, that their negro enlistments tend to diminish their force in this way. They furnish an excuse for more white men not to enlist or volunteer than the number of negro recruits, more or less. They talk of a negro regiment, as a hoisting of a black flag, at least so far as that regiment goes.

Suddenly, on the morning of Tuesday, 26, of April, a fugitive came very early, panting. He was a sutler, and had cut a mule out of his wagon. He reported the train of empty wagons and escort above referred to attacked by a world of Confederate soldiers at the Moro bottom, thirty-five miles on their road to Pine Bluff. Next came the fugitives of the Ohio 77th, reporting their regiment ruined, and they, alone, escaped to tell the story. Directly, orders were flying in every direction, and rumors too. The evacuation began. A line of sentries stood close around the town beyond Dr. Magill's. None could get out to warn our pickets. Dr. Magill saw a man make a dash to pass, and two sentries fired; he wheeled and tried another place, and two more fired, but the man passed into the bushes. Who it was we do not know. The sentries reported him killed. Passing soldiers said the town was to be burned. Officers said not, unless they were fired upon. Some said the negroes were to sack the town. Some got guards to remain until the pickets fell back, which was at two o'clock in the morning. Some were refused guards and, consequently, were marked for plunder. There was a horse patrol which passed occasionally, but the Kansas men watched them and sacked houses when they had gone by. They seemed to want only money. They smashed in some doors but, when the women screamed, they became nervous and left.

At Colonel Rainey's, they broke open the doors and tumbled things out on the floor. They rejected silver spoons and even a gold thimble, from which I judge they dare not carry plunder. I heard of but two attempts to fire houses in all their doings—one at Mrs. Matlock's I assisted to extinguish. Dr. Magill made himself known as a Master Mason to a Colonel Mason, who happened to be another, late in the evening. The Colonel went to the Vidette near his house and told them to picket his house; which they did; also Mr. Bell's, who was a Mason. The Vidette were Negroes and, after that, they were very civil. All the while, the Federals have kept their negro regiments between them and danger.

Poor Mr. - - -, the Tinner, is ruined. He is a modest man and gave way to them. I believe they made him take the oath. A Kansas Colonel named Adams, son-in-law of McLane, camped hard by and took the poor man under his special protection, and Kansas protection is as follows: On the night of the evacuation Col. Adams, in person, with his men, informed Mr. - - - that his life and premises would be destroyed unless he gave up his gold and silver. He gave it up. They then took his wife, a man held one hand over her mouth, and in the other hand a knife to her throat, saying that, if she made any outcry, he would cut her throat. In that situation, they stripped off her clothes and took from her person three thousand dollars of Confederate money which she had concealed.

The evacuation was very silent. They left fires burning. They took the pontoon bridge so quickly that several prisoners were left on this side, who surrendered to our pickets, who came in about breakfast time. Had a small force arrived two hours before day, their rear guard would have taken water in a fright.

The next day was a bright day in Camden. For the first day in eleven days, the ladies appeared on the streets. The flower gardens were stripped, and perhaps a thousand boquets were placed in the hats of our cavalymen as they rode in —yelling in excitement. Bright ribbons and feather when hunted up by the ladies, and tied in the hats of the Indians, who went off on their ponies, yelling like the

rest, only more so, and a general shaking of hands took place all day long.

Here ends my story of the Federal occupation of Camden. May it be the last.

Yours etc.

_____no name

THE BATTLE OF POISON SPRING

(As Told By One Who
Participated In It)

This battle was fought twelve miles north west of Camden, Arkansas, on the Washington Prairie de Ann and Camden road.

On the morning of May 18, 1864, Cabell's Brigade entered the main road eight miles from Camden, between the enemy and town, and double-quickened to Poison Spring, where they found the enemy, their wagons in the road, and they formed in front and on the right.

General Cabell dismounted his Brigade and formed line in front of the enemy (between them and Camden), planted his Battery and sent a portion of Monroe's Regiment forward as skirmishers. The Indians then formed on the left and engaged the enemy's right, and were engaged for nearly an hour, gradually retiring, when Green's Brigade was ordered from our right to the left to support them; and Huey's Battery (Cabell's Brigade) opened with four pieces. Soon afterwards, the line was ordered to charge. Cabell's and Crawford's Brigades, under direction of General Marmaduke, advancing over an open field in the face of the enemy's artillery and infantry posted in the woods beyond.

The enemy stood their ground and fought well until we were within forty or fifty yards of them, when they broke in utter route, leaving the ground literally covered with their dead. We pursued them two or three miles, Cabell's center passing through the head of the wagon train and his left through the center. Here we connected with

the Indian Division on the left, also charging. General Cabell led his brigade in the charge and was continually under the heaviest fire. General Marmaduke was always where there was the greatest danger.

We captured 226 six-mule wagons, of which 25 were burned, and 195 brought off, four pieces of artillery (at all events all they had), and about 150 prisoners.

The enemy's dead on the field, mostly negroes, is variously estimated at from 450 to 650. I am inclined to think, from my own observation, the latter number nearer the truth. Our loss did not exceed fifty in killed and wounded.

Yours truly,
Zeno.

(Copied from old files of the *Washington Telegraph*)

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN'S STORY

"The Boy Soldier"

Several years ago, this writer talked with Mr. J. W. Smith, a veteran of the War Between the States, then living in Austin, Texas, who, at that time, with Mr. A. J. Robins of Ozan, Arkansas, were perhaps the only two survivors of the Battle of Poison Spring.

Mr. Smith was then in his eighty-fourth year, tall and straight, and even then stepped with the tread of a soldier. The information I gleaned from him enables me to give a succinct description of this battle which took place between the armies of Generals Price and Steele in a hickory grove near Camden, Arkansas, a short while after some picket fighting with the guards and scouts in the edge of Prairie de Ann—not far from Prescott, Arkansas.

In relating his war experiences, which were as fresh in his mind as events of yesterday, Mr. Smith revealed the true spirit of Southern patriotism. He was too

young to get in at the beginning of the conflict and it was not until 1864 that he was old enough to be accepted, being then only sixteen years of age.

He was born and reared in Arkansas, but left the State after the war and spent the greater part of his life outside of Arkansas, only coming back on occasional visits to see his sister in Washington.

At the age of sixteen, he became a member of Brewer's Company A, McNeely's Regiment, Thomas P. Dockery's Brigade, General Price's Division. He was made a sergeant of his company and was designated "The Boy Soldier" by his elder comrades, and was as proud of his rank and title as any officer in the camps was of his rank of captain or colonel.

Mr. Smith said that, some time during their encampment near Prairie de Ann, news reached them that General Steele's army had left Little Rock (after capturing that city), and was on a march across the country towards Louisiana, to capture Shreveport. They were to come by Arkadelphia; thence turn south towards Camden and cross the Louisiana line somewhere in the southern part of Arkansas. General Price, on learning of the movements of the Federal forces, moved his army out in a southeasterly direction towards Camden, to head them off and turn them back; and the two armies met at the Poison Spring, a few miles this side of Camden where, for two hours, they engaged in a pretty lively battle but with small losses on both sides, the killed and wounded of the enemy being mostly Negroes who had been placed in the front lines, presumably for breastworks.

After the battle, the ground on which it was fought looked like a cyclone had struck it, the trees and bushes having been mowed down and leveled to the ground.

leaving the trunks and stubs splintered like the ends of toothbrushes.

After the skirmish the Confederate Army pushed on into Camden where it was supposed General Banks, of the Federal forces, was making his way to join General Steele; but, when the cavalry of General Price's men advanced into Camden, Banks had turned his army back south and was making his way back into Louisiana.

The Federal forces were practically bottled up there, but they made their way out. It was General Bank's intention to reinforce General Steele and the two armies thus connected were to capture Shreveport and invade Texas, but the armies of General Price kept them from meeting.

As soon as the body of General Price's men reached Camden they immediately went in pursuit and overtook the armies of General Steele at Jenkins Ferry on the Saline River, where another battle ensued which lasted about five hours, with considerable losses on both sides. This battle occurred on the west side of the river and our men fought desperately, wading out into the river after them.

The Federal forces, on reaching the river in their retreat from Camden, crossed over on pontoon bridges, removing every vestage of the works as they went. The Battle of Poison Spring and Jenkins Ferry occurred just after protracted rains, and the Ouachita River had overflowed its banks, until it covered the bottoms for four or five miles in width, making it difficult to cross the stream or march across the country; but our soldiers, with dauntless courage, went forward unflinchingly, driving the enemy before them.

While these battles were in progress, four or five men of our companies doing scout duty were marooned

on the opposite side of the Ouachita River from Camden without food or shelter for several days. Spent with cold and hunger, too weak to call for help, if help had been near, they had little hope of being rescued; but, finally, after days and hours of painful and uncertain waiting a Negro was sent across the raging stream in a frail skiff, to rescue them. One of these marooned scouts was W. H. Robins, of Ozan. He said that, when he stepped into the frail craft and started across the swollen river, amid the drift and logs, and countless snags all around and in front of them and a distance of five miles to go before they got out of the torrent, he would not have given a penny for his life.

For one time in his life, he said: "It seemed to me that the Hand of Providence was a black hand—the Negro steered the boat to safety."

The Battle of Jenkins Ferry occurred the third day out from Camden. Apparently, both armies had enough fighting for the time and both sides were soon in retreat; the Federals, under General Steele going back to Little Rock, Arkansas, and the Confederates, of General Price's Division, back to Camden, where they went into Winter Quarters.

Many things that are not recorded in history happen to lessen the tedium of camp life. It seems to be the privilege of a soldier on the march, or in the camps, to enter a cornfield along the road-side when he is hungry, and purloin an armful of roasting ears, a chicken, or a pig, and nobody cares—a soldier has to eat. Such were some of Sergeant Smith's experiences. He related to me that while in camp, in the woods near Camden, a pig from a nearby farmhouse strolled along by the camp, when somebody said, "What about roast pig for supper?" It was no sooner said than done; the

pig was caught, slaughtered and dressed; then it was discovered there was no salt in the camp. The Boy Soldier was sent to the farmhouse, to ask for some salt.

The lady of the house, noting his extreme youth, patted him on the head and said: "My boy! you look mighty young to be a soldier; what can you do with a gun?"

To which the Boy Soldier replied: "Madam, I can shoot a Yankee alright."

She readily gave him the salt and he departed, wondering if she would ever know what became of her pig.

COMPANIES DRILL

All companies organized in Washington drilled on Prairie de Roane, near where the town of Hope, Arkansas, now spreads from timber to timber across the ancient prairie.

There was but one residence on this barren ground at that time, the owner of which was one John Taylor, a fine old pioneer citizen.

Capt. Sam Ogden, of Washington, was one of the drill masters. He afterwards rose to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, (4th McNair's) Arkansas Infantry. Captain Ogden later moved to Fulton, Arkansas. This was after the War Between the States. He lived there until he died.

No people in our Southland were more loyal, patriotic, hospitable, industrious, or intelligent, than the ante bellum residents of Hempstead County. The long list of distinguished men and women who have gone from old Hempstead County to bless the world in church and state proves this.

No other county in the State excels in this and few, if any, equal it. None of these good people have been "forsaken", or their offspring "begging for bread." True, many of them suffered reverses of fortune; and by the exigencies of war were broken in health and crippled in finances, yet they did not sit down and brood over their misfortunes. With indomitable will and determined energy they went to work to rebuild their homes and open new farms, mills and stores, until all our Southland is blooming—the best part of Uncle Sam's vast domain.

RAID ON COMMISSARY

It is regrettable that dates are not left on clippings cut out from newspapers to be pasted in scrap-books, but such is the case, as in the letter below. Many of my sketches are copied from old scrap-books and such material. I here reproduce a letter from a Mr. Boyd to Hon. Jas. W. Ellis who seems to have been a comrade of Mr. Ellis in the Confederacy.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

In the last number of the *Veteran* I find your sketch about Will Ellick and the turkey. I wonder if you have forgotten the night you helped the women of Washington, Arkansas raid the Confederate Commissary? I was in the crowd, and I think you were, in fact I am almost certain that you were.

It was in April, 1865, and I had tramped my way from Richmond to Washington, and was stopping with you, at your uncle's, Mr. Green. The War was over, and everything was in confusion. General Fagan (if I am not mistaken), who was in command at Washington, had gone with Kirby Smith to meet General Canby, to arrange terms of surrender.

I had reached Washington, on my way to Texas, and having known you in McNair's Brigade, and finding you in Washington, had accepted your invitation to stop with you and rest. As we know that everything belonging to the Confederacy would be turned over to the Yanks, I concluded that I would press a mule or a horse from the Quarter-Master's Department one night. I found many others in the same notion, and a crowd of us went out to where they were kept—but found we were too late.

You did not go along, but coming back to town we fell in with a great crowd of women who decided to take possession of the commissary supplies and distribute them among the needy of the city. I may be mistaken but I think I am correct in remembering that I fell in with you about that time, and that we went together and helped the women to get into the house in which the supplies were kept. The man in charge refused to let us in and I, and I think you, persuaded him to open the door. I never will forget the time nor the scene. Those women certainly helped themselves and soon had everything of any account out of that house. Just as they were about through, some one in the dark fired a gun under the edge of the house and I never saw such hustling in my life.

I have been trying all day to recall your verses, "On Chickamauga River, Our Country to Deliver . . .", I cannot remember any more of it. Can you send me a copy?

Do you know whether John Collins, Vance Collin's son, who lived at Nashville, Arkansas, is still living, and if so, where?

I have been in Texas ever since the War; and have not seen many of the boys that I knew in the army. It does me lots of good to hear from them. I had heard several years ago that you had "fallen asleep", and am rejoiced to find you still living and able to take an interest in life.

Trusting to have a letter from you, and hoping that life and health will long be yours, I remain

Faithfully your comrade,
J. N. Boyd.

GENERAL JOE SHELBY CONFEDERATE GENERAL

In the recent battles in Arkansas, the Brigade of General Joe Shelby was attached to Fagan's Division and added new luster to Commander and men. This command distinguishes itself for courage and dash wherever it goes. If we do not mistake, we will soon hear of something brilliant again from that quarter. Shelby does not like to lie in camp.

SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS CELEBRATE 50th ANNIVERSARY

Confederate soldiers, survivors of the Battle of Oak Hills, Missouri, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that bloody field at Foreman's Hall in Texarkana, on August 10, 1911. Only four of the survivors of the Confederate side residing in Texarkana were present, viz: Colonel John M. Summerville; Capt. Thomas H. Simms; Colonel Frank H. Thompson, and Green Cheatham, all members of the famous Hempstead Rifles, which went out from Washington early in 1861 to do battle for the Southern cause. Several other old Confederates were present, besides a number of guests. Prominent among these was Capt. Milton Wilson who wore the Blue, and was on General Lyon's Staff during the battle and only a few yards from him when he was killed.

Several addresses were made, all short but pointed, and appropriate to the occasion. The celebration closed with a feast of water-melon, ice cream, and other refreshments.

CHOCKTAW HUMOR

After the Battle of Poison Spring, the Chocktaws buried a Yankee soldier in an ordinary grave. For a headstone, they sat up a stiff dead negro buried to the waist. For a footstone, another negro reversed, out from the waist to the heels. This is not only significant of the destruction brought on the poor negro by fanaticism, but there is a practical pun in the thing which is irresistible.*

*In the Battle of Poison Spring, the Federal Army had quite a few casualties, most of whom were Negro soldiers.

CAPTURE OF THE GUN BOAT

PETREL IN 1864

(As told by Maj. B. P. Jett.)

There have been several accounts given of this action by different persons in different states. In some particulars they were correct; some, in error.

Some have stated that the Petrel had twelve guns, others say six, while, in fact she had but four. Another account said "every one about the boat was killed but the captain." This is an error as Major Jett, who was among the first to go aboard when she surrendered, saw but few dead.

The men from Hempstead County who took part in this engagement were: Capt. Ed Jett, Lieut. Wyley Stinson, J. J. Thomas, 3rd Lieut. T. C. Smith, A. D. Monroe, D. E. Alexander, B. P. Jett and F. B. Arnett, of Washington, Arkansas, D. M. Goodlett, J. P. City, Wilson Wallace, of Ozan, Arkansas; Ben Wheat of Lewisville, Arkansas; James Wilson of Columbus, Arkansas; James of Wallaceburg; and J. B. Simms, later of Lake Village, Arkansas.

Capt. Ed Jett who commanded this company was a prisoner at the time of the engagement, and his company was commanded by Lieut. Wyley Stinson. Maj. Pen Jett was one of the regiment, and his report of the capture of the Petrel continues:

In the Spring of 1864, Vicksburg and Port Hudson had fallen, and were garrisoned by Federal troops; Gen. Wirt Adams' Brigade of Cavalry was operating in the Big Black and Yazoo Country, and, at the time, was near Canton. On April 23rd, a scout came to General Adams

and reported a fleet of five gunboats coming up the Yazoo River from Vicksburg. General Adams at once moved his Brigade to Yazoo City, but saw nothing of the gunboats. This was about 11 o'clock; about 2:00 p. m. they came in sight. Drew's battery of six guns was at once stationed on the hill overlooking the river, and gallantly opened on the fleet as it came up the river and tried to pass our guns. The boats replied, and the firing was lively for a time between the boats and our guns. The firing of Drew's guns was rapid and accurate, and he succeeded in driving four of the five boats back down the river, but the flag boat succeeded in passing and continued up the river some two miles and tied up on the opposite bank.

The next day, the boat was still there. Colonel Griffith sent B. B. Chism and Sim Morris, of his Regiment, on a scouting trip to locate the boat and report to him. They did so. As soon as Griffith received the report he sent word to General Adams, and proposed to him to take his Brigade and capture it—said it was feasible and practical. To this, General Adams would not consent. Griffith, worried and discouraged by the General's decision, finally asked the General to give him his (Griffith's) own Regiment and two pieces, and he would capture it; to this, General Adams agreed, saying, as the Colonel was joyously leaving: "Let me know, Colonel when you get it." Soon, Colonel Griffith had his regiment of about 130 men and two pieces of artillery, Drew's Battery, commanded by Lieut. Howel, mounted and moving.

Leading them through the valleys of the Petite Gulf hills out of sight of the spy glasses of the boats, still down the river, until he reached the Yazoo River bottom where the timber was very heavy and thick and some half miles from where the Petrel lay, he halted and put Major Jett in command of some 30 or 40 picked men, mostly from the Hempstead County company, with orders to dismount, leave their horses with the Regiment, and to advance silently and cautiously, and post them behind trees on the bank opposite the gunboat. Sim Morris guided Jett's detachment in, and B. B. Chism remained to guide Col. Griffith and the artillery.

Jett succeeded in getting stationed, un-noticed by the enemy, as directed. His orders were, as soon as he heard Col. Griffith, who was to advance mounted, give the command to halt, he was to open fire on the boat which was done. The boat replied gallantly with the two guns directed at us, but the shots went over the heads of the members of Jett's squad; however, some of Griffith's men who were coming up at "double quick" were killed or wounded. The artillery was pulled by hand from where the Regiment halted and dismounted, some two hundred yards away. As soon as she was fired on, the Petrel cut loose from the bank and started up the river, but our orders were to fire into the port holes so as to prevent reloading—no breach loaders in those days—and the cannon had to be swabbed after each shot. Our men followed her, firing as directed, and in the meantime, Lieutenant Howel, with his two guns, was pumping shells into her insides, and after a few shots a steam pipe was struck. She ran into the bank, her crew escaping to the opposite shore, but the Captain remained, standing in the water with his white flag.

Matt Sandels and Sim Morris stripped off, swam the river to the bow of the boat where Capt. McElroy was standing and demanded his surrender. He replied: "Take me to your commanding officer, and I will do so." They got one of the skiffs belonging to the boat and recrossed for Colonel Griffith and four men who came over with him. (The four men were D. M. Goodlett, B. B. Chism, Mat Sandels and Sim Morris.)

Major Jett and John Stuart found a skiff a short distance up the river, and swimming their horses by the side of the skiff, crossed also, reaching the boat about the same time that Col. Griffith and party did. Jett and Stuart went up by the gang-plank to the cabin above, and Griffith and party went below. When they boarded the boat, they went in the cabin and found dinner on the table, and such a dinner as they hadn't seen in three years. Their friends, the Yankees, hadn't had time to eat just then - - they had other business. The flag of the Petrel was taken possession of by Capt. Bowie, of General Adams Staff,

and in after years was presented by General Bowie to Capt. Freemont of the United States Frigate, or Man of War, at Natchez, Mississippi. His vessel was named "Mississippi." The guns of the Petrel were sent to Mobile and the boat was burned, by order of General Adams, by Chism, Morris, Sandel and Goodlett, of Major Griffith's 11th and 17th Consolidated Regiments.

LETTER OF A. H. GARLAND
WRITTEN WHILE SERVING THE
CONFEDERACY IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Richmond, Virginia
February 22, 1864

Honorable George C. Watkins
Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 10th Ultò. came safely to hand some ten days since. As most of it relates to matters of a public character altogether, I undertake in response to it, an address through you, my constituents generally, as well as the people of the state at large. Probably it is better I should do this, as the next Congress will meet the first Monday in May next, which does not give me time to visit my friends in person and to return by that time.

On the 18th of this month, the first Congress under the permanent Government of the Confederate States closed its term—and now that body lives only in history. Great have been the interests, and great the questions with which it has dealt; and great too, have been its labors.

Its work will not fail to make deep impress, for good or for evil, upon the rights and interests of the people represented by its members. I hope and believe, in the main, that most has been for the good, welfare and comfort of the people at large. The legislation of its previous sessions is generally known and understood by the people. A short review of the leading acts passed by this, the last session is all I now propose.

The first move made by Congress at the session just closed, was to repeal the law allowing substitutes, and place all the principals liable to duty in the service. There

is no doubt but that great abuses had been committed under this Act, and the service had been deprived of many who ought to have actively engaged in the conflict. These abuses had, to a great extent, demoralized the whole country and had caused no little trouble and disaffection among the soldiers themselves. The chief and leading question in thus repealing this law was, whether it was not impairing the obligation of a contract between the Government and the principal. It was discussed at length, and with ability. A large majority did not believe there was a contract at all, and the law passed with only a few opposing.

Some solicitude was felt as to the fate of the law before a Court. But recently, cases arising under it have been decided in North Carolina, and Judge French there held the law repealing the substitute law to be valid and constitutional.

This has been a matter of relief to many who had some doubts upon the subject. We did not have full information before us so as to ascertain how many men this act would put in the service, but, from all we can learn, there is no question, if faithfully executed, we will put in 60,000 additional soldiers which, in a struggle like the one in which we are engaged, is no small item. In this vicinity there was, at first, much complaint on this point, but I believe, at this time, all have become satisfied that it was a wise and judicious act.

The Currency Bill, entitled: "An Act to Reduce the Currency", and to authorize the new issue of Notes and Bonds was passed after an unusual amount of debate. The subject seems to have been fraught with more than its ordinary difficulties. The time for funding all notes over \$5 not bearing interest, the first of April on this, and the first of July on the other side of the Mississippi River, was deemed ample under the pressing wants of the day and the hour.

After these periods, all the notes of the denomination of one hundred dollars shall be taxed thirty-three and one third cents, and also ten per cent per month, at any time before the dates specified; the Secretary of the Treasury may exchange new notes for these at the rate of sixty-two

and two-thirds cents on the dollar; and after these dates, these notes shall not be receivable in payment of public dues. The outstanding notes of the denomination of five dollars shall be entitled to all their present privileges, until the last of July East, and the first of October West, of the Mississippi River, and after that, they are sealed thirty-three and one third cents. With authority to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue new notes to carry on the Government, and bonds to be exchanged for Treasury notes, and the final limitation on the 1st of January, 1865, of the 100-dollar notes now in circulation. The above are the main features Act.

We had lost so much of country in which our currency was intended to circulate and perform its function of money, and the former plan for funding not having succeeded as was anticipated, the volume of our currency became greater and more unwieldy than ever—reaching to very nearly \$800,000,000, being at least in excess of what we actually required as four to one.

The enormous prices for articles of subsistence as a consequence of this state of affairs were well calculated to alarm every one who gave the matter a moment's reflection. There is no doubt on earth but that this is a strong measure, and it is true, nothing but a strong measure would do. For the present, its effects upon the money are very depressing, and we expected it would be. It will continue until the First of April, when we expect much of the present currency to be retired, and the new issues will then be in circulation. We apprehend, and doubt not for a moment, that after that time a change for the better will be rapid and marked. From all sources of information we have, it may be safely said, this bill will diminish our currency to \$12,000,000. And to any one who has examined the matter, this is no small consequence, when the great trouble is redundancy of currency.

The Tax Bill is presented to the country for its endorsement, to bring, in addition to the tax imposed by the Act of the 24th April, a tax of five per cent upon all property, real, personal, and mixed, with some exemptions, deducting therefrom the tax in kind that may be delivered.

On gold, silver, etc., ten per cent—tax to be assessed as of 18 - - -. Share in corporations, etc., 5 per cent; Gold, silver, etc., about 5 per cent, and all solvent credits, exclusive of non-interest bearing Treasury notes, 5 per cent. Upon profits in trade and business, where liquors, flour, wheat and corn, etc., have been sold, ten per cent. So, too, in exchange business. On profits made by companies, associations, etc., for 1863—4 above 25 per cent, a tax of 25 per cent in kind. Then follows the exemptions.

This would seem to be a heavy tax; and of itself it is. But when viewed with references to the times, it is not. And it will be perceived the tax is laid with all due and proper discrimination. Taxation, of course, necessarily follows war; and now, when all the avenues of trade and commerce are closed, there is no other disposition to make of the money we have; and besides, it belongs to those who would grumble about taxation to tell us how else are we to carry on this war?

If they object to this court, they should, as the lawyers say, "give us a better writ". Mr. Fox once said, in speaking of forcing parties, "that individuals gave up something to a friend rather than surrender everything to an enemy." This is strictly true as to taxes, and all other contributions we make to our cause. From estimates I have made, based, I think, upon reasonable data, this will yield us at least \$250,000,000. It cannot do less if we hold as much of our country as we now have for another year.

The tax in kind stands as under the previous law, except some amendments in the machinery of the bill which need not be named here. This tax has worked well, and has, where it has not been interfered with, realized the best wishes of its friends. It has contributed largely to the support of an army wherever it has been collected. The Army Bill, or the bill to organize forces to serve during the war, goes out, too, for its share of praise or condemnation. It takes in persons 17 years of age, and from 45 to 50. Persons from 17 to 18, and from 45 to 50, will be called in, though, only for reserve corps, for home or state defense.

The present organizations are kept up. The exemptions are about as they were in the former acts, with the power in the Secretary of War and the President to exempt in certain cases. The negro exemption is limited to 15 able bodied hands, with more restrictions for the benefit of the government than we have had in any other acts. The other portions of the act relate more to matters of detail, and it is not worth while to set them out here. It is full of vigor, and is of a nature and character similar to that of the financial acts already referred to.

These constitute the chief legislation of Congress at its last session. They are strong and bold. Doubtless we can take these acts and, separately, find fault with some of their features; but as a whole, they are suited to our present condition, and must work happy results. I think at least one thing can be said; Congress has shown its nerve and met the crisis. These acts will convince our enemy and the world that all we have is thrown into this fight; and, if we fail, it will be after our last dollar is gone, and our last man that is able to fight is slain. The country is at last educated to war, and having, as we believe, placed ourselves "upon the war-path", we will follow it to the end.

With reference to our foreign affairs, I can say we have new cause for congratulation. Our bonds in Europe are commanding a handsome price, and are daily going up. The decision of the Court in the Alexandria case has given our cause a different status abroad. And we feel, now, that the door is gradually being opened for an admission. The Mexican affair continues, so far as we are concerned, about as it was. But one thing is certain; unless entirely abandoned, of which there is no prospect, it must ultimately, and before long, lead to results which will advance our cause in no small degree.

From the enemies country we have many evidences of a complete failure in the prosecution of the war. The U. S. Congress, with all of its assumed boldness in the beginning, has utterly failed to come up to the test. In the House of Representatives an amendment to the Army Bill, proposed by Thadeus Stephens, himself, allows any one

to escape service for three years upon his paying \$300—and this was carried by a large vote. How many men do you suppose they will get under their bill with this clause in it? Even the great and tremendous plan of Hine, to fit up a Crusade at once, and come down on us within ninety days, fell to the ground, lifeless, before he had time to reap any praise for originating it. To me, this was so supremely ridiculous, I offered one in our House as a burlesque, which was, however, fully as feasible as his. I suppose you have seen it before this.

You see, as the Presidential election approaches there, they treat their great questions rather delicately. The political laboratory is already at work and in full blast there, and for fear of doing some damage to some aspirant's prospects, they will utterly fail in vigor and energy in all their measures. The coming contest must, and will, beat them into fragments, and leave them ready and willing to have peace honorably and satisfactory to us.

Besides, their finances are fast fleeing beyond the control of Mr. Chase. Gold, now, is 162 in New York, and is going up, daily. It has gone up to this point from 150 in the last two weeks. This is an ominous difference with a nation fixed, settled and known to other nations—its ports open, and commerce still going on. Let it reach 175, and it will come with a crash all at once which they cannot stay. Already, some of their papers and leading men predict it, and that, before the coming summer.

Another matter of no small significance, their men are not re-enlisting; and all the little panaceas they are using fail to accomplish the end. According to an estimate I have seen from Northern sources, they have to raise 200,000 men by the 10th of March next, to make the quota already required; and up to this time they have made no progress at all. And it will be impossible for them to do this by the time specified. As the history of all wars of invasion proves, when the invader begins to slacken his steps, or abates his energies, he fails, and his war is at an end. So here, the failure will be as rapid and sudden as have been his exertions and the display of his resources in prosecuting the war heretofore.

But the most encouraging sign of all is to be found in the readiness with which our men have and are, re-enlisting. By this time, nearly all our men on this side of the Mississippi River have re-enlisted. It is the proudest sight I ever witnessed. The moral sublimity in it has few or no parallels. Many looked forward to this period with misgivings, but happily, they are dissipated. I regard this as settling the question. Sir, it is impossible to conquer a people with such types in the army.

Should the people ever desire to surrender with such an army, they could not. I believe, at one period of our Revolution, George Washington said he was satisfied that the people at home might be ready and willing to make peace on any terms, but the army would not, and he feared the manhood of the country was with the army; and so long as it was, he felt assured of the result. So, if our people should despair, let them reflect—the Army does not.

The exchanging of prisoners has unfortunately for a time ceased. This question I have had much at heart all the time, recognizing, as I do, it to be the highest duty of a nation to relieve those from prison who have been placed there for her, and on her account. As one of a special committee for this purpose, at the last session, I labored hard to bring about a change, but we failed. Our Government is, however, doing all it can to remedy the difficulty. Our prisoners suffer no little in their horrid prisons, but they bear up manfully, and write hopefully when I hear, which I do frequently. I send all news home that I get from any of them. Many there have suffered untold tortures, but we know "every drop of guiltless blood hath a tongue, and is not only vocal but importunate." While they do not surrender, they write us also to be of good cheer.

Congress has done all in its power to relieve the Trans-Mississippi Department of its troubles. Separate War, Treasury, and Post Office Departments, have been erected there with a view of carrying on our affairs with more energy and with as little delay as possible. We have authorized the President to create a full General to command that Department. And we have every assurance he will give us one that will be agreeable to us in every respect.

I have watched closely their interests, and I know all has been done during this winter that could be.

I have alluded to the most important subjects connected with our cause that have recurred to me, and I fear I have written too much. But I only hope to say to our people: "bear up and do your duty. Trials we have, and we expected them—it could not be otherwise. Endurance is, however, doing all it can to remery the difficulty. Our is the word! Hold out and be firm. Let them who wish to be traitors go to the enemy if they will—they do us no harm, but they lose respect of both parties and become vagabonds and outcasts."

The holding of Conventions at Helena and Little Rock, Arkansas, with Federal bayonets, and presided over by Federal Generals, is a matter of no significance at all. All this and much more we can suffer, but be true and the end will come to us full of blessings and comforts.

It is with pride I hear through all sources that with a few exceptions our people are unmoved and determined in their wills. Let them give a hearty support to our laws and to our Government, and our officers in the field, and our brave soldiers will turn back the foe in dismay, and win us a proud independence. I shall strive at all times, while entrusted by them here, to serve them with a view alone to this end. And I cannot close this paper in a better manner, than by quoting from the accomplished Vattel: "If any one counts life a boon when the grant of it is attended with chains, be it so; let him accept the kindness, submit to the destiny which awaits them, and fulfill the duties annexed to it; but he must apply to some other writer to teach him those duties."*

With much respect for yourself, and best wishes for our beloved state, I am * *

Very truly your obd't sev't,
A. H. Garland.

*Augustus Garland was a member of the Confederate Congress from Arkansas.

**The beloved state referred to is Arkansas.

WASHINGTON BECOMES THE CAPITAL AND A MILITARY CAMP

As soon as it became evident that General Steele would capture Little Rock, the governor and all officials moved out and came to Washington, bringing with them the State records. They were hauled overland in oxwagons.

All State business, as well as war business, was carried on from the temporary capital thereafter, to the end of the War. The records were stored in the old Court House in which two or three sessions of the Legislature were held and, from then on to the close of the War, Governor Flanagan issued his war orders from Washington.

The citizens of Washington gave room space in their homes for the official staff, while some of them were domiciled in the hotels. Washington became crowded, for many came also as refugees, and during these stirring days the population swelled to the number of forty thousand or more. The town was a veritable military camp.

Governor Flanagan lived in the old Oxley home, near the Etters. Parole headquarters were in the Jones Hotel; the Etter home gave shelter to some. Colonel Ashley lived in the Stinson home: W. M. Rose was housed in the George Hooks home, in the grove this side of the old Toland house. Burrell B. Battle lived

in the house now owned by W. H. Stingley; Major Holmes lived where now is the Negro Methodist Church; General Marmaduke's headquarters were in the High Hotel; General Cabell's headquarters were across the road from the High place. Hindman's headquarters were at Arnold's mill east of town; Joe Shelby was camped at the Block place two miles east of town; General Maxey, of Texas, was encamped at the old Murry place, three miles out; General Thomas P. Dockery was encamped on the writer's father's premises.

General Gano was encamped at the Joe Green place in the outskirts of town; General Fagan was stationed over on the Dugger Hill, where Mrs. J. F. Dugger, of the same family, lives today in the same old house, remodeled. General McGruder, a visiting general, had headquarters at the Jones Hotel, and General Price had his headquarters at the Muldrow place, while ex-Governor Rector lived in the old Methodist parsonage. Gordon Peay also lived here during the troublous days in a house where later Bob Etter lived. General Holmes had his camp at Perdue Springs, on the road to De Ann, near the old Martin place on the Arkadelphia road.

Colonel Ashley had a band composed of his Negro slaves, and, during his stay in Washington, Dr. C. E. Mitchel died, and the general's slave band consisting of twelve pieces played the funeral march as the cortege moved along to the cemetery. His slaves (the band) were named John, Ashley, Frank, Matthew, Isaac, William, and six others whose names have escaped us.

The homes of General Royston, Colonel Gratiot, B. F. Hempstead, Abraham Block, John Field, Dan W. Jones, the home of Simon T. Sanders, where Gus

Garland was married and lived during the War, the Daniel T. Witter home, and his law office and the office of James K. Jones, are still standing, and some of them are in good condition.

The Armory was also located here, having been removed from Little Rock before the capture of the capital city by General Steele's forces. During these exciting times, among other very important activities in connection with the War, was the printing of Confederate currency in Washington.

FEDERAL OCCUPATION OF
SOUTH ARKANSAS
and
NORTH LOUISIANA
1864-1865

The following account of the Federal occupation of Arkansas and Louisiana and the battles that were fought during the spring of 1864 is gleaned from extracts of a letter written by a correspondent of the *Washington Telegraph* and published in that newspaper in May of 1864.

It seems that General Banks, of the Federal forces, was in Louisiana, while General Steele was in Arkansas, and Gen. Tom Green, of Texas, was on his way to Arkansas, to reinforce the Confederate armies under Gen. Kirby Smith. General Green, coming by way of Red River with gunboats and transports, encountered the army of General Banks at Mansfield, Louisiana, and Alexandria, Louisiana, and suffered incalculable losses, being killed at Bland's Landing by a stray ball from a gunboat—which took off his skull. He was the only person injured at the time.

It was evidently the intention of the Federals to press back both our armies to some point near Shreveport, to take that city, and make it the base of operations against Texas; in which case, Arkansas and

Louisiana would have both been under the heel of the invader. The whole country was filled with anxiety and doubt. There had not been such fighting during this period, and the people knew not what to expect.

After the fight with General Green's gunboats, Banks continued his flight to Natchitoches from whence he was driven out, and proceeded to Alexandria. We leave him there for the present, completely brokendown and crestfallen, with the fragment of his army. Two of his gunboats and several of his transports were destroyed, while it was impossible for them to descend the river. We now turn to Arkansas, where our own brave generals and soldiers had been meanwhile reaping their laurels, and give the story as it came from the correspondent:

General Smith, ubiquitous in spirit and almost so in person, rivaling Napoleon in his rapid concentrations, as soon as the Battle of Pleasant Hill was over, ordered the Arkansas and Missouri Divisions to proceed immediately to Arkansas, and also General Walker's division. General Smith was soon here in person. The enemy, doubtless having learned of the Louisiana Disaster, did not pursue our army which had purposely fallen back from Prairie De Ann in the direction of Spring Hill. Suddenly and unexpectedly they made a hasty detour and entered Camden, which place they found empty of troops. They entered on the evening of the 15th. (April) after a running fight all day, and were much disappointed in not finding General Marmaduke's artillery which they said they had been fighting and expected to capture. They were soon invested, and commenced preparations to hold the post, confident of their ability to do so.

On the 18th occurred the fight at Poison Spring, some twelve miles west of Camden. Previously, General Gano's Regiment and General Maxey's Chocktaws had been ordered down from the Indian Nation and joined our army.

General Maxey was the commanding officer in this affair. General Marmaduke distinguished himself as a peer amongst "the bravest of the brave," and was in all parts of the field where his presence was required.

All behaved so well in this battle that distinction ure with which the friends of General Cabell receive the ac-
ure with which friends of General Cabell receive the ac-
counts of the gallantry of himself and Brigades with the State troops under his command.

The Indians also sustained their high character for courage and devotion to the South. The enemy did not appear greatly disheartened by this reverse, but soon another came, greater still.

General Fagan's Division of Cavalry was thrown across the Ouachita and began a series of the most brilliant exploits of the war. We said well that Fagan would excel his former fame upon the soil of Arkansas.

"His foot is on his native heath,
And here his name's McGregor."

On the 25th, he struck a large train of wagons with an escort of two thousand men which General Steele had sent out towards Pine Bluff for supplies and attacked them near Mark's Mills. After a desperate battle, in which our state troops did noble service, the enemy was completely conquered. The fruits of the victory were 500 of the enemy killed and wounded, about 1,300 prisoners, and six pieces of artillery, with 300 wagons saved, and about 100 burned. These are the approximate figures but perhaps not strictly accurate.

After this, which must have carried consternation to the Federals cooped up in Camden, they concluded to escape. They left on the night of Tuesday, the 26th, quietly and secretly, and took the road to Little Rock. Our troops entered next day and made preparations for pursuit. Some delay was occasioned in constructing an imperfect pontoon bridge and by the time all were ready the enemy had forty hours the start. * * * * (I here skip a few paragraphs which are blotted out from the original letter.)

In the Battle of the Saline we have to regret the loss of Generals Seury and Randall of Texas and our lamented Colonel Grinstead of Hempstead County. Other pens will do justice to their memories. General Smith exposed his person very greatly in this battle but, fortunately, escaped unhurt. It is a dangerous experiment. General Marmaduke exhibited the greatest gallantry. Thus ends the first episode of the Federal occupation of South Arkansas and North Louisiana. In the breathing space, it would be very proper to proclaim a day of thanksgiving in this department. It is all summed up in General Smith's address. The heart leaps to read it. It is but the beginning of things yet to come. Here is the address:

"HEADQUARTERS TRANSMISSISSIPPI
DEPARTMENT

"Camden, Arkansas, May 4, 1864

"Soldiers of the Transmississippi Department!

"The Campaign inaugurated at Mansfield on the day of National Fast and Supplication has, under Providence, been crowned with the most glorious and brilliant successes. You have defeated a force three times your own. The fields of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Cloutiersville, Poison Spring, Mark's Mill and Jenkin's Ferry, attest your devotion. Eight thousand killed and wounded; six thousand prisoners; thirty-four pieces of artillery, twelve hundred wagons, one gunboat and three transports are already the fruits of your victories . . . The Path of Glory is still open to you, permanent security to your homes before you. Call together your comrades and, shoulder to shoulder, we will free the soil of our beloved country from the invader's footsteps. Soldiers of Arkansas, Missouri, Texas and Louisiana! You have the thanks of a grateful people. Your living will be respected; your dead honored and revered.

Signed, E. Kirby Smith, Gen.
(Official) Wyatt C. Thomas,
 A. A. Gen."

REMINISCENCES OF REV J. H. GOLD

While traveling Lawrenceburg Circuit in the Tennessee Conference, I felt impressed that every able-bodied man should rally to the flag of our Confederacy, and enlisted in the 48th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Deering, a Primitive Baptist preacher, in November, 1861.

We camped at a small village called West Point, Tennessee, for a few days, to protect our organization and to be supplied with necessary accouterments, such as tents and arms, and were soon ordered to move to Clarksville, Tennessee. We marched to the palatial residence of Mr. Jerome Pillow, near Mount Pleasant, and enjoyed his hospitality for the night. Of course, we could not expect beds for a whole regiment. Many of us spread our blankets on the Brussels carpets and enjoyed refreshing slumber till morning.

Mr. Pillow was a brother of General Gideon Pillow. Early in the morning, we embarked on the train and, reaching our destination, we encamped on a prominent hill overlooking the mouth of Red River, which empties into the Cumberland. We had a fine view up and down the Cumberland and the Fort was built commanding the river, to prevent attack by gun-boats. Our guns were inferior old fashioned buck and ball muskets, and some had shot guns. We remained at Clarksville until the fall of Fort Donaldson, doing guard duty and other camp activities.

The measles broke out in camp, and among the early cases was a beloved mess mate of mine named William Porter. Two of my brothers were in the Army at Ft. Donaldson, one a farmer, the other a grocer located at New Providence, two miles from Clarksville. Another brother was in the Virginia army. Another, being partner

in the grocery business, was living near our camp taking care of his own and brother's families and the business. I got permission to carry Will Porter to my brother's, to be cared for. About a week later, I was taken and went to my brother's. By this time, Will thought it safe for him to go to camp in the day, but spent the nights with me. He was a noble boy. One Sunday morning, I ventured to leave my room for the breakfast table, and after breakfast Willie started for camp. Getting out on the street, he noticed considerable commotion and ran back to bid us farewell, saying "Fort Donaldson has surrendered and our command has orders to move immediately." I tried to prevail on him to stay with me till he should recover, but loyal to duty, he felt that he must go. He did go and soon relapsed and died.

About Nine A. M., my brother said to me, "The Yankees may come soon, as it is only thirty-two miles down the river to Fort Donaldson, and if they get you, they will not take care of you. (He had just paid \$500.00 for a fine blooded horse). He said, "you had better wrap up good, get on my horse, and go home." (Fourteen miles distant and risky for a measles patient on a cold day.) I wrapped up with two pairs of pants and a pair of woolen leggings, boots and old fashioned buffalo overshoes, two coats and a large shawl. I could hardly walk and, with some difficulty, mounted the horse. When I got home, father (who had been coming down and nursing me during the week) met me at the gate saying: "what have you come out on such a day as this for? You may catch your death." I replied that I did not want the Yankees to get me. He had heard the soldiers at Ft. Donaldson were doing some hard fighting and were hungry. So on Saturday, he started every one that could, to cooking and had a wagon load of hams, turkeys, bread, cakes and pies prepared, and early Sunday morning started for Ft. Donaldson, about sixteen miles, when about half way, he met neighbors who told of the sad news, so he had just reached home when I arrived, and we had enough provisions already prepared to suffice the white families and negroes some weeks. I remained at home several days and began to

think I had better try to go to the Army. I had a fine saddle horse, and father let his favorite negro man go with me, furnishing him a horse. We did not get far till we met my brother, who was quarter-master of the 49th Tennessee Regiment, who had escaped from Fort Donaldson. He insisted I should go back, which I did. My brother's escape was rather remarkable. Before day, Sunday morning, he was ordered by Col. Bailey of his regiment to get up a train of ambulances, load them with the wounded, and carry them to a steamboat which was lying at the wharf, and send them up to the hospital at Clarksville. When he got to the wharf, General Floyd and his troops were crowding in the boat, and the General demanded to know his purpose and he replied that he was ordered to bring the wounded and send them up to the hospital. Floyd said, "Take them back to camp, my men will go on this boat." "But," said my brother, "I have Lieutenant Col. Robb, who is mortally wounded, and he is very anxious to get to his family." General Floyd said, "Col. Robb can go, but send the others back." Col. Robb was on a narrow mattress and four men carried him to the boat and, on the stage plank, one man made a misstep, broke his hold, and Col. Robb fell in the river. My brother caught him by one hand, and he was drawn up on the boat. My brother had intended to go immediately back to camp, and would have been surrendered, but he felt it his duty to put dry clothes on Col. Ribb, and dress his wounds. When it was done, the boat had steamed considerably up the river. He knew nothing about the surrender till about Nine A. M., when a starchy young fellow began criticizing the surrender, and General Floyd told him to shut up, or he should be thrown into the river. My brother went home, and when the gun-boats came up, he went incognito to General Grant and told him that he was a wholesale grocer and had on hand a large supply of whiskey—perhaps seventy-five or a hundred barrels, and asked his advice. Grant advised him to scatter it out in the country and that was what he was doing when he turned me back from going to the army. He returned to the army in Mississippi, and in the reorganization of the army, being a commis-

sioned officer, was allowed to resign, went to Brooklin, New York, and united with a Commission Company, and later his company ran a house in New Orleans also.

I took cold with the dregs of measles and my eyes were badly affected. I remained at home till April, going to my brother's farm, who was in prison at Johnson's Island, getting his corn planted and tobacco land prepared for planting. I fell in with a young man, Dick Ogburn, who said he wanted to go to the army, and we agreed to go together. We crossed Cumberland River at Palmyra, and made our way to Sailors Rest, where we found Capt. Monroe, who had been wounded at Ft. Donaldson, and was sufficiently convalescent to make the trip, and he joined us. We crossed Tennessee River at Wagner's Ferry. The river was straight for a long distance, and when we were mid-stream we espied a gun-boat coming up stream. I had a blanket on my saddle with one side red, the other black. The ferryman shouted: "Take that red blanket down! They may shoot us." We soon ascended the bank, and heard the boat passing up the river. We were now in West Tennessee, directing our course to Boliver. We met many Yankee deserters, telling us they were tired of war, and were going home. The faces of nearly every one were yellow with jaundice, from camping in the swamps. Before we reached Boliver we heard there was a Yankee garrison there. So we went around it and reached our army at Baldwin, Mississippi, and marched to Tupelo, where we remained several months. Our regiment was attached to General Pat Cleybourne's Brigade, which was composed of Tennessee and Arkansas troops and one Irish Regiment. One Irishman had his wife and baby along and kept a goat to furnish milk. Our supply of water was obtained by sinking a box or barrel in the earth and it would seep nearly full of very unwholesome water. We decided that it was unfit for use, and dug a deep well up on an elevation and found excellent water in a bed of white sand.

July and August were very sultry, and men would frequently fall fainting on the drill field. General Cleybourne made us a speech one day, saying: "Men! I know it is hard on you, but there is much hardship ahead of you

which will test your metal to the limit, and if I allow you to lie around camp and do nothing, when the time comes you will be unfit for service; and besides, there is a promise to the best drilled brigade in this army of a place where they can win many laurels, and I want that to be my brigade," and it was. We were detached from Bragg's Army, and sent with Kirby Smith into Eastern Kentucky, and in sight of the smokestack of Cincinnati. While at Tupelo, I contracted a disease which became chronic, and was sent to a hospital at Atlanta, Georgia, where I remained three months without much improvement. I finally returned to my command.

We left Tupelo on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. On arriving at Mobile, we went on a steamer across Mobile Bay and up Alabama River to Montgomery, and took train to West Point, Atlanta, Chattanooga and Knoxville, where we camped a while. Our surgeon told us that they had orders to send all disabled men back to the hospital, and that I must go back. I was so weak I could hardly walk, but dreaded the fare at the hospital in my condition. My face and eyes were still yellow with jaundice. My fare had been sad cornbread, black molasses, - - very dark brown sugar, and coffee made of the bran sifted from the bread, and beef. Some times, vegetables, but they were always cooked with beef. I asked the doctors not to send me back, and finally, they said "You may go with the ordinance train. Put your gun on the wagon and when the road is good, you can ride, and you can walk up the steep and rough places. The mountain air and pure water may restore you." And it did—I was soon ready for duty.

Soon after crossing the mountains at Richmond, Kentucky, I got to see the first man dead on the battle field. Some were sitting and leaning against trees, and men were shot in every part of the body. The Yankees were new recruits, with brand new accouterments. We captured more men than we had, and not being able to spare enough men to guard them we had to parole them and turn them loose. Here we captured more arms than we needed, and our command laid aside the old buck and ball muskets and shot guns and were supplied with Springfield rifles.

From Richmond, we passed through the famous Blue Grass country by way of Lexington and other beautiful towns to Covington on the Ohio River opposite to Cincinnati. I was impressed with the wonderful hospitality of the people. At many places, they would have at the front gate large wash kettles full of hot coffee for the soldiers and, although they had no running water in many places, but were dependent upon ponds and cisterns for water supply. They had Negro men bringing buckets of water from cisterns to the thirsty soldiers. We reached Florence about nine A. M. and were much fatigued and thirsty. There was a cheese and butter factory there, and they placed forty gallon cans along the street filled with buttermilk. A citizen stood by the cans with pitcher in hand, dipping and pouring into our cups. It seemed the most refreshing draught I had ever taken. We met with little or no opposition from Richmond to Covington, but heard that there was great excitement in Cincinnati where they were fortifying and preparing for defense. But we soon withdrew and came back to Harodsburg rejoining Bragg's army and engaging in a hard-fought battle at Perryville, which lasted till after nightfall. Our brigade was held in reserve, which means that the hottest place in the line is ours, and we soon found it. From the time we got in position till about sunset we continued to drive them back, leaving many of the enemy dead and wounded far in our rear.

To the private soldier in our command, it seemed a glorious victory, for we had lost no ground in battle but had driven the enemy at least a half mile, strewing the ground with their dead and wounded, and losing comparably few of our men. About dusk we were relieved by another command which took our place in the line, and were marched back about a mile to the rear, to rest and encamp for the night. On arrival, we found a huge pile of hams and another of hardtack, all thrown on the ground like piles of corn. This provision was not issued to Sergeants and divided to the rear, as usual, but we were told to help ourselves and take enough to do us four days. I said to the boys: "this waste looks ominous to me. It

means something. I believe we are fixing to leave Kentucky." "Oh no!", they said, "they are feeding us so bountifully because we whipped the Yankees." On the next morning, it was cloudy and we could not tell what course we were taking, but about 9:00 a. m. I looked ahead and saw the mountains and that we were going towards them. I said to the boys: "I told you so."

We passed Camp Dick Roberson where I saw more pickled pork than I ever saw at once. About three acres were covered with pork two barrels deep. They were burning the meat and I said, "It is a great mistake. We cannot weaken the enemy by burning meat. If they need provisions they will take it from our friends. It would be far better to tell the neighbors to help themselves." We had captured many army wagons and mules, and when they were loaded, the balance was burned. I got footsore marching over the turnpikes and rocky hills, and our doctor gave me permission to march at will, which means to get out of ranks and when obstructions in the road were passed, streams or other difficult places, I did not have to wait or stand till those in front had crossed, and then run to close the gap that would ensue from thousands of soldiers crossing obstacles. I could take a side path and stop and rest occasionally.

When my haversack was depleted, I was tired and hungry, and decided to see if I could find a farm house away from the road and get a square meal. When the chance offered, I went out in the woods and struck a bee line as well as I could in that hilly country, taking care to avoid falling in the enemies lines. I fell in with a member of my regiment on the same errand. Houses were few, and every place had been over-run by soldiers. We finally came to a place where we decided to camp for the night. It seemed that the family had been scared from home, but there was a cabbage patch and a sweet potato patch. Every cabbage had been cut, leaving the stalks and bottom leaves, and every hill of potatoes had been graveled, leaving a few strings. We had met a soldier who had killed a hog and bought some meat. We washed some potato strings and cabbage leaves, and cut them up and cooked them in our

tin cups with some meat and enjoyed the meal and had refreshing sleep. The next day we made our way to the pike, went toward Knoxville, spending a night at Cumberland Gap, suffering much from the crisp, Northern blast, and slept but little. Finally, we came to our command encamped near Knoxville. Wind from the North continued to blow and late in the evening we made a brush heap at the head of our pallet, to break its force, and packed ourselves close together under our blankets, sleeping soundly. On the next morning we found our pallets covered with a blanket of snow, about four inches deep. This was early in October, and the sun was clear and leaves on the walnut trees soon shed and fell to the ground, with the melting snow. We made our way to Middle Tennessee. The main army near Murfreesburo and our regiment at Shelbyville on provost duty. We encamped in a large scaly-back hickory grove, where we used for firewood some of the finest hickory timber I ever saw. The trees were large, long bodied, and the grain so straight that they split almost as easy as chestnut or pine. I hated to see it destroyed. Many of us had comfortable quarters built of logs and clapboards and such other material as we could get. But some shiftless fellows, as usual, depended upon the cloth tents furnished by the Government.

The Battle of Stone River, or Murfreesburo, came. We had orders to march, expecting to go into the battle, but we just reached our army in time to be in the retreat to Tullahoma and War Trace, where we remained some time and found an abundance of the finest wild salad I ever saw. We were ordered to gather it and cook it. Pot liquor and corn bread made a splendid meal. Time and space fail me to tell the whole story, so I must close and leave much unsaid as this communication is too long already.

We then went to East Tennessee, and North Georgia, remaining a good while at Dalton. While there, a Tennessee soldier had been court martialed—convicted of desertion, and sentenced under General Bragg to be shot. Many of us did not believe him to be a deserter, but a

brave and true soldiers, as the 'circumstances will justify. We had been reliably informed that his mother was in indigent and very needy circumstances. His Captain wrote him a furlough. He carried it to the whole line of superior officers—all approving it except General Bragg. He went anyhow, inside the enemies' lines, looked after his mother's wants, and returned to the army, to serve his country. Mutiny was whispered in the camp, some said he must not be shot. Early one morning we were summoned to line for roll call. Order came from General Pat Cleybourne to stack arms, and we were marched to an open field, forming a hollow square. We were at first ignorant of the purpose, but soon it began snowing and a covered wagon drove up. A man alighted, pulled a half plug of tobacco from his pocket, took a chew and walked to where a coffin lay on the ground and kneeled down just behind and facing it. He raised both hands steadily. I could not detect a tremor about him. The word "fire" was given and all but one missed. The reserve squad fired and all missed. The whole squad was ordered to reload and when they fired the life of a brave soldier they did not want to kill was snuffed out.

Much marching and many skirmishes and battles were encountered between Dalton and Atlanta. Three or four days before reaching the Kenesaw Mountains my regiment was deployed as skirmishers for the whole Brigade, which means that we must be on the side of the road next to the enemy, stretching out so as to cover the entire brigade. We marched this way four days and night. I was so sleepy I could sleep walking along. We reached Kenesaw in the night and were busy till day digging trenches. The enemy soon came and entrenched within 200 yards of us. As we could not in safety work on our breastworks in day light, I decided it was a good time to get some sleep. I pitched a little dog tent which I carried with me (a small sheet) as it was raining constantly; I gathered plenty of pine straw. I rolled and tumbled, but could not sleep. About ten A. M. our Sergeant came to me saying: "You have been having a hard time.—I want to give you an easy place. My ambulance driver is sick, come, take charge of the ambu-

lance and carry him to the hospital." I gladly accepted, returning at three P. M. to find that I must return immediately to the hospital with a load of wounded. I came back just before dark and found another load of wounded awaiting me. About this time, an old ambulance driver who had been at the hospital a good while came up and I gladly turned the ambulance over to him. Four days and nights without sleep except cat naps, I lay on the ground with my head on a sack of corn and slept till next day—Nine A. M. Our line ran through an open field forty yards from the woods in front, and the line of the enemy about 200 yards from us, with a deep ravine between. We kept improving our fortifications till they were well nigh impregnable. We had a masked battery to our right. One day the enemy charged us and it was said they had five lines in our front. We could see the Blue Lines as they mounted their work to rush upon us. Our orders were to hold our fire till they got close to us. When at least two or three lines had crossed the ravine and advanced to within a few feet of us, we opened fire, and the battery opened up with grape and canister—just mowing them down. Many of them, no doubt, feeling it would be death to run back through the shower of lead, sought safety by throwing down their guns, jumping into our works, and surrendering. Nearly every one carried the scent of whiskey.

In the meantime, the sun had dried the ground and leaves sufficiently for fire to break out. Our men raised a flag of truce proposing that firing cease till we could deliver the dead and wounded from the flames, which was done. The dead and wounded in our front were all Yankees, except one. A member of my company named "Hill", a dare-devil sort of a fellow, jumped out of our works and got mixed up with the enemy, and I think it was our own bullets that killed him. We left Kenesaw line in the night, so quietly that the enemy knew nothing of it as a thin picket line remained in our trenches keeping up occasional firing till day light, to cause them to think that we were still there. We continued retreating till we reached Arlanda, having many skirmishes and hard-fought battles, and as I have already prolonged these reminiscences

beyond my anticipation I mention prominent battles, leaving out many interesting details between Chattanooga and Atlanta, as Chickmauga, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek and Jonesboro, Georgia. I must not fail to mention that although our army was continually retreating, after many hotly contested battles, no army ever had better morale, for we had implicit confidence in our leader, General Joseph E. Johnson. His very presence before the men seemed inspiring. But a sad day came when he was succeeded by the intrepid and impulsive General Hood. General Johnson was subsequently restored to his position, but alas! too many mistakes had been made by Hood's disastrous Tennessee Campaign. I honestly believe if General Johnson had kept continued command of our army without interruption, matters would have been very different; and that Sherman could never have made his inhuman march through Georgia.

I never saw our soldiers so discouraged as they seemed to be when General Johnson left us—he had their confidence and respect—unless it was after the disastrous defeats at Franklin and Nashville. We crossed Tennessee River on a pontoon bridge at Florence, Alabama, and passed through the community where our regiment had enlisted, and the boys who had not seen home in nearly four years hated to pass by without stopping, so our regiment was kindly given a five day furlough, with orders to meet at Columbia when our leave expired. My home was inside the enemy's lines, and I could not go to it, but I went to the homes on my circuit, receiving a hearty welcome, and much kindness. A good brother furnished a calf skin to a shoe maker and had him to make me a pair of shoes and the good women made me a suit of home-made jeans and feasted us with many good things and loaded our haversacks when we left.

When we got to Columbia, the Battle of Franklin had been fought, and the remains of our beloved General, Pat Cleybourne, were lying in state; and our regiment had the honor and the sad duty of burying him at Columbia with military honors.

We regained the army and marched to Nashville where we met another disastrous defeat with terrible slaughter, and thousands of our men captured, I, being among them. It was raining, and the pike was full of holes made by wagons and artillery, and they were filled with water and we had to go right through them, the guard walking on each side of us. The pike was macademized, with broken limestone, and I got the grit in my clothes to above my knees, which was very uncomfortable, as we had to camp that night in an open field of black mud in the rain, which lasted all night. Some spread blankets in the mud and slept to find next morning water made filthy by human excrement running on their pallets. I sat on an inverted camp kettle with a piece of blanket thrown over my head, being captured away from my two good ones left with the wagons. I slept very little, if any, as the rain poured all night. We remained in that place till late in the afternoon, by which time the mud and filth were deep. No solid place for our feet could be found. I reckon some one was moved to pity and caused us to be moved to a rock quarry where we could get out of mud. The rain ceased and it turned very cold. There were holes made by quarrying rock filled with water. I waded in one and washed my clothes on me the best I could to get out grit.

I pulled off my shoes and socks, washed them, and put them on wet, and cold as I was, could not get to a fire. I had to walk and stamp to keep from freezing, and dry my clothes. The first time after becoming a Mason, I tested the guards and found one. I had twenty dollars in gold concealed by wrapping a ball of thread around it and said "I have been captured away from my blankets and have only this piece. I need a good one." He brought me a new U. S. blanket, for which I paid him three dollars, and gave him some money to get something to eat, and he brought me a loaf of bread, half a pound of cheese, and some pickled pork, handing me back my change. It kept getting colder—till the men were freezing to death, and again some one must have had pity on us as they opened the large door of the penitentiary and let us in,

where some protection from the wind was given by the high walls. We were certainly glad to get in, and remained there about a week, when we were entrained for our final destination. We were in box cars, without any fire, and my feet were badly frost-bitten.

We spent a night in a prison at Louisville, Kentucky. I saw a young man of outstanding appearance and asked his name. He replied: "my name is Baker." I said, "I know a lady in Christian County, Kentucky, named Tisia Baker, who married Mr. John Buynham, my cousin." He replied "That is my sister and they are living here in Louisville now." Next morning, we crossed Ohio River and entrained for Camp Chase, arriving January 4th, 1865.

I went to a well house which was an open shed, drew a tub of water, took off my clothing without a fire, the ground being covered with snow—the mercury about 10 below zero. I got into the tub, to wash the vermin from my body which I had contracted in box cars (which were as badly infected as a hog bed is with flees), and to soak the frost out of my feet. I put on clean underwear and soon felt moderately comfortable for the first time since I was captured. In two or three days, I heard my name at letter call, answered, and received a letter from my brother who had moved to Louisville and was dealing in tobacco. It had to be only one page, or it would not have been delivered. After explaining that he heard of my passing through from Mr. Baker (whom I had met) and his sister, the important part to me was: "I have no doubt you are needy. Let me know your wants." Replying to my answer, he sent me \$50.99 in money, two good heavy suits of woolen underwear, plenty of woolen socks and a splendid pair of shoes; also fourteen pounds of tobacco—enough to have lasted me nearly three years, but in about four days the most of it was gone—so many had no friends inside the lines to help them.

I could write of many interesting incidents of my prison life, but this communication is too long already. Suffice it to say that there was crowded in nearly three

months of prison life more suffering than I had endured in the four years of war.

J. H. Gold

Washington, Arkansas.

The foregoing "War Reminiscences" were written by Brother Gold just three weeks before his death occurred in Washington, Arkansas, on September 5, 1931. Born at Clarksville, Tennessee, November 11, 1840, Rev. Gold was early in life ordained a minister in the Methodist church, and was preaching the gospel when the call to arms came.

He laid aside his ministerial robes to don the Confederate Gray, and served loyally to the end of the conflict. Re-entering the ministry after the War, he served the church to the end of his long life.

Brother Gold became a citizen of Washington some years after the War, where he purchased a home. His family consisted of Mrs. Gold, and children numbering seven, four sons and three daughters. His oldest daughter, Miss Sallie, married J. F. Dugger, a native of Washington, and, at an advanced age, still lives in the old Dugger home. One son, Julian, edited and published the Washington *Telegraph* for several years, but is now living in Tulsa, Oklahoma. A granddaughter, Joella (Gold) Amour received her Master's degree last year (1949) from Commerce College, Texas, and another granddaughter, Mable Clair, was, for some years, connected with the New York *Times* as an expert linotypist. Oscar, a son, is now living in Washington, a merchant and a retired Methodist minister.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

*"The best history of a country is a record of
the lives of its people."*

THE MOSSES

In the spring of 1818, my grandfather, James Moss, with his wife, Sarah Virginia, and five sons and two daughters emigrated into the wilds of Arkansas Territory from Virginia. The names of his sons were William, Matthew, James, Madison (or Madden) and Zachariah; his daughters were Elizabeth, Jane, Isabella, Rebecca and Margret, the latter three, I think, were born after he reached and settled in this territory.

Before coming to Arkansas Territory, however, he was instrumental as a commissioner from Russell County, Virginia, in forming Scott County, Virginia, which was formed from Russell, Lee and Washington Counties. The Act, copied from the Virginia records, reads:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly that all that part of the counties of Russell, Lee and Washington Counties with the following bounds . . . shall form one distinct county and shall be called Scott.

Then, on February 16, 1815, the Court arranged for the first county election by ordering that "this county be laid off into two districts or battalions," and the first Saturday in April was named as election

day. In the North District, the election was held in the home of James Moss. A later record shows that, in the session of the Superior Court, James Moss was a member of the Grand Jury.

Quite a colony accompanied the Mosses to Arkansas, among whom were the Fontaines, the Stuarts, the Nelsons and Gibbons. This was before the era of railroads, and steamboating was just entering the experimental stage of its history. These hardy adventurers embarked in keel-boats, propelled by oars, at Wheeling, floated down the Ohio river to the Mississippi; thence down that stream to the mouth of Red River; thence up Red River to keel-boat landing at what later became the town of Fulton, Arkansas, where they disembarked.

There were only a few huts scattered here and there, and Fulton had not yet been named; nor did it receive a name until several years later when the first steamboat that ever ventured up Red River landed there. The enthusiastic citizens at once, by common consent, named the town Fulton.

The families that composed this band of argonauts into the Western wilds scattered throughout the county and sought such locations in the virgin forests as suited their respective fancies. The Mosses, the Stuarts and Fontaines settled among the Indian mounds in the western part of Hempstead County, where, with the aid of their slaves (they brought their slaves, their dogs, guns, axes and other tools and implements with them), they began to till the ground.

They built their homes on the tops of the Indian mounds within a short distance of each family which made communication effective, and used a code of signals and spy glasses to keep in touch with the movements of each other, and for protection against

hostile tribes of Indians. However, they soon established friendly relations with the Indians and accustomed themselves to the wild life of the tribes, and learned from them the medicinal value of herbs which served them in sickness. They also learned from them the art of curing and dressing the hides of wild animals which served them for clothing and shoes.

Soon after his arrival in Arkansas, James Moss moved his family to Washington and entered into the mercantile business. His was one of the first firms to do business in Washington. Here his family increased to the number of ten children. All his children grew up and married in and around Washington, except his youngest daughter, Margret, who was drowned in a mill pond. Grandfather Moss was the first man to be elected to the office of county judge and served in that capacity from 1827 to 1833, in which year he died. He was buried on his home site among the Indian mounds. In after years, this burying ground became known as the Moss-Bradley Graveyard, a few miles from the old town of Columbus.

WILLIAM MOSS,

Eldest son of James, was born in Virginia in 1804, and came with his parents to Arkansas in 1818. He grew to manhood in Hempstead County and became a planter and merchant. Sometime about the year 1835, he married Miss Elizabeth Mirick of Washington. The Miricks had emigrated into this territory from the East.

Uncle Billy (mentioned in Bettie Holman's letter in the first part of this history) and my father, Matthew Moss, formed a partnership in the mercantile and steamboating business about the year 1840, after

which he moved from his plantation home to Washington, where he reared a daughter, Lucy—his only child.

Lucy became the wife of Capt. Thomas H. Simms in 1839. Uncle Billy Moss lived the remainder of his life in Washington, and at the age of seventy-six passed on. He is buried in the old Pioneer Cemetery of Washington beside his wife, who preceded him in death.

MATTHEW MOSS

My father, Matthew Moss, second son of James, was born December 13, 1807, in Virginia. Coming to Arkansas with his parents in 1818, he grew to manhood on the farm that was homesteaded by his father among the Indian mounds of Hempstead County. He received only a limited education, as in those days schools were few.

After reaching manhood, he left home and began life on his own as a clerk in the store of Glasgow & Harrison, pioneer merchants in Washington. From this time forward, for some years, he engaged in various adventures. He established a trading post on Red River, and carried on a lucrative business with the Indians in furs, bee's wax and honey; the latter commodity was put up in containers made of the skins of wild animals.

The Indians were experts in the art of dressing the hides of furbearing animals, such as bear, beaver and otter, of which the river bottoms were full, and these he purchased at a nominal price and shipped to New Orleans. It was when he was about twenty-one years old that he found and caused to be rescued and returned to its parents the child of Mr. and Mrs. Ben-

jamin Clark. He taught school and bought and traded horses with the Indians.

There were in those days tribes of hostile Indians, and at intervals these would unexpectedly pounce on the settlements in raiding squads; but the eagle eye of the pioneer woodsmen soon became trained to the movements of these harassing marauders and, forming themselves into a combating force well organized and equipped with more modern weapons of defense than the rude fighting implements of the Indians, they went on the march a few times into the camps of the raiders and soon drove them across the river, into the Indian Territory.

In 1830, my father went to Shreveport and assisted Capt. Henry Shreve in an effort then being made to divert the waters of the Red River around the Great Raft, and thus make that stream navigable the year round. This project was made possible by an appropriation of several thousand dollars from Congress. In the midst of the project, the money gave out, and they came to Washington and borrowed money from the local bank with which to complete the project. Shreveport thus got its name from Captain Shreve, who removed the accumulation of years of debris from the mouth of Red River.

In 1832, my father was engaged in removing the Indians to their new reservation in the Indian Territory. They were brought to Little Rock by boat, and from there he and his co-workers hauled them in wagons to the Indian nation. This was the year in which the cholera raged throughout the country with such frightful effects, and which, up to the War, was always referred to by old settlers as the Cholera Year. The dreadful infection broke out among the Indians en route, and on reaching Little Rock many of them

were prostrated, while not a few died. The survivors were hurried on across the country toward their destination and on the road, to use Captain Moss' words, "they died like sheep with the rot," and they would have to stop the wagons and bury them along the roadside. My father kept a jug of whiskey and asafetida in the front of his wagon from which he freely drank, to keep himself immune from the disease.

Among his thrilling experiences was that of witnessing the astronomical phenomenon which occurred in 1832, the Falling of the Stars, a time long afterwards referred to as the Year the Stars Fell. He was riding across the country on a late afternoon when, night overtaking him near Little River, he got down from his horse and prepared to spend the night in the woods. Securing his horse to a tree, he spread his saddle blanket on the ground; and pillowing his head on his saddle he soon began to behold a sight never before, nor since, known—the stars began to fall! As related by him, "The whole elements seemed to be ablaze, lighting up the heavens as bright as day."

During his hustling days of youth, he built a flat-boat and took it up the Ouachita River, to carry cotton to Camden, Arkansas, a shipping point on that stream for the farmers scattered throughout that section. Roads had not as yet been marked out and this was a mode of marketing cotton. After disposing of a boatload of cotton on one of his trips, he started back to Washington on foot, a distance of sixty miles, having on his person a large amount of money which he had received from the sale of cotton.

After walking a long distance his legs began to give out and he stopped beside the road, cut and stripped the bark from hickory saplings with which he wrapped his legs to support the muscles. He made the

trip apparently in safety, until he neared Washington, when he stopped at the house of Nicholas Trammell whom he knew. Being very tired, he asked for and was given a night's lodging. It was said that Trammell's place was a hideout, or headquarters, in Arkansas for John A. Murrell and his band of outlaws. Be that as it may, sometime in the night, after my father had retired, Murrell, himself, appeared on the scene; and knowing of his reputation as an outlaw and murderer, my father became alarmed at his unexpected arrival, climbed out of the window of his room, and continued his journey on foot to Washington, arriving there just before midnight, thus walking from Camden to Washington—a distance of sixty miles in a day.

Early in life my father and his brother, William, went into the mercantile business for themselves and prospered. In 1840, they embarked in the steamboating trade on Red River, a very lucrative business for that day and time, mainly freighting goods from New Orleans for themselves and other merchants of the town. The name of the boat owned by them was the *Hempstead*. During the Mexican War, my father carried his boat to Shreveport and transported the United States troops across Red River into Mexico (now Texas).

The *Hempstead*, a very fine boat for that day and time, was commanded by my father (hence his title of captain), his brother, Billy, playing the landlubber. For several years, he strode the hurricane deck. On a fatal occasion, however, Captain Matt placed the *Hempstead* in charge of Brother Billy for a trip, he remaining at home. On the return trip, they met a tremendous overflow coming down. The whole country bordering on the river was submerged, the current was swift and the progress of the craft slow. Captain

Billy came to a point where there was a tremendous bend of several miles in length; a mile and a quarter across a cornfield, could he make the cut, would save him fifteen miles of steering around the long sweep. The water seemed deep enough, and he ordered his pilot to cut across the field. The order was obeyed, with the result that before half a mile had been covered the steamer was hard aground in the center of a cornfield, where she remained until dismantled. This was the end of Capt. Matt Moss' steamboating career. This cornfield was in a prairie and this incident caused the prairie to receive the name of Lost Prairie, which it bears to this day.

Let me relate an anecdote in connection with this disastrous evidence of Uncle Bill Moss' poor seamanship. He owned a genuine Guinie Negro who spoke very poor pidgin English. This Negro was his master's favorite teamster. One day, while crossing the Little Missouri River in a wagon drawn by four mules, he miscalculated the depth of the water and was swept downstream by the rapid current. He succeeded in rescuing the mules but the wagon had floated down the stream and was not recovered until some days afterwards.

Captain Billy berated the Negro roundly for his apparent carelessness: "A pretty caper, that!" said he, "To turn your wagon into a steamboat!"

The Negro, remembering Captain Billy's unfortunate experience as a navigator, quickly retorted: "Massa Billee, which am de wusser, to turna de wagon into de steamboata, or turna de steamboata into de corn criba?"

Father's next venture was in the lumber business in which, as in everything else he understood, he was successful. He owned and operated the first steam saw-

mill in Hempstead County and disposed of his lumber all over Hempstead and adjoining counties as fast as he could turn it out. His sawmill furnished the material with which many of the homes and buildings, including churches, in Washington were built.

He was also a mighty hunter in his day, and took great interest in the chase. Bear was his favorite game, and the wild forests of Red and Little River bottoms his favorite fields for hunting. He was also a great deerslayer, and frequently joined in the chase in quest of these nimblefooted flyers, but the slaughter of these noncombative creatures possessed no charm for him and he engaged in it solely for the sociability of the thing and the love he had for an outing with congenial company.

Many interesting and amusing anecdotes in connection with Capt. Matt Moss' hunting experiences, which I will relate, are extant. Ezekiel Kinsworthy, grandfather of a later attorney general by that name, was one of the most celebrated bear hunters in southwest Arkansas. He and Captain Moss on one occasion sallied forth—followed by a numerous pack of hounds—in quest of their favorite game. They camped on Hurricane Creek in the forks of Red and Little Rivers, built a fire and, after eating a hearty supper, composed themselves for a night's rest.

Late in the night, or early in the morning, the dogs flushed a bear in a cane-brake opposite the hunters, and just across the creek. The bear, with the dogs in hot pursuit, plunged across the creek, and just as the camp was reached, bear and dogs began a tussle that resulted in scattering and extinguishing the fire, leaving the hunters in total darkness. Meantime, they had awakened, but could do nothing in the confusion and

darkness. Their guns were empty and they couldn't see how to load them.

"Climb a tree, Matt," yelled Kinsworthy, as he, himself, shinned up a white oak.

"That's what I'm trying to do," said Matt, "but I keep slipping back all the time; however, I think I am safely anchored now."

The bear and dogs kept up the fighting and confusion around the camp until daybreak. The coming of the sun's light revealed Kinsworthy perched on the limb of a white oak fifteen feet from the ground, while Matt sat on a huge knot or hump that had grown out of a small post-oak he had been trying to climb, his arms and legs locked around the trunk. In the darkness, he had imagined he was high up in the tree, but daylight showed that he had been roosting within eighteen inches of the ground.

The bear, in the meantime, had climbed up a large stooping tree just over their beds, and now was the time to get him. Father's gun was an old-fashioned flintlock musket, and he had to load his gun and act quickly. He had no wadding with which to tamp down the load, so, pulling out the front of his shirt-tail, he rammed it down into the gun and cut it off with his pocketknife; he then fired away at bruin, killing him instantly, and he fell, a dull thud, right into their bed. Colonel Kinsworthy used to tell this anecdote with great gusto in Captain Moss' presence.

SEES SISTER DROWN

Father's youngest sister, Margret, and a companion were rowing in a boat on the mill pond on the plantation when one of the girls attempted to jump from the boat before it was securely anchored to the

bank, with the result that the boat capsized. Father saw the accident from a short distance away, and rushed to the rescue, but too late. He plunged into the pond which was about twelve feet deep, but succeeded in saving only one of them. His sister had gone to the bottom and when he brought her up to the surface she was beyond resuscitation. That was one of the deepest tragedies of his life.

OLD STEPHEN

Some time between the years 1840 and 1850, an old free Negro who had been a servant of General Washington drifted into the county seeking a home and protection under the then existing laws. His name was Stephen Washington. My father took him in and gave him a cabin and a patch of ground to cultivate and leave to tend the hogs. He also made him overseer of his slaves. Old Stephen, as he was called, built a hog pen in the woods adjacent to the place and spent a goodly part of his time feeding and tending the hogs, and raising pigs.

The old Negro talked often of General Washington whom he called Marse George. He claimed to have gone all through the Revolution with the general, as his body-guard. My father took care of the old darkey until after the War Between the States, at which time he was over a hundred years old. It was reported that Old Stephen had money buried near his cabin, and some parties among the Federal troops stationed on the hill overlooking the town, thinking to get possession of his money, persuaded the old darkey to enter the Federal hospital in Washington, and they let him freeze to death one cold night. Old Stephen was buried in the old cemetery in Washington.

An incident worthy of note here, in connection with Capt. Matt Moss' war record, follows: A body of cavalry was being recruited and equipped on his premises, when it was discovered that a young boy about twenty-one years old was left behind because of a scarcity of horses. The young fellow was so disappointed he sat down beside the gate and, with his face in his hands, cried like a baby; whereupon my father patted him on the shoulder and said: "That's all right my boy, you shall not be left; I shall see to it that you'll overtake them before sundown," and with that he saddled his horse and went out into the neighborhood and purchased a horse and saddle and sent the young recruit on his way rejoicing.

THE MOSS HOME

My father's estate consisted of two or three hundred acres of land, a flour mill, a grist mill, and a lumber mill. It was situated three miles from Washington on the old Military Road as it runs from Washington to Fulton, Arkansas. His permanent home was built in 1858, of the best material his mill could turn out, by a Mr. Barksdale, an architect from the East. It consisted of parlor, large hall, dining room, three bedrooms, kitchen and pantry, and large storeroom, two long porches, front and back, with banisters and large square pillars. The rooms were very large, with high ceilings and double chimneys. The dining room ceiling was somewhat lower and both hall and dining room had gorgeous chandeliers with cut-glass prisms hung from the ceilings. The hall and two front rooms had heavy sliding doors and, when thrown back, made the house into one large auditorium. The large windows

were adorned at the top with heavy brass cornices, and the four fireplaces had matching brass fenders.

The furniture was of massive mahogany and walnut; the floors all carpeted; the parlor windows draped with imported curtains.

The well in the rear of the house had the old-time windlass, bucket and rope, and the old black washpot and tubs were nearby, where the darkies did the washing. Adjoining the well-house were the bathhouse and milkhouse, the latter having concrete troughs on three sides where the jars and crocks of milk were placed for cooling, which was done by the slaves by pouring fresh water from the well into the troughs every hour or two. All homes of consequence in that day had an office in the corner of the yard—apart from the house. Captain Moss' office likewise was a one-room house, with windows in the sides and a front porch, equipped with desk and chairs.

One of the outhouses was a large smokehouse with barrels and hogsheads containing flour, sugar, lard, molasses, vinegar, coffee and other commodities, with perhaps a barrel of whiskey. He had his orchards with every kind and variety of fruit trees, grapevines and berries; but to get back to the outhouses—there were the carriage-house, the buggy-house, the potato-house (partly under the ground), the hen-house, the pigeon-house, the schoolhouse, barns and stables and the Quarters for the slaves; and last, but not least, was the house made famous by Chick Sale that "Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more," where "hurrying feet a path had made straight to its swinging door."

This home was a true type of those built by the first families of Washington. Alas! the most of them

have long since burned, or have been torn down and never replaced.

FATHER EMPLOYS A TEACHER

We were seven; three boys and four girls—this writer being the youngest. Schools and teachers being scarce, our father built a one-room schoolhouse, with a fireplace, a few hundred yards from the house; his oldest children and a small number of children from neighboring families received their first lessons in the three R's there.

The teacher was a middle-aged woman from Virginia, whose name was Mary Royal—a refined and cultured person. This was prior to the War, but war clouds were soon to be gathering. The school disbanded; families and customs were disrupted by the War; our teacher met and married a Southern soldier, changing her name from Royal to Cravette. The boys (my brothers) thereafter entered school in the Male Academy in Washington, the oldest, later, some institution at old Falcon near Camden.

Mrs. Cravette's husband died soon after the War, leaving her without a home in far-off Arkansas. The War now ended, she found employment in other families as governess, but at intervals, when not employed, she always came back to our house, which was her home throughout the years that followed.

In the meantime, my older sisters, nearing their 'teens, were going to school in Washington, while my sister, Jenny, and I were still being taught in the home by Mrs. Cravette. When Jenny reached the age of fourteen, and I about ten, our parents sent us to Washington to begin our town-schooling.

By this time, Washington had a new brick courthouse and the old one had been converted into a schoolhouse. We were now going to high school, the first one organized in the county. The principal was Prof. J. C. Littlepage. My sister Jenny, being more advanced than I, was in Mr. Littlepage's room downstairs, while I was upstairs in the intermediate classes, and my first teacher, after leaving my governess, was Mrs. Mary J. Field, the same who had taught Jennie Van Vaughn. Mrs. Field was at this time gray-headed, and had been a widow for years.

There were, as yet, no graded schools, and our studies consisted of spelling, reading, arithmetic, grammar, history, physiology, penmanship and geography, and we had to memorize long poems such as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Gray's "Elegy In a Country Church Yard," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and other similar selections from McGuffey's fifth and sixth readers. We also studied music. The music master was Prof. Phelps. He gave piano lessons but he played only the clarinet himself, and he and his father-in-law, A. M. Crouch, were members of the Washington Band, Mr. Crouch being an expert piccolo player. My mother had one of the first pianos, a Hallet & Davis piano, purchased in New Orleans in the fifties or sixties.

My governess, Mrs. Cravette, had already taught me the rudiments of music. She played and sang the old songs; she also accompanied herself on the guitar and taught me to play accompaniments on that instrument. She would often call me to her room, to sing with her the old songs of the South, songs of the War, such songs as *Annie Laurie*, *When the Spring Time Comes Gentle Annie*, *Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms*, and Stephen Foster's melodies.

She was a quaint character, always wore hoop-skirts and combed her hair down over her ears, was immaculate in her dress and person, and never changed the style of her dress—even after hoop-skirts were discarded. She lived to be quite old and finally went back to Virginia, to be laid to rest with her people, but before she left she bequeathed to me her old guitar—a very fine one inlaid with pearls, with the request that I “never part with it, because,” she said, “Mine gave it to me when I was a bride.” (She always called him “Mine,” when speaking of her husband.)

The above sketch is intended to portray the type of schools in that period, together with the type of instructors, and the mode of imparting knowledge. We had to do a lot of memorizing.

THE CROCKETT BALL

Our father's home was the scene of military festivities during the War Between the States and, on more than one occasion, the young officers and the young ladies of Washington gathered there for an evening of gaiety and dancing. Sometimes, a high-ranking officer would come as a visitor or to inspect the encamped armies. On such a visit, the homes of the citizens were thrown open for entertainment.

On this particular night, the Crockett Ball was held in our home, honoring Col. Robert Crockett, a visitor, and grandson of David Crockett of the Alamo fame. The house was bedecked in gala attire, with flags and bunting flying in the breeze; chandeliers and candles were brilliantly lighted, the sliding doors on three sides of the hall were thrown open; and the orchestra, consisting of violins, cello, bass, clarinet, piccolo and harp, were seated in the hall, while the com-

pany was dancing in the three rooms each side of the hall and dining room—the furniture having been relegated to the rear of the house.

On this occasion, there were, besides General Dockery and his staff, who were stationed there on the premises, other generals, including Generals Price and Fagan; and Col. Elias Boudinot, the celebrated Indian statesman. The local officers included Dan W. Jones and Haynes Williams, the two Beaux Brummel of Washington; and all of the belles of the town were there.

Colonel Boudinot, a distinguished Indian lawyer, statesman and poet, was also known for his musical accomplishments; and during the evening, between dancing, he entertained the guests with songs of the day and time. He played his own accompaniments on the piano.

THE MOSS TWINS

Laura and Lucie, oldest daughters of Matthew and Evelyn Moss, were born February 25, 1861. They were the first twins to be born in Washington, and bore the designation the Moss Twins until they were grown.

Their early training was under Mrs. Cravette, our governess, until they were fourteen or fifteen years old, when they were sent to the public school in Washington. They were graduated with honors in one of the first high schools in the State, Laura being the valedictorian. (The public school system had just recently been inaugurated in Arkansas.)

The Moss Twins studied music, Laura specializing in piano, Lucie in voice; their teachers were Professor

Phelps, piano teacher, and Lucie's teacher was a German named Weidemann.

Lucie's ambition was to become a concert singer—indeed, she sang like a nightingale such arias as *Do not mingle* and other operatic selections with all ease. I distinctly remember as a child, hearing her as she stood on the steps of the Court House, on a summer evening in 1878, and sang before a large open air audience *Oh, Love Star Beaming*—a song very difficult. Her repertoire included *A Rippling Brook Did Purling Glide; Oh, What Joy, What Rapture; Lo, Hear The Gentle Lark*, and at one of her recitals, her teacher exclaimed in his broken English: "Miss Moss, you doos astawnish me!" Lucie Moss was strictly a coloratura singer, whose voice was very like that of Helen Beach Yaw. She and her twin sister sang and played many duets together.

This was the day of the old square pianos, and there were, as I now recall, about seven in Washington, including my mother's. Mrs. Field had one, there was one in the home of the Conways, the Eakins, and Roystons; also Mrs. Dugger had the only old-fashioned square piano with a harpsichord attachment I ever saw. It is still in Washington and still in the possession of some of the descendants of the Dugger family.

The War had been fought and lost, and Lucie Moss' hopes of becoming a concert singer were cut short. Our father had given and lost everything but his home to the Confederate cause and then, too old to recoup his fortune, our brothers had to assume the responsibilities of making the wheels turn, and Laura and Lucie had to throw aside their ambitions, the one as a concert pianist, and the other as a concert singer, and get out and teach, both as music teachers.

Laura married, in 1881, Francis Perry Harkness, a native of South Carolina. They reared a family of six children in Washington named: Evelyn, Louise, Francis P., Jr., Jessie, Dan and Helen, besides two of Laura's nieces (Sister Jenny's children) Augusta and Mignon. Mr. Harkness became one of Hempstead County's most efficient officers, and knew the affairs of the different county offices so well he could put his hand on any record in the courthouse, at a moment's notice. He was always ready to help anyone that needed it and came to him for help; and numbered white and black among his friends. In the meantime, he purchased the old Sanders home, which had been remodeled, where they continued to live until 1908 when they left Washington and went to Texarkana. Helen, the youngest daughter, was born in this old home. Frank sold this home to Mr. L. E. Cowling of Washington who later sold it to Mr. Stoge Wilson who lived in it until he died, a few years ago, thus keeping the home in his family and in a remarkable state of preservation. Mr. Cowling, in the meantime, moved with his family to Texas. Mr. Cowling's son, L. E. (Jr.) is now a very prominent and successful businessman of Houston, Texas, being at this time president of Southern States Life Insurance Company.

Lucie Moss, twin sister of Laura, married James E. Page (called Ned), son of Judge John R. Page, an attorney of Washington. Ned died in 1889, and Lucie went to San Antonio, Texas, to teach music. In 1905 she was married to William Mesmer, editor of the San Antonio *Daily Light*. After being widowed again, she went to Los Angeles, California, and continued to teach music there until her death in 1934.

Our sister Virginia was educated in the home, and in the Washington schools. She too, studied voice under Mr. Weidemann, and later went to Beeville, Texas, to teach. In Beeville, she met August T. Johnson, a native Texan to whom she was married in 1889.

EVELYN (HARKNESS) SIMS

Evelyn (Harkness) Sims was born in Washington, Arkansas, September 1884, the oldest daughter of Francis (Frank) Perry Harkness and his wife, Laura (Moss) Harkness. She had her early schooling in the Washington High School and spent two years in Ward Seminary in Nashville, Tennessee. She married William Trabue Sims, of Jefferson, Texas, and reared six sons and one daughter. All of her six sons finished high school in Jefferson, five of them joining the United States Navy immediately after graduating, making a career as "Sons of Uncle Sam." Their names were respectively, Trabue, Robert, Melvin, John Lewis and Nunnelly; the sixth boy, Francis Ables, was disqualified for the Navy on account of an injury sustained while playing ball in high school, yet he was graduated from A. & M. as an electrical engineer with high honors. The Sims boys traveled all over the world with the Navy, often stopping by and ringing their mother's doorbell on their ways to and from the East and West Coasts. All five were still in the Navy when Pearl Harbor was bombed, three of them being at one time on the battleship *Ranger* together. Melvin spent two or three years on the *Potomac*, President Roosevelt's yacht, and has many an interesting story to tell of President Roosevelt and his wife, of their kindness to the boys on the ship and the president's great love for the sea and Navy. Robert became an

instructor in one of the Naval Stations somewhere in the Pacific before World War II. The oldest son, Trabue, had joined the Navy when quite young, being in the Aviation Department before air power became so potent, receiving his first training at the Great Lakes Naval Station out from Chicago. Before Pearl Harbor, Robert had retired but had been called back into active service. In April of 1942, Mrs. Sims, at the request of Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, himself, went to Alameda, California, and christened a warship, an account of which was published in *Our Navy*, official organ of the United States Navy. During this visit, Mrs. Sims was honored by the Navy; she was piped overboard a flagship of the Navy by Texas boys hand-picked on the ship for this occasion; had coffee or breakfast on the ship with the ship's Admiral, also a Texan; had her picture taken with this same Admiral and his aides and others, probably the only Navy mother to be thus honored by the Navy during wartime. All of her Navy sons were in World War II, Melvin taking part in the invasion of Africa, besides other campaigns; Nunnelly, the baby, serving in both Atlantic and Pacific theaters of war, winning several citations and medals. John Lewis was with the fleet at Pearl Harbor when that place was attacked and was on shore leave. At the first alarm, he immediately made his way to his ship, his wife going to the hospital to help with the wounded. His ship was badly damaged by the Japs but the crew were able to save their ship from being sunk. He was assigned to other ships, fighting with task forces in the Pacific, his wife, along with other Navy wives stationed at Pearl Harbor, not knowing for months whether their husbands were alive or dead. John Lewis saw active service until the end of hostilities and has, along with

the other sons, battle citations and medals. Robert, after active service, has again retired and is with the finger-printing department of the city of Dallas. Trabue, the oldest son, was killed on the *Lexington*, when that ship was torpedoed by Japanese aviators and was buried at sea. Trabue was a valuable man to the Navy with his years of aircraft training and gave valuable service before his death. The Sims boys are all married, still with the Navy, with the exception of Robert, who is also a Reserve officer for the Navy, and Francis, who is with the Highway Department in Texas. At this writing, Melvin is stationed at New Orleans; Nunnelly in California; John Lewis in England, and Robert in the Reserves at Dallas. The one daughter, Evelyn, educated in the University of Texas by her Navy brother, Robert, majored in journalism and, after her graduation, she became a member of the faculty of that institution. Evelyn and her husband, Phillip Fowler, live in Corpus Christi, Texas, and both are teachers.

THE BOWIE KNIFE

Pathetic Life Story of James Black

Inventor of the Famous Weapon

This, the only true story of the Bowie knife and its inventor, James Black, was written by Hon. Dan W. Jones, former governor of Arkansas. Ex-Governor Jones, who died in Little Rock in 1917, was the son of Dr. Isaac N. Jones, one of Washington's early and most respected citizens. Dr. Isaac N. Jones was the grandfather of Bettie Holman who wrote to me the letter which appeared at the beginning of this history.

No one of the Bowies was the inventor of the famous knife which bears that name; that honor belongs to James Black who lived and died in Washington where the knife was made. The site of Mr. Black's shop is located on Franklin Street and has a suitable marker on it. Here follows Governor Jones' narrative:

James Black was born in a village in the state of New Jersey, May 1st, 1800. His mother having died when he was quite young, his father married a woman with whom James could not agree. At the early age of eight, he ran away from home and went to Philadelphia, where he was apprenticed to a manufacturer of silver-plated ware, named Henderson, an act subsequently approved by James' father. At the time of being apprenticed, James did not know his age, and, judging from his size, he was placed in the indentures at eleven years. Some years afterwards,

upon visiting his old home after his father's death, he discovered his true age in the family Bible, but did not disclose the fact to his master. Consequently, his apprenticeship expired in 1818, when he was eighteen instead of twenty-one. He had become quite expert in the silver-plating business, and intended to make it his occupation for life, but (as he often stated to me), owing to the want of sufficient tariff this "infant industry" was unable to stand against British competition, and it went to the wall. This fact made him a Whig in politics.

After being released from his apprenticeship in 1818, young Black came west until he reached the Ohio river, then down to the Mississippi, and down it to Bayou Sara, in Louisiana, where, for a short time, he obtained employment on a ferry boat. Soon tiring of this, he engaged as a deck hand on a steamboat going up Red River, and finally, at what is now known as Fulton on that river, he disembarked and went into the interior fourteen miles, east of north, where he found a small settlement, which, subsequently, he helped build up into a town, since then, and now, known as Washington, Hempstead County, Arkansas.

Here he found employment with a blacksmith named Shaw. In those days, the village blacksmith was a far more important man than he is now. He was the general utility man. He made all the plows, hoes, wagons and other farming implements. He made guns and knives, and did all the repair business in iron and steel. In fact, no community in the new country could get along without its blacksmith, and in social as well as in business circles he stood with the best.

Shaw had a large family of boys and girls; the oldest boy was about Black's age, and a strong attachment grew up between them. The oldest girl, Anne, was three or four years younger than Black, and was quite pretty, intelligent and attractive. She was one of the belles of the town and greatly admired by all the young men. Shaw seems to have had great expectations in her, for, when he saw that Black had won her heart, he was unwilling to let her go to this young man, who was without fortune or name,

and he bitterly opposed their union. Never-the-less, Black was a general favorite in the community, was tall, well-formed, handsome, full of life, vigor, energy, courage, genius and ambition, and Shaw could not well get along without him. He soon mastered his trade, and far and wide was recognized as the best blacksmith in the country. Shaw took him into partnership rather than let Black set up an opposition shop and they did an immense business for those days.

BLACK GOES WEST

Not-with-standing this, however, Shaw's opposition to his daughter's marriage with Black continued, which so disheartened the young man that he concluded to leave Washington and go farther west, but not until he obtained the girl's promise to keep her troth with him—until he should return. Acting on this impulse, he journeyed westward—not in a railroad car, as nowadays, nor in a carriage, or wagon, or even on horseback, but afoot, and alone—until he reached what is now known as the "Rolling Fork" of the Cossatot River, with no white man to the west of him, and none for twelve miles to the east.

Here, he built a log cabin and took up his habitation. He had his ax and rifle. With the former, he cleared a small field in which he planted corn, and with the latter he killed game with which the woods abounded. He traded with a settlement twelve miles east, bartering the skins of the deer and the bear which he killed for such things as he needed. His location was an ideal one, the land being exceedingly fertile, and the clear rocky bottom river filled with game fish. Soon others came and settled around him, and Black conceived the idea of building a dam in the river and erected a grist mill. This he commenced doing and, with the assistance of his neighbors whose labor he hired, had almost completed the dam when the sheriff appeared upon the scene and read a proclamation warning him that the land had been ceded to the Indians, and that they would be required to leave. Black examined the proclamation and saw that it was signed by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States.

Knowing that it would be futile to resist, he notified the laborers that the work must stop; that he would return to Washington; resume his trade as a blacksmith; and, as rapidly as he could, would pay them what he owed them, which amounted altogether to \$700. This debt he paid in the course of the three years following.

This occurred in the fall of 1830, after the passage of the Act of Congress in June, 1830, ceding to the Indians that portion of the country known as Indian Territory.

Black had been there five or six years, and had succeeded in establishing a comfortable home where he hoped to bring "the girl he had left behind," and with her live the life of which young lovers dream. I am informed that a large portion of the dam he constructed is still in existence, having withstood for more than seven years (this letter was written forty or fifty years ago), the ravages of time and the assaults of the river.

RETURNS TO WASHINGTON

On returning to Washington, he married Anne Shaw who had remained true to him, although her father still opposed the union. He opened a blacksmith shop, and soon had all the work he could do. At that time, Washington was a frontier settlement, and nearly all the men went armed, the weapon most relied upon being the knife. All kinds of characters came there, the most desperate of desperadoes, as well as men of gentle mold, but all understood that each man must look out for himself.

Finding the demand for the knife to be so great, Black applied himself largely to manufacturing them, and especially to the tempering of the steel of which they were made. It soon became well known that his knives were the best that could be obtained, and his reputation spread far and wide. The shape of the knife was according to the taste of the person ordering it; it being the custom for each man to furnish the pattern made of wood, or pasteboard, of the exact size and shape of the knife wanted.

Black's experience as a silver-plater during his apprenticeship enabled him to plate the knives, either with silver

or gold, when required by the purchaser, which gave them an additional charm and a higher price. It was the rule, after tempering and shaping a knife, and before polishing it, to cut very hard wood with it, generally an old hickory ax handle which had been used for a long time and had become quite tough and hard. This he would do for a half hour and then, if the knife would not easily shave the hair from his arm, he would throw it away. His knives ranged in prices from \$5 to \$50 each, the price varying according to the quantity of gold or silver used in plating, the \$5 knife having no plating at all but the temper of each was the same, each being submitted to the severe test above mentioned.

ORIGIN OF THE BOWIE KNIFE

It was about this time that James Bowie came to Washington, and gave Black an order for a knife, furnishing the pattern and desiring it to be made within the following sixty or ninety days when he would call for it. Black made the knife according to Bowie's pattern. He knew Bowie well and had a high estimation of him as a man of good taste as well as unflinching courage. He never had made a knife which suited his own taste in point of shape and concluded this to be a good opportunity to do so. Consequently, after completing the knife ordered by Bowie, he made another; and when Bowie returned, showed them both to him and explained the difference between them, at the same time giving him his choice at the same price. Bowie promptly selected Black's pattern.

Shortly after this, Bowie became involved in a difficulty with three desperadoes who assaulted him with knives. He killed them all with the knife Black had made. After this, when anyone ordered a knife from Black, instead of furnishing a pattern as formerly, he would order it to be made "like Bowie's", which was finally shortened into "make me a Bowie knife." Bowie, himself, was not a mechanic of any kind. He was killed in the Alamo with David Crockett, surrounded by dead Mexicans whom he had killed with that same knife.

Other men made knives in those days, and they are still being made, but no one has made the "Bowie knife" except James Black. Its chiefest value was in the temper. Black undoubtedly possessed the DAMASCUS secret. It came to him mysteriously and it died the same way, as I will presently show. He often told me no one taught him the secret, and it was impossible for him to tell how he acquired it.

His apprenticeship only gave him experience in plating iron and steel, not in working in them. Large offers were made to him for the secret, but he refused them all. He was stealthily watched, in order that his process might be discovered, but his reputation for courage was such that no one approached him too closely after being warned to desist.

ASSAULTED BY FATHER-IN-LAW

After becoming a mother of four children, three boys and a girl, Mrs. Black, the wife of James, died about the year 1837 or 1838.

In the meantime, Black acquired a comfortable little fortune for these days and had the confidence and esteem of all his neighbors, but had never succeeded in appeasing his father-in-law, Shaw, whose dislike seems to have become intensified after his daughter's death.

During the summer of 1839, while Black was alone at home, suffering from the effects of a protracted fever, and considerably enfeebled and reduced, Shaw came there and made an unprovoked assault upon him with a heavy stick, striking him over the head a number of blows and almost killing him before relief came in the shape of Black's dog, which, having heard the noise, rushed in and seizing Shaw by the throat, almost killed him before turning loose his hold. This caused inflammation in Black's eyes, which resulted in the loss of his sight.

After sufficiently regaining his strength, he started for Philadelphia for treatment, but on the way was persuaded by some one to stop in Cincinnati and try a celebrated eye doctor there. He did so, but the doctor proved to be an unprincipled empiric, and completely destroyed his sight.

He then returned to Washington, after an absence of about a year, coming by way of New Orleans where he went to see the justly celebrated Dr. Stone, who examined his eyes and informed him that the Cincinnati quack had forever destroyed his sight, and that his remaining days would be spent in darkness. This proved to be true.

After returning to Washington, Black found that Shaw had administered upon his estate and gotten away with all his property. Administration upon a live man's estate is certainly an anomaly in the law, but this is an instance of it, and Black was never able to recover his property. Black was blind and without a dollar; and in those days, lawyers were not much given to charity or wholly contingent for practice, while Shaw, on the contrary, had money and had already employed the best lawyers in the country. And so Black was robbed by his father-in-law, after having been deprived of one of the most valuable senses by him. But Black was not altogether desolate.

There then lived on Red River, on a plantation owned by them, two most excellent gentlemen, Jacob and John Buzzard. Their home was on a high bluff, then in Lafayette, now in Miller County, Arkansas. They knew Black well, and learning his condition, invited him to make his home with them. He accepted their invitation and lived with them for about two years, or until some time during the year 1842, when he learned that Dr. Isaac N. Jones, who had removed from Bowie County, Texas, to Washington, about a year previously, was becoming widely known as a skillful physician and surgeon. At his request, the Buzzards sent him to Washington to see Dr. Jones and have him examine his eyes. After examining them, Dr. Jones informed him that there was a very slight possibility of restoring his right eye, but that the sight of the left one was irretrievably lost, and that it would become necessary for him to come to Washington where he could see him constantly. Black replied that his utter destitution would prevent this. "No" said the doctor, "you can come and live with me. I am able and willing to take care of you, and trust to the future for compensation." Dr.

Isaac N. Jones was my father, and, at that time, I was an infant just beginning to prattle.

BECAME MEMBER OF DR. JONES' FAMILY

Black came to my father's and lived with us as a member of our family until his death June 22, 1872, some thirty years. My father used his best skill to restore his eyesight, but without success, and finally told him it would be useless to longer torture him when there was no hope, but that he should be an inmate of his home while he lived, and that he would be sufficiently compensated if he would look after and advise his young boys—there were four of us—while he was away from home, attending to his patients, of whom there were very many.

My father died in February, 1858—killed by the explosion of a steam boiler on his plantation—but Black, by the consent of the family, remained with us. After the death of my mother in January, 1876, I took him to my home in Washington, where he lived until his death. My earliest recollections are connected with him. His kindness and fatherly advice to me, and my brothers, endeared him to us all, and my father felt that he was sufficiently compensated by the manner in which he executed the trust in looking after us.

He was greatly attached to us all, but especially to my elder brother, Isaac, and after his death at the age of fourteen, his affections were transferred to me. His room was my father's office, in the same enclosure with the family residence. By his own request, his meals were brought to him there, and he ate them alone, but they were always taken from the family table before anyone else was served.

I slept in the same room, read to him light literature and history, and led him about when he desired to go anywhere from the place. He was a man of extraordinary memory and was always made the referee in all controversies among the old settlers when they failed to agree to any occurrence of the early times. He was universally respected as a man of the strictest integrity and uprightness. Night after night, I have listened to him until mid-

night, reciting to me incidents of the early days of that section of the state, and I have often regretted that I did not write them down as he told me.

HIS SECRET DIES WITH HIM

Time and again, when I was a boy, he would say to me not-with-standing his great misfortune, God had blessed him in a rare manner by giving him such a good home, and that he would repay it by disclosing to me his secret of tempering steel when I should arrive at maturity and be able to utilize it to my own advantage.

On May 1st, 1870, his 70th birthday, he said to me that he was getting old, and in the ordinary course of nature could not expect to live a great while longer; that I was then 30 years old, with a wife and growing family, and sufficiently acquainted with the affairs of the world to properly utilize the secret which he had so often promised to give me; and that if I would get pen, ink and paper he would communicate it to me, and I could write it down. I brought them and told him that I was ready. He said, "In the first place,"—and then stopped suddenly and commenced rubbing his brow with the fingers of his right hand. He continued this for some minutes and then said, "Go away and come back again in an hour," while he still rubbed his brow. I went out of the room but remained where I could see him, and not for one moment did he take his fingers from his brow, or change his position. At the expiration of the hour, I went in and spoke to him. Without changing his position or any movement, he said, "go out again and come back in another hour." I went out and watched another hour, his conduct being the same. Upon speaking to him at the expiration of the second hour he again said, without altering his movements, "go out again and come back in another hour." Again, I went out and watched, the same thing continuing. When I came in and spoke to him at the end of the third hour, he burst into a flood of tears, and said, "My God! My God! it has all gone from me! All these years I have accepted the kindness of these people in the belief that I could repay it all with this legacy, and now when I at-

tempt to I cannot! Daniel, there were twelve processes through which I put my knives, but I cannot remember even one of them. When I told you to get the pen, ink and paper, they were all fresh in my mind, but now they are all gone. My God! My God! I have put it off too long!"

I looked at him in awe and wonder, the skin from his forehead having been completely rubbed away by his fingers, his sightless eyes filled with tears, and his whole face the very picture of grief and despair. I could only say, "never mind, never mind, Mr. Black, it is all in the wisdom of God. He knows best. Don't worry." For a little over two years, he lived on, but he was ever after an imbecile. He lies buried in the old graveyard of Washington, and with him lies buried the wonderful secret which God gave to him and was unwilling for him to impart it to others.

(There is a marker on the site of James Black's silversmith shop where he made the Bowie knife, placed there by Albert G. Simms and this writer.)

DAVY CROCKETT GAVE THE LITTLE ROCK BOYS A TREAT

The following sketch of David Crockett was copied from the *Arkansas Gazette* of April 20, 1930. It was based upon material gathered by F. W. Allsopp, business manager of the *Gazette* for his book, *Myths and Legends of Arkansas*.

Davy Crockett was in town, and the people flocked to Little Rock from miles around to see this mighty hunter and congressman from Tennessee. That was in 1835, and Davy and a small band of followers were on their way to join the Texans in their fight for independence from Mexico.

Crockett rode in on a magnificent horse and carried "Old Betsy" his trusty rifle. (This rifle was recovered by his grandson, Col. Robert H. Crockett of Stuttgart, after its owner was killed in the fall of the Alamo. It is now preserved in the rooms of the Arkansas History Commission at the statehouse.) The gun had been presented to him recently by the Philadelphia Rifle Club; its stock was inlaid with silver and bore on the barrel in gold letters Davy's famous motto: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Yes, the people in and around Little Rock had heard of Davy Crockett. Beside him the fabled William Tell was just a punk. Besides, this man Crockett could whip his weight in wildcats, and was so tough he could climb a thorn tree with a panther under each arm.

There was a Punch and Judy show in town, and Crockett recorded that he wished he might be shot if he wasn't looked upon as almost as great a sight as Punch and Judy.

A committee of leading citizens called upon the noted visitor at the City hotel on Elm Street (now Bridge street) to invite him to a banquet in his honor. They found him in the back yard, skillfully slaughtering a deer he had shot about five miles outside the city limits. "I made him turn ends at 200 yards," Crockett said, referring to the deer. The hunter at first declined to attend the dinner, intimating that such functions were "too common for a man who has a proper sense of his own importance;" but after "liquoring up a bit" at the bar, he graciously reconsidered his decision and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was the "proudest moment of my life;" he gravely assured the delegation.

There was plenty of time before the hour set for the banquet; so his visitors proposed that Crockett accompany them outside the village and do a little target shooting. They had heard this swaggering fellow was a crack shot, but they wanted to see his marksmanship. Besides, there were some local fellows who weren't so bad; maybe Col. Crockett would consent to match his skill against theirs.

"Well," Crockett wrote later, "I shouldered my Betsy, and she is just about as beautiful a piece as ever came out of Philadelphia, and I went out to the shooting grounds, followed by all the leading men of Little Rock—and that was a clear majority of the town, for it is remarkable that there are always more leading men in small villages than there are followers—I was in prime order. My eyes were as keen as a lizzard's, and my nerves were as steady and unshaken as the political course of Henry Clay. So at it we went, the distance 100 yards. The principal marksmen, and such as had never been beat, led the way, and there was some pretty fair shooting, I tell you. At length it came my turn. I squared myself, raised my beautiful Betsy to my shoulder, took deliberate aim, and smack! I sent the bullet right into the center of the bullseye. 'There's no mistake in Betsy,' I said, in a sort of careless way, as they were all looking at the target, sort of amazed, and not at all over-pleased. 'That's a chance shot,' said one of the gentlemen who had the reputation of being the best marksman in those parts. 'Not as much chance,'

I said, 'as there was when Dick Johnson took his darky for better, for worse. I can do it five times out of six any day in the week.' I knew that was not altogether as correct as it might be, but when a man sets about doing the big figure, halfway measures won't answer, nohow; and the 'greatest and best' had set me the example that swagging will answer a good purpose at times."

A second trial was then proposed, "but knowing that I had nothing to gain and everything to lose," Crockett wrote of the incident, "I was for backing out and fighting shy; but there was no let-off, for the cock of the village, though whipped, determined not to stay whipped; so, to it again we went. They were now put upon their mettle, and they fired much better than the first time. It was what might be called pretty sharp shooting. When it came to my turn, I squared myself, and turning to the prime shot, I gave a knowing nod, by way of showing my confidence, and, says I, 'Look out for the bullseye stranger.' I blazed away, and I wish I may be shot, if I didn't miss the target! They examined it all over, but could find neither hair nor hide of the bullet, and pronounced it a miss; when I says, 'stand aside, and let me look, and I warrant you I get on the right trail of the critter.'

"They stood aside, and I examined the bullseye pretty thoroughly, and at length cried out. 'Here it is; there is no mistake if it hain't followed the very track of the other.'

"They said it was utterly impossible, but I insisted on their searching the hole, and I agreed to be stuck up as a mark myself, if they didn't find two bullets there. They searched, for my satisfaction, and sure enough, it all came out just as I had told them; for I had picked up a bullet that had been fired, and stuck it deep into the hole, without any one perceiving it. They were all perfectly satisfied that fame had not made too great a flourish of trumpets when speaking of me as a marksman. They said they had enough of shooting for that day, and they moved that we adjourn to the tavern and liquor."

After they had put a few "horns" under their belt, the landlord announced dinner was ready, and David was escorted into the banquet hall to the tune of "See The Conquering Hero Comes," played on a drum which Crockett said "had been beaten until it got a fit of sullen and refused to send forth any sounds." It was accompanied by a fife "that was sadly troubled with a spell of asthma."

As to the dinner; "The bear meat, the venison, the wild turkey, and the et ceteras would have tempted a man who had given over the business of eating altogether." Then there was the ceremony of drinking 13 toasts, after every one of which the drum with the loose skin grumbled like an old horse with an empty stomach, and the asthmatic fife squeaked like a stuck pig. The fife appeared to have but one tune, or, at least, the poor fifer, with all his puffing and blowing, his too-too-tooting, and shaking his head and elbows, could not get more than one out of it. But we weren't particular, by no means. The guest of honor, of course, had to make a speech, and in it he revealed himself as a satirist of no mean ability, especially in his ironical advice to young politicians. He told them: "If your ambition or circumstances compel you to serve your country, and earn three dollars a day by becoming a member of the legislature, you must first publicly avow that the constitution of the state is a shackle upon free and liberal legislation; and is, therefore, of as little use in the present enlightened age as an old almanac in the year in which it was framed. There is policy in this measure, for by making the constitution a dead-letter, your headlong proceedings will be attributed to a broad and unshakled mind; whereas they might otherwise be thought to arise from sheer mulish ignorance. When the day of election approaches, visit your constituents far and wide . . . Treat liberally, and drink freely, in order to rise in their estimation, though you fall in your own. True, you may be called a drunken dog by some of the clean shirt and silk stocking gentry, but the real roughnecks will style you a jovial fellow, their votes are certain, and frequently count double. Do all you can to appear to ad-

vantage in the eyes of the women. That's easily done—you have but to kiss and slabber their children, wipe their noses, and pat them on the head; this can not fail to please their mothers, and you may rely on your business being done in that quarter. Promise all that is asked and more, if you can think of anything. Offer to build a bridge or a church, to divide a county, create a batch of new offices, make a turnpike, or anything they like. Promises cost nothing; therefore, deny nobody who has a vote or sufficient influence to obtain one..

“Get up on all occasions, and some times on no occasion at all, and make long-winded speeches, though composed of nothing else than wind,—talk of your devotion to your country, your modesty and disinterestedness, or on any such fanciful subject. Rail against taxes of all kinds, office holders and bad harvest weather, winding up with a flourish about the heroes who fought and bled for our liberties in the times that tried men's souls. To be sure you run the risk of being considered a bladder of wind, but never mind, you will find enough of the same fraternity to keep you in countenance.

“If any charity be going forward, be at the top of it, provided it is to be advertised quickly; if not, it isn't worth your while. None but a fool would place his candle under a bushel on such an occasion.” These few directions, he assured his listeners, would do the business. Then, “when elected, why, a fig for the dirty children, the bridges, the churches, the taxes, the offices, the subscriptions, for it is absolutely necessary to forget all these before you can become a thoroughgoing politician, and a patriot of the first water.” The speech was received with three times three, and all that, and we continued specifying and drinking until nightfall.

Col. Crockett rode away from Little Rock, amid the playing of the loose skin drum and the fife with the asthma, music which he described as sounding like “a fellow singing ‘Away With Melancholy’ on the way to the gallows” . . . But, aside from the music, he had only praise for the people of Little Rock and their reception of him.

ALBERT PIKE

Albert Pike was an Arkansan by adoption. He lived in Washington long enough to make history for Washington, and the world. Born in Massachusetts in 1809, he attended private and public schools until he was fourteen years old. He also attended Harvard one year, after which he taught school. He had prepared himself to enter the Junior Class at Harvard in 1823 but, for lack of enough money with which to pay for two years' tuition, could not continue there.

In 1824-31, he again taught school in various places, and in March of 1831 he left his native state and went West, stopping at St. Louis. From St. Louis, he traveled with a trading party through Kansas, Missouri, New Mexico and the Indian Territory, experiencing many perilous adventures and suffering great hardships. His diary records many thrilling and hazardous experiences out on the plains with the Indians and trappers.

"Trappers," he wrote, "are like sailors, when you come to describe them—the portrait of one answers for the whole genus. Travelers, in going over the plains, took their life in their own hands. Skulls greeted them here and there, as they passed on, and these grim reminders of the fate of former travelers in those parts had a depressing effect."

His intrepid expedition West mostly on foot, was in search of wealth and fame, but instead, he reached

Ft. Smith sick and penniless. However, fortune seems to have smiled on him from now on.

In 1832-33, he taught school near Van Buren, Arkansas, and wrote for the Little Rock *Advocate*, a widely read newspaper. He became assistant editor of that paper, and, later, its editor. He then bought the paper and continued its publication for some time. About this time he married, entered the law, and began his service to his adopted State. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton at Arkansas Post.

In 1836, he came to Washington and was admitted to the Bar in the historic old courthouse of Hempstead County.

When the war with Mexico started, in 1846, he came back to Washington and enlisted for service—to help free Texas. He raised a squadron of cavalry and went out as captain. To Captain Pike's squadron fell the honor of bringing on the Battle of Buena Vista, February 28, 1847; the only action of consequence in which Arkansas troops were engaged. When mustered out, he returned to Little Rock and engaged in the practice of law. He was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the State in 1849 and joined the Masonic fraternity in 1850. He practiced law at New Orleans in 1853-57, and spent his winters in Washington City, prosecuting claims.

About this time, he became grand commander of the Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction of Free Masonry. It was Albert Pike who introduced Scottish Rite Masonry into the United States. At this period of his life he became a deep student of the old and venerable fraternity of Free Masonry—delving into its mysteries and symbolic writings, and many of his

writings on the subject are extant today in the Archives of the Grand Lodge in Washington City (D. C.), written in his own handwriting, with a goose-quill pen of his own making.

When the War Between the States began, Pike immediately offered his services, entered the Confederacy, and became a brigadier general. But his services as a high-ranking officer were cut short; he had trouble with his superior officers, Generals Hindman and Holmes, became involved in a dilemma, due to fixed opinions and convictions of his own as opposed to those in higher authority; resigned his commission as a brigadier general and came to Washington, where he recruited and commanded a Brigade of Indians. His quarrel with Hindman and Holmes was followed by an order for his arrest, charging him with permitting the Indians to mistreat the Union prisoners, which charge was ungrounded. From this period, Pike seems to have been in a restless mood, traveling from place to place, and jotting down many of his verses and philosophical thoughts. He was opposed to war, as will be seen from a stanza of his "Hymns to The Gods":

"Turn thy wild coursers from our lovely land!
Let not thy hoofs trample our golden strand!
Shake not thy spear above our fruitful hills,
Nor turn to blood the waters of our rills!
Crush not our flowers with thy remorseless
wheels
Nor let our grain be trod with armed heels!"

HE WRITES *MORALS AND DOGMA*

It was at this time (1862-1871) that he translated from foreign languages, and wrote and compiled

his masterpiece of Masonic literature: *Morals and Dogma*, about which many conflicting stories have been written and told. The true story—which every 32nd Degree Mason should seek to know—was written and published in the June, 1936, issue of the *New Age* magazine, official organ of Scottish Rite Masonry, Southern Jurisdiction, published in Washington, D.C.

For those who have not read the article in the *New Age* magazine (and few, other than 32nd Degree Masons, have), I here retell the story:

When the Federal armies were nearing Little Rock, Arkansas, Albert Pike, with others, refuged to Washington, Arkansas, Hempstead County. He had many friends in Washington with whom he had formerly been associated in his law practice, journalism, and other pursuits, among whom was his close friend and brother Mason, Col. W. H. Etter, of the *Washington Telegraph*. Colonel Etter took him into his home, together with his two daughters, Misses Lillian and Isabel, and his two sons, Walter and Yvon. It was at this time that Washington became the temporary capital of the State. It was at this time, too, that Albert Pike came, bringing with him his Masonic library, which consisted of two wagon-loads of books (the wagons were drawn by oxen). His books were stored in the Etter home, along with his other personal belongings; and it was here, in the old Etter Home (which was once the Old Tavern), that Albert Pike translated from foreign languages, wrote and compiled *Morals and Dogma* for the Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Masonry.

One story has gone the rounds that Pike wrote *Morals and Dogma* in Pike County. Such a story is pure fiction and untenable. To have written or compiled such a book, one must have had access to a great

public library, or some place favorable to a literary composition. It is certain that he did not haul his books over the trackless hills and rocks in the remote corner of the then wilderness of Pike County. He did have a cabin or hunting lodge somewhere near the Little Missouri River, where he and his friends often went to fish and hunt, for he was fond of such sports, and to which he resorted for the purpose of relaxing from his arduous task of translating and writing down, with his goose-quill pen, a book like *Morals and Dogma*, but there they went on horseback.

His books remained in Colonel Etter's home until his work was finished and ready for the press. The book was published in 1871.

In his *History of Albert Pike*, Mr. Fred W. Allsopp refers to Pike's sojourn in Washington as follows:

A short distance from Washington, Hempstead County, Arkansas, there is pointed out to the visitor an old fashioned frame building of well-known Southern type—with a big veranda in front and a wide hall running through the center of it. It is in a sad state of decay. "That is where Albert Pike lived for a while at the close of the war," you will be told. "He transferred his library from Little Rock to that house, and it took two ox-wagons to bring the books there." The big stack of books made a lasting impression on the people of that little neighborhood, and recourse to his books, no doubt, enabled Pike to forget, in a measure, the turmoil of the Times.

Mr. Allsopp was evidently misinformed. In the first place, the "old fashioned frame building" is not a short distance from Washington, but was located on the main street, right in the heart of the town. In the second place, the big stack of books was no new thing to the "people of that little neighborhood." There were, at that day and time, the voluminous libraries of Augustus H. Garland, Dan W. Jones, James K. Jones,

Thomas Hubbard, John R. Eakin, Grandison D. Royston, A. B. Williams, Judge Conway, Judge Carrigan, C. E. Mitchel, Ed Gantt, Orville Jennings, and even others, including the vast library of Colonel Etter and, certainly, an addition of two wagon-loads of books was no new, wonderful, or unusual sight to the people of Washington, the then Athens of the South.

It is said of Albert Pike that when he was ready to enter Harvard, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, that he approached the clerk of that institution, cap in hand, and said: "My name's Pike, Albert Pike. I've qualified for the Junior Class and want to be registered for the term."

"Qualified?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, I attended one session at Harvard; I've been studying privately to make the exams and have passed." He said: "I've taught school to make it a go. Now, I've enough to go through."

"Alright, young man, if you can pass the examinations and will make the necessary payments for the Freshmen and Sophomore terms, I suppose we can fix you up."

"You want payment for two terms?" he inquired.

"I am sorry, that is the requirement, my boy."

Albert Pike had saved up just enough money to pay his expenses through one term only, so he answered: "I cannot pay in advance for two terms, and indeed I shall not do so."

Saddened, he slowly moved out of the office.

In after years, Harvard offered to confer a degree upon him, but he politely declined the honor, saying that when he needed education and had no money, the doors of the institution were closed to him, and that he cared nothing for the deferred degree. He had made good by his own efforts, and took satisfaction, of

course, in the delayed recognition which was accorded him, but he spurned the offer.

The following eulogy is quoted from Mr. Allsopp's *History of Albert Pike*:

Albert Pike was a king among men. A giant in body, in brain, in heart and soul. A patient and faithful teacher, a brilliant editor, a lawyer of eminent ability and skill, an eloquent and impassioned orator, a gallant soldier, a profound scholar, a poet, whose verses tingle with true Promethean fire, that comes from Heaven above, a prolific author, a wise counselor, a patriot, and a philanthropist whose charity was broad enough to take in all mankind. God never made a gentler gentleman, a better citizen or a truer man. Faithful to the discharge of every duty to his family, his friends, his neighbors, his country, his God and humanity. He ran the whole gamut of earthly honors. He climbed fame's glittering ladder to its loftiest heights, and stepped from its topmost round into the skies.

Such is the tribute paid to his memory by his Masonic friends.

He died in 1891, in Washington, D. C., and is buried there, and an imposing monument marks his grave, erected by his Masonic friends.

Died: in this place on the 20th instant, of typhoid fever, after a long illness, Albert Pike, youngest son of W. H. and K. B. Etter, aged ten years. The deceased was a youth of great promise in the community.

(Above item from *Washington Telegraph*.)

AUGUSTUS HILL GARLAND

Although born in another state, Augustus H. Garland was Arkansas' own son. He was born in Tip-ton County, Tennessee, June 11, 1832, and came to Arkansas with his parents the following year—a mere infant.

When the Garlands left Tennessee, to come to Arkansas, every mile of the route was perilous. That much heralded Military Road across the State was not much more than a trail; danger lurked all around. There were wild beasts, and wilder men—the lawless element—from the older states, come to Arkansas to pillage and rob, more dangerous than the wild beasts.

John A. Murrell, the desperado and murderer, was operating at the time. Rivers had to be crossed, and there were no bridges. The Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians passed over the Military Road, under an army escort, during the year the Garlands went that way.

Mr. Garland and his wife first settled on Red River, at what is now Garland City, named in his honor. The dreams of the older Garland were never realized. After a few months' residence on a proposed farm on Red River, Mr. Garland, the father, died. The mother, with four little children, three boys and a girl, of whom the subject of this sketch was the youngest, then removed to Spring Hill, Hempstead County; and although later in life Garland lived in another county

he always referred to the fact that he was a Hempstead Countian.

In 1844, Mrs. Garland, the mother, moved from Spring Hill to Washington, the capital of Hempstead County. That rare and historic old county, organized while Arkansas was yet a part of Missouri Territory, has produced many distinguished men, but its people should be proudest of the fact that Hempstead County gave to Arkansas the great name of Garland. Thanks to the patience and wisdom of a noble mother, the Garland boys were all educated. She placed the two boys in a private school in Washington operated by A. R. Banks, where they received the rudiments of an education. A brilliant student, Augustus soon showed marked intelligence, outstripping his classmates in learning. At the age of fourteen, young Garland was prepared to enter St. Mary's and St. Joseph's College in Kentucky.

In the meantime, Mrs. Garland married again—she married Judge Thomas Hubbard of Washington, known all over the State as the old Nestor of Law. After completing his education at Oxford, in England, young Garland came home and entered the law office of his step-father, under whom he continued his law study and received his final tests as a full-fledged barrister. Gus Garland was admitted to the Bar in the courthouse in Washington in 1853.

The same year, he married Miss Virginia Sanders, daughter of Capt. Simon T. Sanders, who held the office of county clerk for thirty years. Six children were born to Augustus and Virginia Garland; two died in infancy; and are buried in the old cemetery in Washington; the older four lived to be grown.

War clouds were hovering over the South just when Garland was attaining success as one of the

State's leading barristers. Several Southern states had severed relations with the Union. A Convention was called to meet in Little Rock. Garland was chosen as one of the delegates. It was a momentous occasion. The voices of stern, set men were heard; some pleading for Arkansas to remain in the Union; others pleading for secession.

Garland spoke. He pleaded eloquently for Arkansas to remain in the Union. When the roll was called, Garland, with five others, voted to remain in the Union, but he later changed his vote to make secession unanimous.

After Arkansas severed relations with the Union, Garland was selected as a Confederate States' senator, and immediately went to Montgomery, Alabama, the temporary capital of the Confederacy, where he ably represented Arkansas in that body—the Provincial Congress of the Southern Confederacy. The final session was held at Richmond, Virginia.

Some of the activities of Garland in the Confederate States Congress are enumerated here.

Returning home after the War ended, Garland resumed his law practice, forming a partnership with L. E. Nash of Little Rock. Nash left the firm and went to the Dakota Territory; and Garland then became associated with Sterling R. Cockrell, who became chief justice of the Supreme Court, the firm being Garland & Cockrell. Two notable cases of his were the cases of *ex-parte Garland* in the Supreme Court, of the United States on the constitutionality of the test oath for lawyers, and *Osburne vs. Nicolson*, before the same court, in which the validity of contracts for slaves was established. It will be remembered that in the first instance, or law, all who had aided or abetted the Confederacy were automatically barred from prac-

ting law. The lawyers of the South were dazed. Thousands of brilliant young men who had devoted years of study to make themselves proficient in the legal profession were forever, it seemed, disbarred from practicing law. But not Garland. He was angered. He forthwith and immediately began arguments which reached the Supreme Court of the United States that this was an *ex post facto* law and could not apply legally. Dressed in his home-spun breeches and brogan shoes, he stood before that august body and won the case; and that victory not only made the name of Garland famous and nationally known, but extended beyond the ocean his astuteness as a lawyer. Gladstone, the great British statesman, said of him, "Augustus H. Garland of Arkansas, is the greatest constitutional lawyer who has yet lived."

Garland did not mince words. He went to the highest authority. According to Staples in his monumental *Reconstruction in Arkansas*, Garland dared address a letter to President Johnson, himself, in which, among other things, he pointedly said: "The present government is a failure—represents nobody, is doing nothing."

In 1874, the people of Arkansas elected him governor; and even greater honors awaited him. In 1877, he was elected United States senator without opposition, to succeed Senator Powel Clayton, for the term of six years, and was re-elected in 1882, his term ending in 1889. He was the first person—the only person in Arkansas to hold a Cabinet position, having been appointed by President Cleveland, in 1884, attorney general of the United States. He resigned the senatorship to enter Cleveland's cabinet.

GARLAND'S COUP D'ETAT

When in 1872, Arkansas was thrown into a state of chaos over the Brooks and Baxter fight for the office of governor, the State was on the verge of revolution; and when both factions had exhausted all means in their power to bring order out of chaos, Garland, who was championing the Baxter faction, bethought himself of one last strategy to outwit the opposing side.

Brooks believed himself to be the duly elected governor, while Baxter had been inaugurated. Baxter was forcibly ejected from the office and Brooks took possession. Baxter was assisted by a corp of advisers among whom was August Garland, whose matchless courage, legal ability and dauntless character was unsurpassed.

Baxter was advised by his friends to proclaim martial law. He was told that nothing could be done to avert trouble without prompt action; that if he would act decisively, within thirty minutes, the whole delegation of his adherents would guarantee a strong military force; but if he delayed, they must abandon his case, and leave him to the danger of arrest by the Brooks faction. He did act; martial law was declared. Before midnight, a thousand men had enlisted in his support. The militia began pouring in from all directions, and Little Rock became the theater of war.

Brooks fortified the State House, and, in turn, called out the Militia. Boats and trains were bringing in recruits in each party. The situation was telegraphed to President Grant in Washington. Meanwhile, the Brooks faction was to call together a body of supreme judges to proclaim Brooks governor. Two of these

judges were to come from Ft. Smith, in order to form a quorum.

It was at this point that Garland performed his *Coup d'état*. He called for a man to volunteer to go across the river and board the train before it reached Little Rock and kidnap the two supreme judges coming from Ft. Smith. Col. Jim Williams, who was then sheriff of Hempstead County, came forward and offered his services. (Jim Williams was in Little Rock with a company of volunteers.) He took two of his company—Ab Smith and Jack Hervey—with him, went across the river, flagged down the train bearing the two high hats, got aboard the train and arrested the two dignitaries, took them into the densest thicket they could find and kept them there a day and a half—or until Garland could hear from Grant. The message from the President finally came, and a party was sent out into the woods to inform the kidnappers to bring in their captives. They brought them back and dropped them down in front of a hotel in Little Rock, and the supposition is that they took the first train out to Ft. Smith as they were never seen afterward.

President Grant's decision was that the Legislature of Arkansas was the only body to decide the question as to who was the real governor; at the same time he promised the protection of the United States would be offered that body while in session. A special session, called May 11, 1874, decided that Baxter was the legally elected governor of Arkansas.

On May 15, Grant issued his proclamation in favor of Baxter, and commanded Brooks and his followers to disperse. They did, and Baxter went back to the State House and was not troubled thereafter.

This story was told to me ten or twelve years ago by Mr. Ab Smith before he died at his home in Wash-

ington. He was then about eighty years old. He said, while they were guarding the two judges out in the woods, they built a fire—he and his companion—and played cards while waiting. He said the two judges were “the maddest men I ever saw.” They tried to find out from their captors why they were being held, and all they could tell them was: “We were told to arrest you—that’s all we know about it,” and added: “You may have raided somebody’s henroost for all we know, or stolen somebody’s cattle.”

When Garland commenced his administration as governor of Arkansas, he found the State treasury empty. As he expressed it, “There was not enough money in the treasury to buy sufficient wood to build a fire in the Governor’s office.” He ran the State’s business for two years upon the promissory notes of individuals, and afterwards, on borrowed money for which loans were effected. In time, these were all paid back and liquidated.

In private life, Augustus Garland was a devoted husband and father, and possessed that rare and genial gift—a happy and jovial nature that won for him friends in all walks of life. He was always bubbling over with good humor and fun, and loved to tell a joke on his friends whenever the occasion arose.

Once, during a term of court, when E. W. Gantt was prosecuting a case in which a young lad was being tried for some misdemeanor, Gantt said something at which the lad’s mother, who was present, became very indignant, and, rising from her seat, she deliberately walked over to him and said: “Sir, I’ll just give you a kick on the seat of your pants for that,” (or something that meant the same thing) and, executing the threat right there in the presence of the judge, jury and spectators, she was ordered out of the court-room.

When in a crowd, Garland used to tell this joke, and similar ones, on Mr. Gantt.

Gus Garland had a stentorian voice, and no one seemed to enjoy a hearty laugh more than he. When a boy, he never let his play-fellows get the best of him, and he was always playing pranks on someone.

The boys of the town had a swimming hole near town where they were wont to go for a swim. One unlucky day (for Garland) he, Chame Etter, and two companions, hied themselves off to the creek for the usual swim. Stripping off their clothes, to make ready for a high dive, one of the boys said: "Let's see who can stay under the longest." They all plunged in and dived under. After remaining under the water as long as they could stand it, three of them came up, one at a time, but Garland remained under. Becoming alarmed at his prolonged stay, they decided that they had better do something about it. They didn't act any too soon, for, on investigation, they found that his head had become entangled in some muscadine vines at the bottom of the hole, and they had to work fast to effect his rescue. When they had got him safe on the bank, they began to taunt him about staying under the longest, but he didn't relish the fun at all; he became angry and picked up a stick and went for them with a vengeance. He ran off for some distance, then went back and picked up a big rock; tied their clothes up in a bundle around it; threw them into the creek; dressed himself, and went home.

Mr. Garland was a life-long friend of my father; was present at his marriage to my mother; and, in a message of condolence on the death of our father, he stated that he was the only person still living who was

present at the ceremony. This was in 1898. Mr. Garland died in 1899.

Mr. Garland was kind-hearted, sympathetic and charitable, as was also Mrs. Garland. When the War was in progress, Mrs. Garland stayed at home with her father's family in Washington while Mr. Garland was away on his official duties with the Government. She did much to alleviate the suffering of the sick and wounded soldiers who were housed in the temporary hospitals—in the old Baptist church, and other places where the wounded and sick soldiers were kept.

The Garlands owned a few slaves, and Mrs. Garland prepared food and dainties for the soldiers and sent it to them by her servants, as did other women of the town. She also had the soldiers' washing done. The Garlands were not wealthy, but were, what one would consider in that day and time, in good circumstances.

There lived in Washington, long after the War Between the States, an old black mammy, known as Aunt Liza, who was given to Mrs. Garland by her father, Captain Sanders, as a wedding gift on the event of her marriage to Mr. Garland. It was this writer's good fortune to obtain the services of Aunt Liza as cook and nurse. A more faithful, trustworthy and conscientious servant never lived. For thirty years or more, she reigned supreme over the pots and pans in our kitchen. She did not know her age, but from what she remembered about the Texas and Mexican War, she was near a century old when she died, in 1931. She was trained and grew up in the Garland home, and was an expert in the culinary art.

In conversation with some of his friends and colleagues a short time before his death, Mr. Garland said: "Nothing would please me better, when my time comes, than to die in the midst of an argument." His

death occurred while he was making a speech before the Supreme Court of the United States. The last words he uttered were, "My contention is....." The sentence was never finished; he was stricken with apoplexy, and lived only a few minutes after he fell to the floor. He had said, when he was a boy, that his greatest ambition was to become attorney general of the United States. His ambition was realized.

A FATHER'S PROPHECY RECALLED

By Mollie Banks Gray, Plain Dealing, Louisiana

The following letter was written by Mollie (Banks) Gray, the daughter of Rev. A. R. Banks, to whom Augustus Garland went to school in Washington when a mere boy. Mrs. Gray was living this time last year at an advanced age. Her letter portrays the human side of Garland, even to his big hearty laugh. Mrs. Gray says:

Some time ago, I wrote you about one of the leading attorneys of Shreveport getting a sound thrashing by my father, Rev. A. R. Banks. Now, I am going to tell you about his whipping the Governor of Arkansas.

I think I mentioned, in a former letter, that my father was sent to Arkansas at an early date, to labor among the Indians, and to "preach and organize churches too." (He organized the Washington Church.) It was before Arkansas had been admitted into the Union, and he had to ride miles on horseback through cane-breaks.

"Hot Springs was just a camping ground where families went to drink the hot and cold mineral waters. He said that he had camped there many a week-end with friends. Rev. Joshua Green, of Little Rock, was the first Presbyterian minister that was sent there to labor, and I think my father was the second. I know he knew the first governor and all until he moved to Louisiana, right after the War Between The States.

About that time, a good many planters commenced moving into Arkansas from Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and mostly, I think, from Tennessee; and brought their slaves and settled up the rich river land for them to work, but built their homes in the hills.

Most of them had large families, and as good teachers were scarce in the early settlement days, they persuaded my father to teach school, first, I think, at Washington.

In that day, Washington was considered one of the leading towns, and as so many aristocratic families were located there I believe it was really the capital or center of culture. Albert Pike, the poet and writer, lived there and I am told that Poe's "Raven" was taken from his writings; anyhow, he was one of the most distinguished writers of the day.

My father was a college graduate, besides his long and tedious course for the ministry. He could read the Bible in the original Greek and Hebrew and was the finest Latin scholar I ever knew; although he was so modest in his attainments, very few of his friends knew of his brilliant mind.

Well, as I said, he was persuaded to take this school and among the students were Rufus and Gus Garland. They were like Bob and Alf Taylor of Tennessee. One ran on the Republican ticket for Governor, and the other on the Democratic ticket, and both Democratic brothers won the race.

They say my father was, as most old-time teachers were, a very strict disciplinarian. It seems Gus Garland was a red-headed, freckle faced boy, brim full of mischief and did everything possible to break those rigid rules, and was the ring-leader in all the fun and mischief, both in school and out; and so my father had a time trying to keep his rules and keep order and his high standard of training that he was noted for.

He tried keeping Gus Garland in at recess, and after school hours, talking and lecturing him on his bad behavior, all to no avail. Finally, he had to resort to the hickory and gave him some severe whippings; and even that failed to give good results. So, one day, after these

severe chastisings, and he could see no change for the better, in sheer despair father said to him: "Augustus, the hemp is growing to make the rope to hang you with it."

Long years afterwards, Gus Garland got to be Governor and Congressman, and Senator, and received almost every honour that his state could confer on him, and Arkansas was mighty proud of her son and finally, he was named Attorney General of the United States, in Cleveland's Cabinet. My father followed his climb upward, step by step, and often spoke of his former student with pride, but never of his threat about being hung.

My youngest brother, A. R. Banks, Jr., wanted to be a doctor, so he was sent to Baltimore, his first session, and he took a notion that he wanted to visit Washington City before he returned home for his first vacation and, like most teacher's sons, he couldn't and didn't have much money to spend on trips, so he wrote home and asked his father if he knew anyone in Washington that he could visit and maybe get to show him around, so it would not be so expensive. Father at once remembered Gus Garland and wrote him a nice letter of introduction for Brother Allie, and so armed with this letter my brother went to Washington City and to Garland's handsome home there, for they didn't have apartments those days like they do now; he was admitted by the maid and ushered into the Attorney General's "sanctum," and handed his card and father's letter to him; was greeted kindly and asked to be seated.

Mr. Garland opened and read the letter, and brother said he noticed a look of surprise and wonder, and as he finished reading the missive, leaned back in his chair and laughed uproarously. As he calmed down, he said: "Allie, when you go home, you tell your father I certainly appreciate all the nice things he said about me, and thank him so much, but tell him the "hemp is still growing to make the rope to hang me with."

Then he explained to Allie about how bad he was at school and how much trouble he gave father, and his terrible prophecy about the rope. Of course, Allie told it all when he returned home, and how kind Garland was

to him during his stay there, even made him be his guest for the day and night; and not only took him around to most every important place in the city, but insisted on his staying longer.

I think father felt a little bad over his prophecy, but added that he really thought the whippings and good advice he gave Gus Garland as a red-headed, freckle-faced school boy helped to make him the great man he afterward became, and one of Arkansas' most prominent sons.

Now if that lawyer in Shreveport reads about the Governor getting the whipping, maybe he won't feel so badly about his. I sometimes wonder if taking the switch out of the school was a good thing. I have a sneaking weakness for the switch myself, and my youngest son was a great big boy before he knew that the willow tree here in our yard was not his "family tree."

A FREE EGG-NOG

When the Federal troops were encamped on the hill overlooking Washington, just after the War Between the States had ended, the Yankee soldiers made frequent trips to town to purchase whiskey. Augustus Garland, just back from the War, was again ready and eager to indulge in his boyish pastime of having some fun.

Always on the lookout for an opportunity for playing pranks on someone, this time it was the Yankee soldiers who fell victims—and I mean they actually fell. On this particular occasion, Garland was joined by Chame Etter and Price Williams, two companions also just home from War. Knowing the movements of the soldiers, and where they were in the habit of making their purchases, the three conspirators stationed themselves in front of the saloon one night and waited for their opportunity.

Soon they saw two boys in blue enter the saloon. The three dare-devils headed for the town creek about half-way between town and the soldiers' barracks. Etter and Williams hid themselves at the entrance to the bridge, Garland hiding under it at the farther end. Soon they heard the two Yankee soldiers coming; and just as they started across the bridge, Etter and Williams sprang from their hiding place and, with a Comanche whoop and yell, so frightened the Blue-coats they began to run. Just as they reached the other end of the bridge, Garland rose up and stuck out a long pole. As they expected, the Yanks stumbled over the pole and fell, losing their bottles of liquor. They got back safely to their barracks, but Garland, Etter and Williams got the whiskey and leisurely walked back to town, called in the rest of the gang, and had a free-for-all egg-nog.

RUFUS CUMMINS GARLAND

Rufus Cummins Garland was born November 28, 1897, in Washington, D. C., two years before his distinguished grandfather, Augustus H. Garland, died in 1899. His father was Rufus Cummins Garland, brother of Sanders Garland.

When a small boy, he went with his father who was attorney for the Dawes Commission in winding up tribal affairs for the Five Civilized Tribes. His father died shortly thereafter and is buried at Denison, Texas. His mother was a Miss Hobson of Danville, Virginia. After the death of her husband she returned to Washington City, and has resided there since; while he remained in Oklahoma with his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Hobson.

He attended public school in Southwestern State College and the University of Oklahoma. After serving in the Navy during the first World War he returned to Oklahoma, taught school and began the practice of law. He served in the Oklahoma Legislature and as county judge of Latimer County, Oklahoma, before coming to New Mexico in 1933, where he practiced law continuously. He married Miss Virginia Hawthorne, of Waldron, Arkansas, and they have four children, namely, Virginia, who is 18 years of age, and August H., 16, both of whom are attending the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville; two younger sons are Rufus C., Jr., and Edwin, 6 and 2½ years of age respectively.

Mr. Garland has as his law partner, E. Forest Sanders, and the name of the firm is Garland & Sanders, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

DR. ISAAC N. JONES

Born in 1797, Dr. Isaac N. Jones, at the age of twenty-four, married Miss Eliza Booth at Oxford, North Carolina. His wife died in 1824. In 1828 he married Elizabeth Littlejohn, at Oxford. They left North Carolina and came, first to Bowie County, Texas, and from there to Washington where they settled permanently.

Their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, married W. W. Andrews, a prominent business man of Washington. Another daughter married Thomas H. Caswell; a son, Isaac Newton, died in young manhood; their daughter, Ann, married Dr. Moore of Washington and another daughter, Sarah Jane, became the wife of Dr. J. L. Stuart of Columbus. His son, Daniel, grew up in Washington and became prominent in State affairs.

Before coming to Washington to live, Dr. Jones was actively identified with the Texas Revolution and served as a member of the Texas Congress. After coming to Washington, he engaged in the practice of his profession, up to the time of his death in 1858. His wife died in 1867, and both are buried in the old Pioneer Cemetery in Washington.

DANIEL WEBSTER JONES

No man about whom so little has been written deserves honorable mention more than Dan W. Jones, lawyer, statesman, Confederate soldier, and one of Arkansas' beloved governors.

He was born in Bowie County, Texas, December 15, 1839, and came with his parents from that state when he was four or five years old. He received his education in the schools of Washington and studied law under Judge John R. Eakin, who subsequently became associate justice of the Arkansas Supreme Court.

At the age of twenty-two, Dan Jones organized a company of his own in Washington and joined the Confederate forces as captain. His gallantry and tactical ability soon gained him promotion, and he passed through the various grades until he became colonel of his regiment. At the close of the War, he was in command of a Brigade. He served throughout the entire war, principally in Mississippi and Tennessee, taking part in many engagements. At the battle of Corinth, he was shot through the body and was believed mortally wounded. So imminent seemed his death that General Cabell of Texas wrote his obituary. He recovered, however, and returned to his command and continued in active service to the end of the conflict.

Colonel Jones married Miss Margaret Hadley of Hamburg, Arkansas, in 1864. Their children were: Claudius, who married Miss Gabie Beauchamp, the first woman telegraph operator in Washington in 1884 and 1885. His daughter, Elizabeth, married Edgar Holman. A son, Dan W. Jones, Jr., became a doctor of medicine and died in 1925. His youngest daughter, Bobbie, never married and is living in Little Rock, Arkansas.

After the War, Colonel Jones moved his family to Little Rock, in about the year 1885, where he lived until his death in 1917. His wife died in 1912.

At the close of the War, Colonel Jones returned to his home in Washington, was admitted to the Bar in September, 1865, and entered the practice of law. In 1874, he was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney of the Ninth Judicial District, or Circuit. In 1884, he was elected attorney general of Arkansas. After the expiration of his second term as attorney general, he resumed his law practice in Little Rock, where he served the State as a legislator in 1890. In 1896, he was elected governor, which office he held two years. He was again elected to the Legislature in 1915.

Gov. Dan Jones was a war-time governor, his administration coming when the United States was at war with Spain in 1898. A call for volunteers was made by President McKinley, the quota for Arkansas being 2,000 men. These were speedily raised, and the troops from Arkansas were among the very first to be enrolled. Two regiments were formed of a thousand men each, but neither regiment was sent to Cuba, the war being speedily terminated by the brilliant victories of American arms on land and sea.

Colonel Jones was a regular Beau Brummel in his young days, and was as handsome as an Apollo. Having a marked penchant for neatness and correctness, his manners were in keeping with his dress, and both were the acme of perfection. One of his War comrades was Haynes Williams—a brother of this writer's father-in-law; the young officers were considered the beaus ideal of Washington. The military balls given in honor of the high-ranking officers were always marked by the presence of these two.

MISS BOBBIE JONES

Christened the old Battleship *Arkansas*

Youngest daughter of Col. Dan W. Jones, Miss Bobbie was born in Washington and received her early schooling there under the tutelage of Mrs. Mary J. Field in the early eighties. The family moved to Little Rock, after her father became governor of Arkansas, and at this writing Bobbie Jones is still living in Little Rock, the last of that fine old family.

It was Bobbie Jones who christened the first, the now designated the old battleship *Arkansas*, one of the ships that went through the test-bombing and was sunk on Bikini Island in the Pacific, after World War II.

Miss Bobbie was declared eligible to the Society of Naval Sponsors, one of the most exclusive Women's Clubs in America. Membership in this society is confined to those who have christened vessels in the United States Navy, and their descendants—the honor going to a daughter or granddaughter of the original sponsor.

Bobbie Jones is a brilliant and charming woman, and has many friends all over the state. She is still active in the D.A.R., the U.D.C., and other clubs in Little Rock.

JAMES K. JONES

James Kimbrough Jones, though born in the state of Mississippi, spent the greater part of his life in Arkansas. The Jones family was of Welsh descent; his grandfather, Matthew Jones, was a patriotic citizen of North Carolina, and fought in the War of Independence courageously. His father, Nat Jones, became a landowner in Arkansas about the year 1848. He settled first in Dallas County, Arkansas, which is now a part of Clark County.

James K. Jones was born September 29, 1839, the son of Nat and Caroline Jones. His early education was thorough, though obtained mostly through diligent study in private and district schools. He was a classic scholar, and made a name for himself in the annals of statesmanship.

He served his country in the War Between the States, having enlisted as a private in Company A attached to Bourlands Battalion, which subsequently became known as the famous Third Arkansas Cavalry. While engaged in some skirmishing in northern Arkansas, he became ill and was sent home. After recovering, he again joined the Third Arkansas Cavalry and participated in several battles.

Colonel Jones was married twice—first to Miss Sue Rust Eaton. Two daughters were born to them, namely: Sue and Nora. After the death of his first wife, he was married to Miss Sue Somerville in June,

1866; and to them were born James K., Jr., Nat and Mary. His children attended school in Washington, where he had later established his home.

He was admitted to practice law in Washington's old Court House, and entered upon his career as a lawyer in partnership with Dan W. Jones after the War Between the States ended.

In 1873, he represented the State as senator and later was sent as a representative to Congress. He later became United States senator and served the nation in that capacity for over twenty years, being closely associated with the administration of Grover Cleveland.

A complete history of his life is given in Farrar Newberry's book, *James K. Jones, the Plumed Knight of Arkansas*, published in 1913.

James K. Jones was full of sentiment for his Arkansas home and friends, as is evidenced by his oft-repeated visits to the old town during his twenty years' absence in the National capital. Farrar Newberry says: "To the day of his death he kept his citizenship in Hempstead County, the place where he received his first political boost when the citizens of that section sent him to the State Senate back in the seventies."

Again I quote Newberry:

In a speech to his Washington, Arkansas, crowd that greeted him on one of his visits back home after his first election to the United States Senate, he said: "I am proud that I am a citizen of Arkansas. I am proud to be reckoned as one of her sons. I am proud of the future that spreads out before our Commonwealth. I am proud above all things of the distinguished men who adorn her history and whose names have become illustrious . . . There is no place on earth as dear to me as my home, and no plaudits so grateful as those which come from my home friends and my neighbors . . . For whatever of distinction I may win in life, I am indebted to you, Citizens of Washington and

Hempstead County. Often have I wished in the past, as I know I shall wish in the future, to get away from the pomp and splendor of the Nation's Capital, to enjoy the grateful shade of the magnolia tree and the genial companionship of the faithful friends who surround me."

Of his oldest daughters, Sue never married. Nora, the second daughter, became the wife of Steve Carrigan, of Washington.

Of his children by his second wife, his son, James K. Jones, Jr., married first his schoolday's sweetheart, Cora Benson; after her death, he was married to Annie Taylor, also a Washington girl, a niece of Judge Joel D. Conway.

Another son, Nat, died in young manhood, and daughter Mary married after they moved to Washington, D. C.

Colonel Jones' daughter, Mrs. Steve Carrigan, Sr., is living in Hope, Arkansas, at the advanced age of 85 years. His grandchildren are: Steve Carrigan, deceased; Lillian (Carrigan) Routen and Mary Kim (Carrigan) McDavitt of Hope, Arkansas. His great-grandchildren, Lillian C. Routen Cross, whose husband is an officer in the United States Army, and William Ralph Routen; a great-great-grandson is James C. Cross, Jr., and a great-great-granddaughter is Mary Delia Prather, daughter of Mrs. Roy Prather of Little Rock. Another granddaughter of Colonel Jones is Mrs. Mary B. Slocum, wife of an officer in the United States Navy, whose father was James K. Jones, Jr. The latter lives in California.

CAPT. DAVE BALDWIN

An esteemed citizen of Washington was Capt. Dave Baldwin, who was born in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1833. He came to Arkansas in 1858 and located first at Camden, Arkansas, where he worked at his trade—that of a painter. But only for a short time. In 1859, he moved to Washington, Arkansas, where he continued to reside until about the year 1878, or '79, when he moved to Hope, being one of the earliest settlers of that town and a resident until his death on February 24, 1895.

Although born and reared in the North, Captain Baldwin was true to his adopted State; he loved his Southland and made her a gallant soldier. Early in the War of the sixties, he donned the Confederate Gray and joined Capt. Chame Etter's Artillery Company, which he served as a bugler. No braver, truer, nobler soldier ever followed in the wake of Dixie's starry banner. Captain Baldwin was a member of Camp Gratiot, United Confederate Veterans, of Hempstead County, and was also a Mason.

He owned a fine violin, was a member of the Washington String Band, and frequently played for social gatherings and dances. He also taught a dancing school.

He was buried beside his wife, who preceded him in death several years ago, in the Presbyterian Ceme-

tery in Washington. He was buried with Masonic honors, and many Masons of other towns attended his funeral.

JUDGE JOHN R. EAKIN

John Rogers Eakin, whose lineage is traced back over two centuries to the highlands of Scotland, was born in Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tennessee, February 14, 1822. He was graduated from the University of Tennessee in 1840. He studied law at Shelbyville under a private tutor one year, after which he entered Yale as a law student in 1842, completing his course under Andrew Ewing of Nashville, from 1844 to 1853.

Thereafter, he became an agriculturist for several years. His father, as a merchant in Shelbyville, amassed a colossal fortune for that day and time and, after his death, his son inherited it.

Judge Eakin was married in Huntsville, Alabama, July 31, 1848, to Miss Elizabeth Erwin, who was born in Bedford County, Tennessee, in 1825.

To this union were born the following children: Andrew Erwin, Lucretia Pearson, Walker Percy, William Spenser, Elvira Searcy, Julian Marmaduke, Anabel and Elizabeth, all of whom, with the exception of Lucretia, who died in infancy, lived to maturity and became highly educated and occupied prominent places in the business and social world.

The three sons were lawyers; the daughters, writers and musicians. Judge Eakin moved from Tennessee to Washington, Arkansas, in 1857, where he lived until his death.

He became a member of the Arkansas Legislature in 1866, and was appointed chairman of the Judiciary Committee. After the War ended, he resumed his law practice, and put forth all his talents and energy in bringing order out of chaos during the Reconstruction Period.

In 1874, the people sent him as a member of the Constitutional Convention. In further recognition of his talents and ability, they elected him to the office of state chancellor; and in 1876, re-elected him to the same office. His last and highest office was that of associate justice of the Supreme Court. His home life was marked with devotion to his family, love for his fellow men and charity to the lowly.

Many are the instances in which he gave his fine talents and services at the Bar in the cause of justice to the down-trodden and the poor, without remuneration. Judge Eakin was a kind master to his slaves, and after they were freed he gave to two of his favorite Negroes, Alf and Tom, a home and forty acres of land each.

Just after the War, a number of black mammies were sent by the Yankees, who were for a time in control of affairs, to the poorhouse about seven miles from town. Judge Eakin, at the solicitation of the good women of the town, including his noble wife, provided comfortable quarters and had them brought back to town, where they were taken in to the homes as cooks, and were paid for their services.

Uncle Bob Samuels related to me some years ago that he met Judge Eakin on the street in Little Rock, while he (the judge) was serving on the Supreme Bench, and the two of them boarded the train about midnight for Washington, arriving at Hope, Arkansas, about three o'clock in the morning. Uncle Bob pro-

posed that they go to the livery stable and hire a buggy for the remainder of the journey.

Judge Eakin said: "Bob, don't you know how to count ties?"

Bob said, "Yes sir, but how about you?"

Replying that he, too, knew how to count ties, he added: "I want to teach you a lesson in economy."

So, starting out in the cool crisp hours before the dawn, Judge Eakin and Uncle Bob Samuels counted the ties from Hope to Washington, a distance of ten miles, arriving about daybreak.

Judge Eakin died September 3, 1885, at Marshall, Missouri, where he had gone to spend the summer. His remains were brought back to Washington, his home, and interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery beside his wife who preceded him in May of the same year.

His descendants are prominent men and women in their respective walks of life, among whom are a grandson, Roger Wheelis, of Haughton, Louisiana, a dealer in lumber; the Wheelis brothers of Shreveport, Louisiana, business men; Mrs. Stuart Wilson, whose husband is a prominent banker of Texarkana, Arkansas; Mrs. W. B. Oglesby, also of Texarkana, whose son, W. B. Oglesby, Jr., is an outstanding minister of the Presbyterian church in Little Rock. As a member of the Bar of Hempstead County, Judge Eakin had few equals as a scholar and jurist.

THE EAKIN BROTHERS

SONS OF JUSTICE JOHN R. EAKIN

Walter Percy Eakin came to Arkansas from Tennessee with his parents when a small boy, and spent the greater part of his life in Washington. Here he married and reared a family. Mr. Eakin was a lawyer, having studied under his distinguished father, but he practiced law for a short time only, and then went into commercial enterprises and bookkeeping.

He was a fine office man, an excellent accountant, and a great student in literature. While he did not practice, he kept well posted and was regarded as an authority on legal matters. He had many friends, all of whom remained his friends, and had great confidence in him in every way. Percy Eakin was an elegant gentleman and one of nature's noblemen. Some members of his family are today living in Shreveport, Louisiana.

WILLIAM S. EAKIN

William Spenser Eakin, son of John R. Eakin, was born in Washington, February 14, 1855. The greater part of his life was spent in Washington. Early in life, he also studied law under his father, and was admitted to the Bar in his native town and practiced in the local courts and, in June, 1870, he was licensed to practice in the Supreme Court of Arkansas. He continued his law practice until his death, the twelfth day of August, 1911.

Wink Eakin, as he was called by his intimate friends, was a highly educated gentleman, a scholar and thinker, and a man with broad and liberal views. He, at one time, edited the *Washington Telegraph* and was an accomplished journalist, an eloquent speaker and writer, as well as a deep student of law. He was a long-time member of the Hempstead County Bar. There were four Eakin brothers, all members of the Bar of Hempstead County, than which there were none better in the State. The Eakin brothers, like many other native-born sons, scattered and left the old home, to forage in new fields of business—some to Little Rock, some to Texarkana, but William S. finally settled in Hope, and died there.

Andrew and Julian Eakin went out from Washington, when quite young, and little is known of them at this time, except that they, too, were educated and had brilliant minds. It is known that Julian,

the youngest, married a young lady in the Eastern part of the State, and became a traveling salesman. It is related of him, on the occasion of his marriage, that when the minister came to that part of the double ring ceremony, where the groom repeats after the minister the words, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," his best man whispered in his ear, "There goes your old sample case."

THE MIRICKS OF WASHINGTON

This family was of Eastern origin, coming into Arkansas Territory soon after its formation. This was a fine family of the old school. Mr. Mirick, whose first name was Ephraim, and Mrs. Mirick reared two daughters in Washington—Mary and Elizabeth. Elizabeth married William Moss (Uncle Billy).

The Mirick home was situated about a mile and a half from town. Mr. Mirick, like many others who settled in or near Washington, owned considerable land around his home, which he farmed, aside from maintaining his business as a merchant. He became a partner in business with his son-in-law, William Moss, the firm name being Mirick & Moss.

By this time, the pioneer type of log house was giving way to the more spacious home of heart-pine timber. The county was fast becoming populated; mills were being erected, run by water power, and sawed lumber was taking the place of hand-hewn logs. However, planing was still done by hand, and not until the introduction of the steam sawmill did the builders cease to cut and hew, by hand, all building material—a slow but lasting process.

The Mirick home was of the more modern type, a well-built structure of several rooms, furnished throughout with the finest mahogany. Some of the Mirick furniture, I am told, is still in existence in Little

Rock, now prized antiques. The old home remained standing for nearly a century, but eventually fell into ruins and burned.

JUDGE JOHN DYER TRIMBLE

Judge Trimble was born in Georgetown, Tennessee, September 16, 1816. He received his education at the University of Tennessee, and at the age of 24 was married to Miss Adelia Neal, a Tennessee girl, at Franklin, Tennessee, June 7, 1840. The year after their marriage, they came to Arkansas and established a home in Washington, where they lived the remaining years of their lives.

Six children were born to them, namely: Elizabeth Adelia, Charles Edward, Anna Neal, John Dyer, Waitsell Williams and Henry Johnson. As a public and private citizen, Judge Trimble figured prominently in making Hempstead County history, serving in all walks of life with ability, intelligence, integrity, honor, and promptness. The record he left is replete with services well rendered to his family and to his state.

He joined the Presbyterian church early in life, and was a thorough Christian gentleman. He became a member of old Mount Horeb Lodge of Freemasons of Washington when quite a young man and filled various offices from the lowest to the highest. He held many important offices in Hempstead County during the early part of the history. Among the treasured papers in the possession of his descendants are commissions issued by Gov. Archibald Yell in 1842, Gov.

Samuel Adams in 1844, and by Gov. Thomas S. Drew.

He was elected county and probate judge in 1847, commissioned by Thomas S. Drew, and again in 1849, held a commission under Gov. Richard C. Byrd; a third time he was commissioned county and probate judge by John Sheldon Roane, in 1851. These documents, yellow with age, are today in the possession of his great-grandchildren who prize them very highly, both as testimonials of their grandsire's public rating as an able and efficient public servant, and of the confidence and esteem in which he was held by his fellow men and chief heads of the State.

A clear-headed business man, a model of excellence and clean morals, filling the many important trusts as he so many times did, Judge Trimble's name is indelibly written in the courthouse records of Hempstead County and in the hearts of the generation that followed him.

At the outbreak of the War Between the States, he was too old to bear arms, but, like many others of his type, he did all he could to further the cause of the South by giving his talent and his money, with both of which he was abundantly supplied.

Age, and the misfortunes of war, bowed him down, and he died in 1863, being spared the humiliation of defeat of the Southern cause. His sons were mere lads when the War closed, none of them being old enough to fight. His daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of James W. Williams in 1864; her death occurred in 1900. Another daughter, Anna, never married, and died in 1907. John Dyer, who married Miss Lilly Nelson in Washington, in 1889, died in Washington several years ago. A son, Henry Johnson,

who married Miss Nanka Faucette of Little Rock in 1898, died in 1919. Parents and children are buried in Washington Presbyterian Cemetery.

JOHN D. TRIMBLE

John Dyer Trimble, prominent attorney and business man of Eldorado, Arkansas, is the grandson of the pioneer, Judge John Dyer Trimble. Son of the second John D. Trimble and Lillie (Nelson) Trimble, he was born in the plantation home of his parents near Washington and grew to young manhood in the old Trimble home in Washington. He received his primary education in the public schools of Washington, afterwards entering Arkansas College at Batesville, and was graduated (L.L.B.) from Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia.

Mr. Trimble was admitted to the practice of law in 1915 and moved from Washington to El Dorado the same year, but in the interval between 1917 and the armistice in November of 1918, he joined the army and served his country in the first World War. He then entered the practice of law in the city of El Dorado, but withdrew from practice and early became identified with investments related to oil and finance in El Dorado. He has served that city in a public capacity in the schools, in municipal affairs, and long has been a director in the First National Bank of El Dorado. He also has interests in the East Texas oil fields and extensive farming interests in Tensas Parish, Louisiana.

Mr. Trimble was married in 1921 to Miss Lena Goodwin of an old El Dorado family. They are the

parents of three married daughters and one son, the youngest, unmarried, who perpetuates the name of John Dyer Trimble, the original founder of this family in Arkansas.

COL. JAMES W. WILLIAMS

The son-in-law of Judge Trimble, a native of Hempstead County, born in 1843, was one of a family of six children. He was the son of Daniel E. Williams, a fine gentleman of polished and winning manners, and sterling business qualifications. His mother was the daughter of Mr. James Johnson, related to the large connection of Johnsons, Cheathams and Walkers of Columbus, Arkansas. In 1864, Jim Williams married Miss Elizabeth Trimble of Washington. There were no children.

Previous to the War Between the States, Colonel Williams was engaged in business in Washington as a dry goods clerk. He responded to the first call to arms, and went out as a volunteer in the company of Capt. Henry P. Johnson, his uncle. Henry Johnson later became colonel of his company. Through the long bloody struggle, William bore himself gallantly as a brave and devoted soldier, declining promotion and remaining, to the end of the War, a private in the ranks.

In the terrible charge made by General Price on the fortifications at Corinth, in which the gallant Colonel Johnson fell at the head of his regiment, Williams was severely wounded. After the surrender of Vicksburg, he returned east of the Mississippi, but was in continuous service until the final surrender in 1865.

After the end of the War, he engaged in farming on Red River—near Dooley's Ferry; and some time in 1873 he was appointed deputy sheriff under Maj. John Bull. In May, 1874, when the contest between Brooks and Baxter over the office of governor of Arkansas was creating such a political stir, and seemed likely to throw the State into a revolution, Jim Williams received a telegram from those who knew their man, stating that the life of the State demanded his immediate services. In a day, he raised a company of brave boys and hurried with all speed to Little Rock. Governor Baxter immediately thereafter commissioned him as colonel. In the exciting contest his activity, vigilance and gallantry won for him the highest encomiums from all quarters and made his reputation co-extensive with the State.

In 1875, at the first election after the adoption of the new Constitution of Arkansas, Col. Jim Williams was elected sheriff of Hempstead County, and at the time of his death was serving his fourth term. It is not necessary to speak of his official career, for his reputation was not confined to Hempstead County, nor to the limits of Arkansas. Few were his equal and none his superior. He was honest and kind, firm, vigilant and brave, but prudent.

Before his election, red-handed murder, robbery, lawlessness and crime went unnoticed in some parts of the country, but after Jim Williams became an officer of the law, peace and order were restored. His very name became a terror to the lawless, and his rule to let no guilty man escape he rigidly enforced. Criminals never got beyond his reach, nor hid themselves so securely he could not find them. And yet, while he arrested and brought to justice more desperate criminals (this was during the Reconstruction Period) than any

other officer within the knowledge of the public, and let none escape him, he never killed, wounded, struck nor inflicted even the slightest injury upon a single one of them; nor did he ever receive the slightest harm himself.

If he had an enemy in the world, that enemy was ashamed to avow it. His frankness and candor, under all circumstances, put enmity to the blush. He was, by far, the most popular man in the county and his name was a household word. His warm temperament, generous disposition and liberality of sentiment and of purse were proverbial, and knit to him with sinews of steel every one with whom he came in contact. He made friends rapidly, and by a sort of intuition weighed every man he met and was seldom wrong in his estimate of character. A pleasant word and a smile for every one he met, and as often as he met them, made people wonder if he never lost his temper, or gave way to anger. His continued flow of good humor and his ever-ready repartee diffused life and zest all around him. He was the children's special friend, for he was perfectly devoted to them. They all knew him and never passed him unnoticed. There is not a more beautiful trait in all human nature. That heart is not desperately wicked nor callous grown, that can find in the innocent prattle of a little child the pleasure that he did.

THE WALLACES

Among the elite of Washington was the Wallace family, originally from Kentucky. The family consisted of Mr. J. Spenser Wallace, his wife, whose name was Laura, and four daughters—Fanny, Rosa, Annie and Lulie.

The Wallaces were a musical family. Mr. Wallace was an accomplished flutist and cornetist, while two of his daughters became piano teachers. Fanny was one of Washington's very efficient and loved piano teachers for years.

In her youth, she married Walter Old, and from this union were born two daughters: Bertha and Louise. Bertha became Mrs. Ray Moore, and Louise married Boykin Byrd.

At this writing, there are four generations of the family living in Shreveport, Louisiana—Mrs. Old, her daughter, Mrs. Bertha (Old) Moore, her granddaughter, Elizabeth (Moore) Mathis and great-grand-daughter, little Miss Ray Mathis.

Mrs. Moore is now, and has been for years, organist and choir director in St. Marks Episcopal Church in Shreveport. Lulie, the youngest daughter, taught music in the Indian schools in Oklahoma. Miss Lulie and her sister, Annie, died in young womanhood and are buried in the family plot in the Washington cemetery.

After retiring from her profession as music teacher, Mrs. Fanny (Wallace) Old has diverted her musical talent to poetry, mostly to reminiscing in verse anent her beloved old town of Washington, and the gala days of her youth.

MISS ROSA WALLACE
SERVED AS POSTMASTER AT
WASHINGTON FOR FIFTY YEARS

On April 17, 1878, during the administration of President Garfield, Miss Rosa Wallace was appointed assistant postmaster under Capt. Simon T. Sanders. She served three years as deputy. In 1881, she was commissioned postmaster of Washington, Arkansas, by President Arthur. She continuously served as such until April 17, 1928, when she resigned—concluding a tenure of half a century.

This record is unique, and probably is not exceeded in length by any other postmaster in the State or Nation, she having served through thirteen administrations, and under ten presidents.

This long tenure of office was possible only by having staunch and influential friends in each of the administrations under which she served. Notable among these were Augustus H. Garland, who was instrumental in securing her first appointment, and United States Senator James K. Jones, and Thomas H. Simms, who looked after her interests during their long public careers.

Miss Rosa, as she was affectionately called by her friends, was born in Monticello, Arkansas, and came as a young girl with her family to Washington in 1868. She joined the Episcopal church in Washington

the same year, and has been a faithful communicant since that time.

Miss Rosa has always been of a studious nature, taking great interest in historical and political affairs. Linking her recollections with those of a generation now gone, she has a rich store of information such as few other people possess. She enjoys a very wide acquaintance over the state of Arkansas, and her friends are legion.

Miss Rosa left Washington, after a residence of sixty years, to establish a home in Shreveport. She still enjoys strength and vigor of mind and body; and being of a long-lived family, her many friends confidently and hopefully wish for her many happy years in her new home.

A. T. DELONY

Among the highly educated and cultured families of Washington in the history-making days of Arkansas were Mr. and Mrs. Alcheny T. Delony who, as a young married couple, came from Meridianville, Alabama, to Washington before the War Between the States.

A law suit over two slaves brought them here. Some years later, although they won the case, but the slaves were freed, the Delonys built a home a mile from town and settled there.

Of their children, William L. and Jennie were living in Little Rock until about a year ago, **but have** since died—both over eighty years of age. For **many** years, William L. Delony was at the head of the American Building and Loan Association. He was always active in the Church of St. John the Divine, Episcopal Cathedral, a man of high character, ability and sterling qualities. His son, Lawson, is a leading architect of Little Rock.

The oldest daughter, Jenny, made a name for herself as an artist. Annie, their second daughter, is a graduate of the Emerson School of Oratory at Boston; she was selected there as one of the ten best lecturers in the United States. She gave lectures throughout the colleges in New England on the Star Lyceum Course, and lived in New York.

Daisy, the youngest girl, was well known for her philanthropic work through the Arkansas Legislature,

State and Club groups. She, too, was an artist and at one time was appointed art director at St. Agatha's School in Springfield, Illinois, where her paintings were exhibited at the State fair and won a prize.

Mr. Delony's youngest son, Archie, was a merchant in Washington until about two years ago when he moved to Hope, Arkansas. He was, before moving to Hope, mayor of Washington.

The record of A. T. Delony was an honorable one. After the War was over, he returned to his home in Washington and opened a private school. He was a graduate of LaGrange College, at LaGrange, Alabama, holding a diploma as Bachelor of Liberal Arts, and was considered one of the finest Latin, Greek and Mathematics scholars in the South. His wife aided him in his school in Washington, teaching children of the best families there.

Later, he became a law partner with Judge John R. Eakin, which continued until Judge Eakin was appointed to the Supreme Court. After this Mr. Delony moved his family to Little Rock, about the year 1880, in order that his children might have better advantages, while he and his youngest son remained on the farm in Hempstead County. Mr. Deloney lived to an advanced age, and died in Washington, where his remains were interred in the family plot about 1900.

JUDGE JOEL D. CONWAY

J. D. Conway, son of Joel D. and Charlotte (Gray) Conway, pioneers of Hempstead County, was born in Washington on April 26, 1846. He lived in Washington and practiced in the courts practically all his life, serving his country in various other capacities, and more than once served on the bench as circuit judge.

He went out as a boy soldier to fight the battles of his country in the Confederate Armies and served to the end of the struggle. When the Stars and Bars were furled forever, he returned to the town of his birth, and in the office of Dan W. Jones commenced the study of law. He early entered into public life and during the days of reconstruction was foremost in the fight for a better government.

After being admitted to the Bar, he entered the legal profession with all his heart and was considered the finest criminal lawyer in the State. He was admitted to the Bar in 1872, and was soon widely known. His native ability and strong personality drew to him not only a large clientele from his own county, but from the counties of Sevier, Howard, Little Rock, Nevada, Clark, Miller and LaFayette, and he always took a leading part in all matters pertaining to Arkansas.

Judge Conway was a man of sound judgment, liberal mind, and had a profound knowledge of human nature; was charitable to all men's faults and in full sympathy with all classes and conditions. Possessing a wondrous memory, and full of original wit,

his numerous anecdotes and jokes and ready repartee made for him friends wherever he went.

Judge Conway was closely associated with, and had as his personal friends, such men as James K. Jones, Burrell B. Battle, Paul Jones, Antonio B. Grady, Oscar D. Scott, A. B. Williams, John R. Eakin, Daniel W. Jones, U. M. Rose, A. H. Garland, and numerous other men of like public standing. He loved the people with whom he associated, both in public and private life, and possessed that rare and genial gift, a sunny nature.

He was married in his youth to Miss Rose Block, a daughter of David Block of Washington, and was the father of ten children. Any one living today will appreciate the joke Judge Will Steel of Texarkana tells. Judge Steel says:

Judge J. D. Conway of Washington, an able attorney, a unique character, shortly after the War instituted suit against the railroad, whose line ran through Washington, for the killing of a cow belonging to a widow. He asked for \$10 damages. The cause proceeded to trial. The engineer and fireman testified the killing of the cow accidental and unavoidable. His case looked desperate. In looking about over the jury, he observed that there were eight Confederate veterans on the jury. When he arose to conclude his argument he said: "Gentlemen of the Jury, I realize the fact that I am trying this case under a serious handicap—that I represent a poor widow woman; that she is helpless; that the defendant I am suing is a rich, opulent, ruthless railroad corporation; that it is represented by one of the ablest attorneys in the state. But Gentlemen of the jury, it wasn't always this way.

"Only a few years ago, this poor widow woman had a husband and three stalwart sons. When the tocsin of war was sounded in the struggle between the North and South, they enlisted in the Southern army and fought under the banner of the Stars and Bars. I can see them now as they

marched away to enter the bloody conflict, as she stood on the steps of that humble cabin in the gathering twilight and waved them goodbye.

"The father was killed in the Battle of Bull Run; the oldest son fell amid the earthquake of Shiloh, where Albert Sydney Johnson died. The second son died amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell. The last, the baby boy, died yonder in the gloom of the Wilderness, where angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other, mixed and mingled and rolled together in the bloody mire."

An old Confederate veteran, member of the jury, leaped to his feet and shouted: "God Almighty, Joe, why didn't you sue for a thousand dollars?"

GEN. GRANDISON D. ROYSTON

General Royston was born in Carter County, Tennessee, December 14, 1809, and came to Arkansas in his youth, settling in Washington in 1830. He was ever after closely identified with Arkansas history.

He married Miss Clarissa Bates of Little Rock in 1835. He was the father of the following children: Charles E. Royston, who married Miss Mary Andrews, daughter of Capt. W. W. Andrews of Washington's early business men; William A. Royston, a familiar figure in Little Rock who, for many years, was proprietor and manager of the Royston Clothing Store of that city, and Miss Irene Royston, who became the wife of Capt. Ed Jett of Washington.

General Royston was one of Arkansas' intellectual jurists who, at the zenith of his profession, was called to help guide the State through the bitter days of that struggle just preceding secession, and on through the days of conflict to the end of the Lost Cause.

His first recognition as a man of genius was when in 1836 he was made a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was a member of the Arkansas Legislature in 1837, in which session Wilson stabbed and killed Speaker Anthony. General Royston was then elected to succeed Mr. Anthony as speaker of the House. He held other high offices of trust, in which he acquitted himself with distinction and honor.

In 1874, he was sent as a member from his district to the Confederate Congress. He was also a member of the Convention just after the War, and president of that body which re-framed or re-wrote the State Constitution.

General Royston was an extensive and wealthy planter and owned numerous slaves. He was kind and considerate of those dependent on him, and is known to have gotten up at three or four o'clock of a cold morning to go to the store and purchase blankets, hitch up his carriage, and carry them to the Negro quarters on his country estate—a distance of six or seven miles—to see that his slaves were comfortable.

The General was always in a good humor and enjoyed a hearty laugh, as well as anybody, and 'twas said his laugh could be heard two or three blocks away. His law practice was extensive, his clients were of all classes, and his experience varied.

His friends were fond of telling jokes on him, and it is related that one of his first cases was that of a man by the name of Moudy who came to him for advice and counsel in a matter that involved the man's arrest.

Mr. Royston looked him over, and after questioning him said: "Now, Mr. Moudy, if you are innocent, stand your ground; but if you are guilty, you run!"

Just at this point, he looked out, and seeing the officers approaching, Mr. Moudy didn't wait for further counsel but sprang through the back door and, with a bound, jumped over the fence and was gone like a greyhound. It is evident that Mr. Royston didn't collect any fees from his client.

General Royston's mother was Elizabeth Strather Watson, a daughter of Catherine Strather of Virginia,

whose sister was the mother of President Zachary Taylor.

Six of General Royston's grandchildren were also born in Washington, including Dr. Grandison D. Royston, a prominent physician of St. Louis. His descendants enjoy membership in The Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Daughters of the Confederacy. The old home of General Royston is today occupied by a Mr. Levins and the old magnolia trees are still there in the front yard.

In pioneer days, houses were built much more substantially than today; an outstanding example of such permanent construction is the old Royston home. The house contains nine rooms and was built by John Brooks, a Washington contractor, out of heart-pine timbers. During the War Between the States, William Ashley's family fled there from Little Rock in advance of the Federal occupation of that city and lived in the Royston home with the Roystons to whom they were related. All of the Royston children were born in this home.

After his marriage to Mary Bates, in Little Rock, the young couple rode horseback to Washington, where they lived and died. Recently, the Royston ancestral home was reported to have burned, but this was an error. The house that burned was the residence of W. W. Andrews, General Royston's son-in-law.

His eldest son, Eller, died on reaching early manhood, but two other sons, Charles Edward, and William Ashley Royston, and one daughter, Irene (Mrs. E. D. Jett) survived at the time of his death, in Washington, at the age of 80.

CHARLES EDWARD ROYSTON

Charles Edward Royston, son of Grandison D. Royston and Mary Clarissa Bates, was born March 8, 1843, in Washington, Arkansas. He served as a staff officer on Churchill's Division of Arkansas troops during the War Between the States, being discharged with the rank of captain. In 1868, he married Mary Melissa Andrews in Washington, Arkansas. To them were born five daughters, Stella, who married Robert L. Lawrence, now Mrs. W. T. Woolridge, Mattie Royston, Lena (Mrs. McClung), Elizabeth (Royston) Battle and Irene (Mrs. R. P. Hamby; and one son, Grandison Delaney Royston II. All of them are still living in Arkansas. Charles Edward Royston managed his farm northeast of Washington, serving Hempstead County as sheriff and also three terms as circuit clerk. He died July 10, 1910, in Little Rock, and was buried in Washington, Arkansas.

GRANDISON DELANEY ROYSTON II

Dr. Grandison Delaney Royston, son of Charles Edward Royston and Mary Melissa (Andrews) Royston was born March 10, 1885, in Washington, Arkansas. He was educated in the public school there and in Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, Missouri, where he became the assistant to Dr. Henry Schwarz, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He served his Alma Mater as Junior and Assistant Resident Obstetrician and, except for one year as Senior Assistant and Assistant Superintendent of the St. Louis City Female Hospital, two years on night duty as Assistant Surgeon in the St. Louis City Dispensary while working by day in Washington University Clinics, and one year post graduate work in the Universities of Berlin and Vienna, he was continuously connected with the Washington University School of Medicine and Teaching Hospitals (Washington University Lying-In, Barnes St. Louis Childrens' Hospital) Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, as Assistant Instructor, Assistant Professor, Associate Professor, and from 1934 until his retirement in 1950, as Professor of Clinical Obstetrics and Gynecology.

He was Chief of Clinic in Obstetrics and Gynecology from 1914 to 1925.

He was retired with the rank of Emeritus Professor in 1950. In 1912, he married Marjorie Cole in St. Louis, and to them were born one daughter, Anna

Mary of New York City, and two sons, Grandison D. Royston III, and Charles Edward II. Following the death of his wife, he was married the second time to Eunice Hathaway Whitney, of Alton, Illinois, who resides with him on the Royston farm, Route 3, Hope, Arkansas.

In 1920, he became a member of the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists and Abdominal Surgeons, an organization limited to 150 specialists in America; and served as vice-president in 1928 and as president in 1942. At present, he is an honorary member of this organization.

Since 1935 he has been a member of the American Gynecological Society, whose membership is limited to one hundred specialists.

He was one of the first examiners and directors of the American Board of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. This Board examined and certified as specialists those whose training and requirements passed this nine member Board. He practiced his specialties in St. Louis for 43 years and then, at the peak of his activity, voluntarily retired from practice for reasons of health, and moved to the old family farm near Washington, in Hempstead County, where he devotes his time to raising beef cattle.

MRS. AMELIA BLOCK

A native of Virginia, Mrs. Block was born in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1832, and came to Washington with other sisters about the year 1840, to live with their uncle, Dr. Charles B. Mitchel. Their name was Trimble. Dr. Mitchel was later to become United States senator. The Mitchels were residents of Washington for many years.

Amelia Trimble was married to David Block in 1848. David Block was the son of Abraham Block, a pioneer of this section. He was a wealthy merchant of great popularity and high social standing. He died in 1865, crushed by the effects of the War Between the States, and is buried in Washington's old Pioneer Cemetery.

David Block and his wife were the parents of six children, namely: Estelle (Block) Baird, Rosa, who became the wife of Judge Joel D. Conway; Julia, married Paul Booker, Fanny married a Mr. Johnson, and Nellie, who married a Mr. Austin. They (Mr. and Mrs. Block) had one son, Abraham, who never married. Some of their descendants are living in Texarkana today.

Mrs. Amelia Block never married again, and at the age of seventy, she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Booker, in Garland City, Arkansas; and there she organized a Presbyterian church and Sunday School. and had among her scholars grown, brawny

men—workers in the lumber mills. Thereafter, she followed this beginning with the capstone of her life's work—the organization of a Presbyterian church, and erection of a neat building which is known to have been the first church of this faith in Miller County.

Her work well done, a life well spent, her body was brought back to Washington and laid beside that of her husband in the Presbyterian Cemetery.

MRS. S. P. HEMPSTEAD

Mrs. Hempstead was another one of the oldest citizens of Washington. She was the wife of Col. S. H. Hempstead, a prominent man here, and a sister of Colonel Gratiot, commander of the Hempstead Rifles during the War Between the States.

Her family came to Washington from St. Louis, Missouri, being among the first settlers of that city. She was an aunt of Fay Hempstead, who was secretary of the Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons of Arkansas for fifty years, and Poet Laureate of that brotherhood. Mrs. Hempstead died in DeSoto, Missouri, in 1900, and her remains were brought back for burial in the Washington cemetery.

MRS. C. Z. STUART

Mrs. Stuart, whose maiden name was Caroline Zenobia Simms, was a native of Virginia. She came to Arkansas with her parents from Culpeper County, Virginia, at the age of sixteen. She was twice married, her first marriage being to Robert D. Walker, Feb. 22, 1853, at Washington, in the Methodist church.

To this union two sons were born, Harry and David Walker. After her first husband's death, Mrs. Stuart married Robert Crittenden Stuart at the Montcalm Simms' home, of late years known as the A. D. Monroe home in Washington, on July 28, 1870, Dr. Williamson officiating.

To this union were born two sons, R. C. and Thomas H. Stuart, both long-time merchants of Columbus.

Mrs. Stuart was a sister of Capt. Thomas H. Simms, early citizen of Washington, John B. Simms, who went from here to Lake Village, and Rev. B.W.N. Simms, a Baptist minister, who later went to Wichita Falls, Texas, to live.

Aunt Nobie, as everyone lovingly called her, was the oldest resident of Columbus, Arkansas, at the time of her death in 1923 at the age of eighty-seven years; and was one of eight charter members of the Baptist church of that fine old sister town.

Combining Virginia's aristocracy with a sweet, lovable and charitable disposition, Mrs. Stuart endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact during her long and useful life.

JAMES W. ELLIS

Among the soldiers of the South who gave the best years of their young manhood to the cause that was dearer to them than life, we mention Hon. James W. Ellis, soldier, statesman, journalist and poet. Like so many of the heroes of the South, our soldier friend who carried a shattered hand and other battle scars as an evidence that he stood where the bullets flew the thickest, was very modest, and loved to talk of what others did in the times that tried men's souls, but we have managed to get the following brief history of his life.

Mr. Ellis was born September 19, 1840, in Mine Creek Township, in Hempstead County, the son of Lawson M. and Caroline (Green) Ellis. He attended the old field-schools until his nineteenth year, entered the Washington academy and was prepared to enter college when the War Between the States began.

He then put away his books and enlisted in the Second Company E, 4th Arkansas Regiment, and served throughout the War, being promoted to the rank of captain of cavalry, and clerk of the military court of the corps of the Trans-Mississippi Department, which court held its sessions at Washington until the final surrender.

When the great conflict ended he, like many thousands of others, was penniless, but although crippled

by wounds received in battle, he went to work teaching school until 1866, then entering the store of Cheatham, Green & Co. of Washington, where he continued to work for some years as bookkeeper, salesman and outside man. In 1872, he bought and lived on a farm near Ozan, where he died at an advanced age. Mr. Ellis was a true and tried Democrat in politics and a member of the Methodist church. He entered politics in 1876 and received the nomination for representative, but was defeated at the general election.

He was then chosen magistrate of this county, serving for many years in that capacity, or until 1896, when he was nominated and elected to the office of representative in the State Legislature, serving four sessions. He was later chairman of the County Central Committee of his party.

His military record, like his political one, was honorable. He was in six battles and numerous skirmishes, and was wounded three times. When the War ended, he accepted clemency of the United States Government and was a loyal citizen throughout the years.

July 29, 1865, he was happily married to Miss Carrie May, the daughter of the pioneer, James May. They reared a family of seven sons and three daughters.

During the year of 1896, and through the noted campaign of Bryan and free silver, he was editor and manager of the *Washington Telegraph*, and championed the cause of primary elections of Democratic candidates from governor down to constable. He was successful in this, and since that time, the primary election seems to have come to stay.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY

By J. W. Ellis

On the Hempstead County side of the line, in the South part of Saratoga, stands the old home of the late Judge Daniel T. Witter, now occupied and owned by our worthy friend, Joe Bland. I do not know how long this old house has stood, but do recall that Judge Witter once told me he lived there when he was county and probate judge of Hempstead long before the Civil War. (Mr. Ellis, himself, has been dead some thirty or forty years.)

He said he (Judge Witter) would eat his breakfast at his home, mount his horse and ride to Washington, sixteen miles, transact the business of his court, and return home to supper. He lived here for many years, cultivating his fine black-land plantation with the labor of his slaves. He was the owner of many negroes, and a few of them still remain here.

More than fifty years ago, I visited Judge Witter in his fine old Southern home, and it goes without saying that I enjoyed the genial hospitality which that fine old gentleman so lavishly bestowed on all who came beneath his roof. On this occasion, he pointed out to me an old log cabin which he said had been the home of the very first settlers of this goodly land of ours. The cabin stood on the point of a ridge near the public road running from Wood's Ferry, on Little River, to Columbus.

A few days ago, I visited the spot again, and found the old well used by the pioneer. Judge Witter pointed out to me the graves of the old settler and his wife; and now there is no sign or indication of the resting place of the old hunter who lived and enjoyed life—perhaps more than a hundred years ago. I think Witter said he bore the name of Sanders but am not positive as to this, and that his children drifted westward with the Quapaw Indians, when they retired before the white emigration which poured into this section the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. However, I was able to locate the place where the pioneer's cabin stood, the well, and the point of land on

which he and his wife were buried more than a century ago.

Judge Witter was a remarkable man—was once President of the Arkansas Senate, and served as Sheriff and County Judge of this county in the Ante Bellum Days. His wife was a fine Southern woman and a member of that old historic family, the Johnsons of Columbus, Arkansas. The Judge and his wife were both my personal friends, and I hold their memory sacred as dear friends of my boyhood and young manhood days. Their only child, Miss Sallie, married the late Doctor W. P. Hart of Washington, Arkansas, and I think she died without issue, so that no descendant of my old friend is living. I revere the memory of my dear friends.

Judge Witter's home and office in Washington is still standing on Franklin Street and is, at present, occupied.

Other homes still standing are: The Trimble home; the Hempstead home; the Royston home; the Dan W. Jones home; the Block home; the Etter home; the Crouch home; the George Taylor home; the Cannon or Battle home, and the office of James K. Jones; the Stuart home and the Chame Etter home.

W. H. PRESCOTT

Captain Prescott was a Virginian by birth, but settled in Hempstead County before the War Between the States, making his home in Washington. He was a surveyor by trade and well-educated.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army at Washington in Col. E. W. Gantt's Brigade of Arkansas Infantry, in General McGowan's Division; serving one year on the east and the balance of the time on the west of the Mississippi River.

He was in the battles of New Madrid, Fort Thompson, Island No. 10, Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, Jenkins Ferry and Arkansas Post. He was wounded in the leg at New Madrid in April, 1862, and suffered from the wound during the balance of the War—the wound finally resulting in the loss of the leg after the War.

Captain Prescott was captured at Arkansas Post, but made his escape at Memphis. He was never in prison, but was hospitalized at Camden, Arkansas, and, as he could not get his discharge from the hospital, made his escape and joined the army again, serving during the entire War. He surrendered at Marshall, Texas, in 1865, being, at the time of the surrender, Captain of Company D, in the 18th and 24th Arkansas Infantry Consolidated.

After the War, he returned to Washington where he had first settled and remained here until 1872, re-

moving thence to Nevada County, where he resided seventeen years. He was married at Washington, January 18, 1862. Captain Prescott was county judge of Nevada County for six years, was county superintendent for three years, and justice of the peace for a few years. He held the office of county surveyor as long as he was able to do the work. He surveyed the ground for the town of Prescott, Arkansas, and the town was named after him.

ISAAC D. SHIELDS

Another pioneer of the old town was Isaac Shields, born in Cumberland County, Kentucky, in 1834, and brought to Arkansas by his parents who settled in Hempstead County in 1836. Mr. Shields was a brother of Mrs. James Lowery, wife of one of the oldest Methodist ministers in the Territory.

Mr. Shields joined the Confederate forces at Washington in 1861, taking his place in the Confederate Guards as it was being organized. The company was at one time commanded by Captain Rose, and was attached to Colonel McNair's Brigade of Arkansas Infantry. From Washington, the company marched to Southern Missouri, and was on its way to this point when the Battle of Oak Hills was fought.

After taking an active part in the Battle of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, in Benton County, Arkansas, which was fought on March 7, 1862, the company was attached to General Bragg's army and was engaged at the Battle of Corinth, Mississippi, on October 3 and 4, 1862. From Corinth, Mr. Shields marched with his command to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where they joined Gen. Kirby Smith, and were engaged in the fight at Richmond, Kentucky. From Kentucky back to Tennessee, and to the Battle of Murfreesboro; then on to Mississippi. Mr. Shields was outside, but in sight of Vicksburg, at the time of the surrender of that city. After the surrender of Vicks-

burg, he was marched back to Tennessee, joining Gen. Joseph E. Johnson's army. He was in the last raid to Tennessee and at the Battles of Franklin and Nashville.

He was with General Johnson's army in front of Sherman in the memorable March to the Sea, and saw almost continual fighting during that time, taking part in the Battles of Resacca, Atlanta and Jonesboro; he surrendered at Greensboro, North Carolina, April 18, 1865.

After the War, Mr. Shields returned to Hempstead County and remained a citizen of the county up to the time of his death which occurred at his home in Washington, December 22, 1911. Mr. Shields was married to Miss Emma Williamson and reared a large family. His first wife died many years ago, and for his second wife he married Miss Sally Johnson, also of Washington. He was a substantial citizen.

A. D. MONROE

A Hempstead County citizen, living in Washington for many years, Mr. A. D. Monroe was a member of Colonel Gratiot's Regiment of Cavalry, served throughout the bitter conflict and came back to Hempstead County, married and reared a large family. He served as deputy sheriff for Hempstead County for many years, and probably knew the county as well, or better, than any other man in it.

Mr. Monroe was a jolly good soul and had many friends over the county. He also served as justice of the peace here; was a staunch Southern Democrat and stood by his friends and party through thick and thin. He was true to what he thought was right, and was without fear in the discharge of his duties.

CAPT. WYLEY BLOUNT STUART

A brave soldier, a useful citizen and a noble Christian gentleman was Capt. Wyley Stuart. He was born in Hempstead County and spent the greater part of his years in Washington. He married Miss Valree Somrow, a beautiful and accomplished girl, some time before the War Between the States. Their children were two girls: the Misses Kate, who married Robert B. Williams, an attorney, of Washington; and Lelia, who married Mr. Ed Booker, son of a grand old family of Columbus, Arkansas, a Red River planter.

Capt. Wyley Stuart was a merchant in Washington, but when the tocsin of war spread through the land, he closed the doors of his mercantile business and joined the Confederate Army, becoming a member of Col. D. Monroe's Regiment, Arkansas Cavalry. He was made a lieutenant of his company, and later commanded that company until the surrender. He, like all true Southern soldiers, accepted the inevitable, returned to his home, and at once went to work to regain his lost fortune.

Captain Stuart was marshal of Washington for many years during the latter part of his life, and as an officer of the law was a clean man and a noble-hearted friend.

He moved to Texarkana late in life; and when he died he was brought back and buried in the family square in Washington.

WILSON P. WALLACE

Wilson Wallace, son of A. J. and Mary Jane Wallace, was born in Hempstead County, August 9, 1844. He enlisted in the Confederate Army at Nashville, Arkansas, in April, 1861, in the Davis Blues, a company then organizing, commanded by Capt. Joe Neal, 4th Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, commanded by T. P. Dockery. Mr. Wallace marched with his company to Little Rock; thence to Missouri and the Battle of Oak Hills. After that battle, the company disbanded at Walnut Springs and Mr. Wallace joined the Hempstead Rifles No. 2 on the retreat from the Battle of Elk Horn. This company was then commanded by Capt. Pen Jett of Washington, who afterwards became Major. After the Battle of Elkhorn, Mr. Wallace's company went to Corinth, Mississippi; thence to the Battle of Farmersville, or Farmington, Tennessee.

At the battle of Farmington, Mr. Wallace's company captured a battery on nine pieces of artillery that had successfully resisted fifteen charges, but the sixteenth charge made by this company won the day and captured the battery.

After the Battle of Farmington, the company was sent back with the army to Corinth, Mississippi, then in the hands of the Union Army, and at this battle Mr. Wallace was shot through the thigh, the bullet first passing through the stock of his musket. In passing through the stock of his musket the bullet became

flattened and tore a fearful hole through the flesh and muscles, which placed Mr. Wallace on crutches for about ten months. He again joined his command before his wound healed.

He was captured at Fort Hudson, Louisiana, after a forty-four day siege. After the fall of Fort Hudson, he was exchanged and joined Capt. Wyley Stuart's company from Washington which was a part of Colonel Monroe's Regiment of Cavalry operating west of the Mississippi River, and was present at the fights on Wolf Creek, Elkins Ferry, Prairie de Ann, Poison Spring and Mark's Mill. The next fight in which Mr. Wallace took part was at Hopewell Church, Mississippi; then at Fayette, Mississippi, where 600 Confederates fought and put to flight 5,000 Federals. This battle was fought to get possession of a drove of hogs. The Johnny Rebs wanted fresh pork, and nothing could stand before them. Mr. Wallace belonged to the division commanded by Gen. Dick Taylor, who surrendered at Jackson, Mississippi.

After the War, Mr. Wallace settled down on his farm in Hempstead County, married and reared a large family. He was twice married, and three or four of his sons became Presbyterian ministers. His second wife was the daughter of a Mr. Goldberg, a Presbyterian minister of Washington some years before the War, who, while serving the church in Washington, organized the First Presbyterian Church in Texarkana, Arkansas. His youngest son served through the Second World War, and is today an educator somewhere in the State.

Mr. Wallace never missed a Confederate Reunion. The last one he attended was in the summer of 1938, or 1939, in the East. On his return home, he was

stricken with pneumonia and died in a St. Louis hospital a day before he was to have arrived back home. He had reached the age of 94.

A TRIBUTE TO R. H. PRINCE

By James W. Ellis, a Comrade

For more than fifty years, I have known and enjoyed the friendship of this good man, who died in his home in Washington, Arkansas, where he resided for over fifty years. Born in the far East, in the state of Maine, he came to Arkansas in his young manhood and made old Washington his home for the balance of his long and useful life.

Here he married and raised his son, Rufus J., and daughter, Miss Jenny. When the great War Between The States came, our old friend volunteered as a soldier in the service of his adopted state, and for four years loyally fought for the cause of the South—his home.

Rube Prince was one of nature's noblemen. True to his country, true to his friends, and true to his family and to his God, he was the last of the long list of old residents of the dear old town.

The Ante Bellum citizens are all gone; either removed by the hand of death, or have emigrated to other towns and states. Mr. Prince was a fine machinist—one of the best in South Arkansas, and in his vigorous manhood made a competency of his trade—in his shop.

One after another, the dear old Veterans are answering the last roll-call. Soon we, too, who write these lines, will pass over the river, and if we can only meet our comrades on that blissful shore we will be happy forever more. How dear were those, our personal friends, before, during, and all these years since the close of the war.

“How happy those who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.”

WASHINGTON ROWTON

Born in 1843, Mr. Rowton lived in Washington until his death in 1925. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 and served throughout the War.

He was actively engaged in a number of battles, among them the Battles of Columbus, Kentucky, New Madrid Bend, Tort Pillow and the Siege of Vicksburg. After Vicksburg, he was discharged but re-enlisted and was in the fight at Mount Elba, Poison Spring, Mark's Mill, and Prairie de Ann west of the Mississippi. Mr. Rowton said he did not surrender, but his company was disbanded in Navarro County, Texas, in 1865. He was never captured but was in a close place at New Madrid Bend; however, his company captured all the boats in the lake, and after throwing their cannon in the water to prevent capture by the Federals, they made an attempt to get all the Confederate soldiers out they could ferry across, and then narrowly escaped themselves.

The battery to which Mr. Rowton belonged made quite a reputation, especially with the Yankees, who, on Wynan's Hill, gave it the name of Hell-Cat Battery, and Whistling Dick. At the time they had only two guns, but worked these for all they were worth, and being experienced artillerymen as well as marksmen made things lively and generally hit whatever they aimed at.

Mr. Rowton was at Vicksburg on June 27, 1862, when Grant attempted to burn the city with the fire from his combined forces on land and water, and also on June 28 of the same year, when the Federal gunboats passed the Confederate batteries. The gunboats passed so close under the bluffs of the river bank that the Confederate guns could not be pressed sufficiently to do any damage. The Confederate gunboat *Arkansas* was anchored under the bluff, and was fired on by the Federal boats as they passed. The *Arkansas* could easily have been captured had the Federal commander known that the guns of the batteries could not reach them, but this they did not know, and only gave the *Arkansas* a passing broadside as they swept down the river out of reach of the Confederate batteries. Mr. Rowton said that the *Arkansas* was later blown up by Captain Parks to prevent its capture by the Yankees.

Mr. Rowton was shot in the shoulder by a "gray-back" he and a party were attempting to capture. This was in Warren, in Bradley County, when he, with a squad of soldiers, was sent out after a lot of these "gray-backs," or outlaws, who passed as Confederate soldiers, and robbed and murdered both sides alike. They succeeded in locating their men in a house in a swamp, which they surrounded, but Mr. Rowton, with a comrade, was sent around the house to guard a rear door. As they were approaching the door, the "gray-backs" came out; one of them fired on Mr. Rowton at close quarters with a double shotgun, and wounded him seriously in the shoulder.

After the War, Mr. Rowton engaged in the family grocery and saloon business in Washington, and, in later years, he engaged in farming.

MAJ. BENJAMIN PENDLETON JETT

Maj. Pen Jett was the son of B. P. Jett who served in the Revolutionary War as an adjutant to Colonel Washington from Virginia. He was born in Washington in 1838, and was educated in the old Arkansas College, now the University of Arkansas. At the beginning of the War Between the States, he enlisted in the Hempstead Rifles, 3rd Arkansas, and was made a lieutenant. Later, he became a captain and, at the reorganization of the Confederate Army of Arkansas, was promoted to the rank of major of the Eleventh and Seventeenth Consolidated Arkansas Regiments at Corinth, Mississippi. In 1862, he was a member of Gen. Sterling Price's Camp, United Confederate Veterans of Washington.

Major Jett was married to Miss Lulie Wright Belt, of Montgomery Hill, Alabama, in 1870. He was prominently associated with the life of his home town, and lived here for a number of years after the War.

In the early eighties, Major Jett moved with his family to Dallas, Texas, being one of the many pioneer families, or merchants, of Dallas, who followed the H. & T. C. Railroad to that city. He engaged in the wholesale grocery business in Dallas as a member of the firm of Block, Jett & Company. This company or firm built and occupied the first brick store at Elm and Lamar streets. He was a member of the City Council of Dallas soon after moving to that city, and was

grand marshal of the first fair held in Dallas. He served the Dallas Lodge No. 44, I.O.O.F., and served as noble grand for several years.

Major Jett was the type of the old Southern gentleman that is fast disappearing. He was the father of three children: Edward, Pendleton, and Idyl, a daughter, who, if living, is Mrs. Conde Hardeman, of Brownsville, Texas. Major Jett died in 1917 and was buried in Dallas.

THOMAS HAMILTON SIMMS

The subject of this sketch was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, February 1, 1838. He was the son of Albert Gallatin Simms and Salome Meredith Simms.

As a boy, Thomas H. Simms went to school to his father, who taught in an Academy in the county, about six miles from Culpeper Court House. Many men and women who later became prominent in the life of Virginia were educated in this country school, among them Dr. John A. Broadus, the great Baptist divine, and Gen. A. P. Hill, one of the outstanding generals of the Confederate Army.

At the age of sixteen, Mr. Simms went to Culpeper Court House where he worked for a year in a warehouse owned by Major Hill, after which he came out to Arkansas to join his sister, Mrs. Zenobia Walker, the wife of Crockett Walker, then a merchant in Fulton, Arkansas. He made the trip by steamboat as far as Shreveport, and from there by wagon to Fulton, landing there in 1856. He made a crop on the piece of land immediately south of the railroad bridge across Red River at Fulton the first season he was in Arkansas. Later, he went to Columbus for a time with his sister, Zenobia, and then to Washington where he married about 1858.

When he was twenty-one years old, he married Miss Lucie Moss, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William Moss (Uncle Billy). She was an accomplished

and educated woman, and to this union were born five children: Ninette, Walter Carrington, Thomas Hamilton, Jr., Elizabeth and Salome Simms.

At the outbreak of the War Between the States, Captain Simms volunteered and enlisted in the Hempstead Rifles, No. 1, at Washington. This company was organized by Capt. (later Colonel) John R. Gratiot, and was immediately moved north to become part of the Confederate Army under Gen. Sterling Price. On August 19, 1861, at the Battle of Wilson Creek, near Springfield, Missouri, called Oak Hills, Captain Simms was seriously wounded, his brother J. Montcalm Simms, was killed, and several boys from Washington lost their lives.

After being invalided home, Captain Simms worked in the assessor's office of Hempstead County until his health was restored, when he went back into the Confederate Army, saying that he felt that he should go in spite of his previous disability, because the draft had been put into effect, and men who had dependent families and who were less able financially to go, were being forced into the army and he thought his place was there.

He participated in the Battles of Poison Springs and Jenkins Ferry. At the end of the War he was paroled at Parole Camp, near Washington, leaving the Confederate Army with the rank of major.

He became clerk of Hempstead County, in which position he served with singular efficiency. Later, he organized the business firm of Jett & Simms, which did a general mercantile business in Washington. His wife having died, some time later, he married Mrs. Mary (Field) Walker, widow of Dr. Walker who had been a surgeon in the Confederate Army. By this

union were born four children: Albert Gallatin, Mary, John and Myra Simms.

During the first administration of President Cleveland, Mr. Simms was appointed collector of internal revenue for Arkansas and moved to Little Rock, where he resided for several years. Thereafter, he came back to Hempstead County, and accepted a position as cashier of the Hempstead County Bank of Hope, which he held for ten years. Upon the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he volunteered and was commissioned a captain in the Commissary Department and served in that capacity until peace was declared.

He then moved to Texarkana, in Miller County, where he assisted in organizing the Merchant's and Planter's Bank, of which he was cashier for a number of years. Thereafter, he organized the Texarkana Building and Loan Association, and was the first secretary and executive head, which position he held until his death, at the age of eighty-one, in the year 1919.

The ability of Captain Simms as an accountant was recognized all over the State, and on the occasion of two celebrated trials, where the office of the State treasury was involved, he was made master in chancery, and stated the accounts in both cases, which were extremely complicated, and the reports of which were, in each case, approved by the Chancery Court.

The name of Capt. Thomas H. Simms was a household word for integrity, industry and a charitable attitude toward all men. For the last few years of his life he was in charge of the finances of the First Methodist Church, South, of Texarkana, as secretary and treasurer of the Board of Stewards of that church, of which he was a member. He was made a Master

Mason in old Mount Horeb Lodge No. 4, of Washington, when a very young man.

In private life, Captain Simms was a devoted husband and father, a loyal friend, and a true Christian gentleman. He was especially interested in the youth of his town and no boy or girl seeking advancement escaped his benevolent eye. One of his notable characteristics was to note the signs of ambition and genuine worth in those who often came to him for advice and counsel, and he is known to have gone out of his way to lend his influence, which was widespread, to those seeking places of importance in the field of public activities.

He was a close student of human nature, and rarely missed his mark when looking into the future, and sensing the possibilities that lurked in the minds and hearts of the youth, and earnestly and hopefully did he watch over his own boys for marks of genuine manhood and the possibility of a worthwhile career.

This writer remembers an intimate conversation with him on the occasion of a visit in our home when his youngest son was in Vanderbilt University; in speaking of his son, John, he expressed himself in these words: "Mark my word, Charlie, I may not live to see it, but you will; John Simms will make a name for himself."

John lives today, a credit and honor to his father, and to his adopted state, New Mexico, a member of the Supreme Court of that state.

On the occasion of his last visit to Washington a short time before he died, Captain Simms was moved to tears: looking back and waving his hand as he drove away, and with great emotion, he said: "Good-bye! Good-bye! Forever, dear old town!" He loved the old town, the old hills and familiar spots where

he walked in his youth, and his eyes filled with tears as he looked for the last time on the familiar scenes.

His first wife is buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Washington, as is also his brother, Joseph Montcalm, who was killed at the battle of Oak Hills during the first fighting of the famous Hempstead Rifles, which was made up of the flower of Hempstead's gallant youth.

ALBERT GALLATIN SIMMS

Albert G. Simms is a native of Washington. He was born in the old Simms home in Washington October 8, 1882, a son of Capt. Thomas Hamilton Simms. Albert is truly a chip off the old block. His public and private life, his achievements in State and National affairs mark him as a man of outstanding ability.

His boyhood was spent with his parents in Hope, Arkansas, where he attended school until old enough to enter the University of Arkansas where he completed his education.

At the age of twenty-five, he began work as an accountant for the American Smelting & Refining Company of Monterey, Mexico. He became chief accountant for the Monterey Light & Power Company of Monterey in 1911. From Mexico he went to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he married Miss Katherine Mather in 1913. He was admitted to the Bar in Albuquerque in 1915 and practiced in the courts in that city until 1919 when he became president of the Citizen's National Bank of Albuquerque. This position he held until 1924 when he became president of the Hempstead Mortgage Company.

He afterward became chairman of the Board of the Albuquerque National Trust & Savings Bank, and president of the Rockford Consolidated Newspaper & Rock Broadcaster Inc. He was field director of the

American Red Cross in New Mexico during the first World War, active in the field of politics in his adopted state, and represented New Mexico in Congress from 1925 to 1927. Albert Simms is a Thirty-second Degree Mason, a Shriner, and a member of outstanding clubs in Albuquerque, Washington, D. C., Chicago and New York.

His wife having died in 1921, he was married the second time to Ruth Hanna McCormick in 1932, who died in December of 1944. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, his second wife, was the daughter of Mark Hanna of Ohio, who conducted the presidential campaign when William McKinley was elected president of the United States.

In 1941, Albert Simms, his brother John, and sisters, Mrs. Mary (Simms) Eels of New Mexico, and Mrs. Myra (Simms) Brack, of Little Rock, presented to the old Methodist Church of Washington a handsome pulpit set consisting of three beautiful chairs made of native walnut, in memory of their mother who, in her young days, had been church organist. Albert Simms is just another son of a long line of distinguished men of old Washington who have been written up in *Who's Who in America*.

JOHN FIELD SIMMS

Youngest son of Thomas Hamilton Simms and Mary (Field) Simms, John Field Simms was born on May 6, 1885, in Washington, Hempstead County, Arkansas. He was educated in the common schools of Hope, Arkansas, and Texarkana, and received the degree of L. L. B. in 1906 from the Law School of Vanderbilt University.

After being admitted to the Bars of Tennessee and Arkansas, he began his law practice in Texarkana in the summer of 1906, and soon formed a partnership with Paul J. Cella, which firm conducted an active practice for several years. He was elected to the Arkansas Legislature of 1911, and served throughout the session, later resigning to accept the position of referee in bankruptcy for the Texarkana Division of the Western District of Arkansas.

In 1913, he moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he resumed the practice of law and, in 1919, he formed the firm of Simms & Botts, taking as his partner Judge C. M. Botts who was later a member of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. In 1920, John Simms was appointed by the Governor of New Mexico as a judge of the Supreme Court.

He was married November 30, 1915, to Miss Anne Schluter, of Texarkana, Arkansas, and to this union three children were born: John Field Simms, Jr., Albert Gallatin Simms III, and Frances Anne Simms.

John Simms is a rising jurist of his adopted state, and Hempstead County proudly claims him as an outstanding figure of his generation.

ROBERT E. L. SANER

Native of Hempstead County, Arkansas, Bob Saner was born August 9, 1871, in a log cabin, two and one-half miles from Washington on the Camden road. So far as birth and locality are concerned, Bob Saner was fitted for high political office, but never having a desire to seek preferment of his constituency, he never ran for, nor held one.

One of the first things he did as a boy of seven was to pick a gallon of cherries, take them to Washington to sell for enough money to buy himself a barlow knife, and have a tin-type picture of himself. He was much flattered by the photographer's showing on his finger a gilt ring that did not exist; hence, throughout his life he always tried to put the best foot forward.

His next financial adventure was selling newspapers on the train between Washington and Hope. He next worked in a fruit stand, run by an Italian friend, acted as usher at the local theater, and, when the circus came to town, he made red lemonade and sold it like a veteran. In the meantime, his parents moved to Hope. There he was, for a short time, somewhat of a devil in the local printing office—as well as out—but on Sundays he attended Sunday School and, for good attendance and arduous labors in that connection, his teacher in the Episcopal Sunday School, Mrs. Little, rewarded him with a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* in words of one syllable. An interesting incident in that

connection occurred some years afterwards when he was invited to Centenary College at Shreveport, the oldest college west of the Mississippi River, to deliver the baccalaureate address to the graduating class, and to have the honorary degree of L.L.D. conferred on him. In the audience, and coming forward after the exercises, was his good friend, Mrs. Little, whom he had not seen for more than forty years. He recognized her and told her that he still had that copy of *Robinson Crusoe*.

When Bob was about thirteen years of age, he took the job of janitor in the building where the various lodges met, receiving fifty cents per night, and was privileged to raise the windows and blow the long bugle announcing the time of the meeting of the lodges. Later, he was janitor at the Baptist church, for which job he was paid \$2.50 per week. At this time, he was about fourteen years old. With his various activities he had an opportunity to study Bryant and Stratton's *Short Course in Bookkeeping*. Having for a brief period served as Western Union Telegraph messenger boy, he also took up and learned telegraphy, both of which studies afterwards served him in good stead.

Graduating from high school in 1886, he was employed at the summer term of a country school near his father's farm as teacher. He walked two and a half miles to and from school.

In this school was a boy known as an incorrigible. In less than a month, he had to whip this boy. His father, without saying a word or asking for a reason for the punishment, went to Washington and filed a complaint of assault and battery against him in the Justice Court. Mr. Saner was shocked and humiliated. The case was tried before a jury, with Judge Conway (later circuit judge) defending him. Bob thought the incident would ruin his career as a teacher.

As he came out of the court-room, with spirits cast down, Mr. Miles, a merchant in Washington, said: "Robert, won't you have a glass of lemonade?"

This, of course, put him in better spirits and he was most grateful for the friendly invitation. The incident, instead of ruining his reputation as a teacher, established him as a disciplinarian and gave him the name of being able to take care of even tough kids in school.

Some time afterwards, his friend, Mr. Miles, who at that time had a prosperous insurance agency at El Dorado, Arkansas, wrote him that a competitor was attempting to undermine him, get his companies and ruin his agency. Mr. Saner happened to know the general agents at Dallas. He immediately called upon them and apprised them of the situation. They advised him to write Mr. Miles that he would continue as their agent at El Dorado. Thus, in final analysis, a business was saved by asking a young schoolteacher to have a glass of lemonade.

Mr. Saner entered Searcy College at seventeen years of age: having won a scholarship in a competitive examination. While in college, he got a job that paid him \$10 a month. During his first year, his money gave out. He and a tramp printer in Searcy decided to establish a paper, and thus the first daily paper in that town, called the *Morning Call*, was launched. They sold the paper, after several months, and its name was changed to *The Daily Citizen*.

The following year, Bob Saner entered Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, at the age of 21. He did not have money enough to continue at Vanderbilt, and in order to provide a credit for himself he had some friends of his father write letters of recommendation of good character, etc., to lodge with

the authorities of the University, stating that his note would be good for \$50 to pay the term's tuition the second year. One of his sponsors was the Attorney General of the United States, Hon. Augustus H. Garland, whose interest and kind advice was ever gratefully remembered by him. During the summer of 1893, after his first year at Vanderbilt, Mr. Saner sold Chautauqua desks. He visited Lexington, Kentucky, Georgetown, Paris, Cynthania, Winchester, Richmond and Midway. At Midway, he met a most interesting middle-aged lady who, he learned, was the character Sunshine in Mary Jane Holmes' novel, *Tempest and Sunshine*. He also met her sister, who was Tempest in the novel. At Vanderbilt, he won a medal in an oratorical contest. His fraternity, the Alpha Tau Omega, became afraid his program was too ambitious for a short stay in the University. His subject, at the time of winning a place in speaking before the faculty, was: "The Conquest of Mexico." About this time, he won another medal of \$50, his subject being "Headless Men."

In 1915, and each year thereafter, he gave a prize for the best orator in Southern Methodist University in Dallas, to encourage every young man in public speaking, as he had been encouraged at Vanderbilt.

He went to Texas in 1895 and entered the University of Texas from Dallas, taking a course in law and graduating as a Bachelor of Law in June, 1896. He had already completed part of his law course at Vanderbilt. He opened an office in Dallas, in 1896, and continued to practice his profession in that city.

When Hon. Joseph D. Sayres ran for governor, Hon. T. W. Gregory of Austin, who afterwards became attorney general in the Wilson Cabinet, and his friend, Colonel House, suggested to Mr. Saner that, inasmuch as Major Sayres was a South Texas man,

and inasmuch as Mr. Saner had recently come to Texas, desiring to get acquainted as rapidly as possible, it would be well for him to become secretary of the Sayres North Texas Campaign at Dallas. This he promptly accepted. Governor Sayres won the nomination, and Saner was transferred to Austin, where he remained as secretary of the State Democratic Committee, conducting the regular campaign for his election.

Colonel House was a daily caller at the headquarters, and he and Mr. Saner became good friends. His later efforts in the Wilson Administration testified to his sound judgment, splendid ability and wonderful tactfulness in handling men and governments. After Governor Sayres was elected, he offered Mr. Saner the position of private secretary at a salary of \$2,500 per year. Colonel House and Mr. Gregory thought it would be a good thing for him to accept. Inasmuch as he had come from Washington, Arkansas, the center of politics in that State, and knew every officeholder, both State and National, not one of whom had accumulated anything but most of whom died poor, Mr. Saner refused the offer of Governor Sayres. With a smile on his face, Governor Sayres said, "Well, Saner, you would be a great help to me, but I do not blame you at all. You have more sense than I thought you had."

Bob Saner had gone to Texas to make a lawyer out of himself, and not a politician.

He kept up his interest in his college fraternity and was its chancellor for twenty years or more. He was active in Masonry, was a Knight Templar, a Shriner, and was awarded the honorary degree of Red Cross of Constantine and the Thirty-Third Degree Inspector General Honorary in the Scottish Rite. He was

president of the Texas Bar Association in 1911, and president of the American Bar Association in 1923-24, succeeding as president, Hon. John W. Davis who was candidate for president of the International Law Association in 1925. While president of the American Bar Association, he arranged all the details for the visit to London and Paris in 1924, the greatest meeting of lawyers that ever gathered. The lawyers were guests of the British and French Bars.

Inasmuch as Mr. Saner was vitally interested in the American Bar Association, and the campaign in the Citizenship Movement for the study of the Constitution, the Executive Committee of the American Bar Association, at his suggestion, selected Philadelphia for the annual meeting place. Having accepted an invitation to visit London, he desired to meet at Philadelphia, the Cradle of the Constitution, embark upon the U. S. S. *George Washington*, and visit England, the Cradle of Common Law.

The early days of July were designated as the time for the meeting in Philadelphia, as Mr. Saner had accepted an invitation to make an address on July 4 in the beautiful Washington memorial at Valley Forge. So many delegates desired to visit England, the S. S. *George Washington* had not sufficient accommodations, and it was necessary to charter another boat. He made a new trade with the Cunard Steamship Company, which had formerly offered a rate of list price less 33 1/3 per cent, and chartered the Steamship *Berengaria*, the largest of the Cunard fleet. In making the new trade and chartering the capacity of the boat he secured a price of \$27,000 for all accommodations; and it was agreed that the Cunard Line should sell the tickets at the price first given—that is, list price less 33 1/3 per cent—and place the difference to the credit

of the American Bar Association. The result of this trade was that the American Bar Association made a great profit of \$70,000. As an evidence of their goodwill and appreciation for the courtesies shown by the English lawyers, they set up a statue of Blackstone in the Middle Temple in London at a cost of \$20,000, and presented other appropriate and expensive presents to the various Inns of Court; thus, by this trade, after paying all expenses, they left in the treasury \$37,500—\$3,500 more than the Association had accumulated in the forty-five years preceding 1924. In order to avert criticism by members and others they segregated the fund left, after all expenses were paid, and placed the same in a separate and sacred fund, at interest, to await the time when the English and French Bars would return their visit; then, this money and its accumulation would be spent upon their entertainment. The English and French definitely promised to return the visit in August of a future date.

THE RETURN VISIT
of
ENGLISH - FRENCH - SCOTCH - IRISH AND
CANADIAN BAR ASSOCIATIONS

The American Bar Association held its fifty-third annual meeting August 20 to 24, 1930, at the Stephens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

About 225 composed a delegation from the above-named Associations, returning the American Bar visit to them in 1924. This delegation arrived in Montreal and were guests of the Canadian Bar Association until our Committee met them at Niagara Falls, Canada, several days before the Chicago meeting.

Mr. Saner had been appointed a member of the Reception Committee by President Sims of the American Bar Association and went a day early to Niagara Falls. There he met a number of those who had served on the different committees in Europe and had made the visit in 1924 so pleasurable and delightful. There was over \$40,000 in the entertainment fund, to which the American lawyers added about \$60,000, making about \$100,000 available for the entertainment of their foreign guests. The Reception Committee members acted as personal escorts from Niagara Falls until the completion of the trip. A lake steamer was chartered from Buffalo to Detroit. From Detroit to Chicago, they engaged two special trains, with diners. They arrived at Chicago during the annual meeting of the American Bar Association and were lavishly entertained for about four days, afterwards leaving on two special trains for Washington, Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Never was a foreign delegation who visited America received and entertained more lavishly than was this group of lawyers from overseas. There was nothing omitted to make their stay in every way an enjoyable one. In order to evidence their attitude and reflect the pleasure on the visit, we quote a letter Mr. Saner received from Hon. J. L. Crouch, who took charge of the entertainment in London in 1924:

BRICK COURT,
TEMPLE E. C. 4,
25th. September, 1930

My Dear Saner:

On my return home, one of the first pleasures I want to give myself is to write to you.

It was a real delight to see you once again, and to renew an acquaintance of which nothing but the pleasantest memories remain. For all that you did for us, no

words of acknowledgment can be in any sense equivalent. You must believe that I, for one, cannot express my feelings, and it is better not to attempt to do so. On more than one occasion, I have heard it said that Americans could not adequately return the hospitality shown to them in London in 1924. I can only say that the American and English ideas of exchange values differ radically, for I cannot imagine any body making a comparison between the two. One might as well attempt to measure the Olympus of American hospitality to the mole-hill of the English.

Since I returned home, I have called and seen Col. Ashley (who I am pleased to say is no worse than when I left him) and Miss Haldane. Both are extremely interested in hearing of you. Miss Haldane recalled to mind yourself and party and spoke in glowing terms of her recollections. You had a long way to get home after you left us, but I hope the journey was accomplished in comfort and safety. If ever your steps are bound towards these parts, never forget that the warmest welcome and the hospitality such as it is of my home will be yours.

With the best of regards and thousands and thousands of thanks, believe me to be

Most sincerely yours,
J. L. Crouch.

HUGH W. ROBERTSON

Grandson of William Hugh Carruth, the pioneer merchant and churchman of Washington, Hugh Robertson is a true type of the men who have sprung from her soil.

His mother was Mattie Carruth, a lovable character, who married a traveling Methodist minister. She loved her church (the old Methodist church of Washington), in which she was active all her life. She was fluent with her pen, and wrote extensively for church papers and magazines short stories and serials for children.

Her mother was an adopted sister of Augustus H. Garland, in whose home in Washington she grew up. Here, in the old Garland and Hubbard home, Hugh Robertson, the subject of this sketch, spent his childhood days playing in the sand and fishing and swimming in the town creek. Here he spent his first school days.

After reaching manhood his ambitions took him into bigger and broader fields. To conserve space, we will give the reader an account of his activities, from "*Who's Who in the East*:"

Robertson, Hugh Winfield, Newspaper Editor, born Washington, Ark., Nov. 11th, 1888; son of Alonzo M. and Martha (Carruth) Robertson; B. A. Hendrix College, 1909; M. A. Vanderbilt University, 1912; B. Lit. Columbia University, 1915; Married Sarah Agnes Keith, (Aniston, Ala.) Sept. 4th, 1916. Children: Sarah K. (now

Mrs. Lyman Russell) and Hugh Winfield, Jr., (now Freshman at University of Virginia.) Professor of English, Birmingham, — Southern College, 1912-1914; Member Editorial Staff, New York Herald, 1915-1920. (Lieut. Junior Grade, U. S. Navy during World War I). Organized National Aeronautic Association, 1920-22; promoter, International Air Races, 1922-1925; With Westchester County Publishers, nine dailies and five weeklies, since 1925. Chief Editorial Writer since 1930. Vice-Chairman Interstate Sanitation Commission, (N. Y., N. J., and Conn.) Member American Society of Newspaper Editors, Columbia University Journalism Alumni (Past President). American Legion, Sigma Nu, Republican, Methodist. Clubs. Wee Burn, Darien, Conn.; Westchester County Rye, N. Y. Daniel Boone Club. Writer and speaker on Foreign Affairs, contributor of feature articles to Aviation magazines; also series of articles on "Germany Today" (1946).

Home is Keeler Avenue, South Norwalk, Conn. Office, 8 Church Street, White Plains, N. Y.

JUDGE MILTON T. HOLT

Mrs. Lee Holt of Washington, a granddaughter of Judge Holt, the pioneer, was reared in her grandfather's old home five miles from Washington on the old Military Road. The house, a twice old two-story structure, was built on a foundation of handmade brick and hand-hewn logs more than a century ago.

Mrs. Holt has in her possession the original land-grant signed by John Quincy Adams, the president. It was first issued to William Yates, who erected the house. This house was used during the War of the sixties as a hiding place for distinguished visitors of the time. Judge Holt stored his wheat and that of his neighbors in the space between the walls which also served as a secret hiding place for Confederate soldiers. The home was the scene of a romance, the story of which is as follows: Judge Holt had a daughter named Attelia. On a day just after the War, when the Northern soldiers and Carpet-baggers were encamped in the vicinity, a Yankee soldier came to the house and asked for a drink of water. Miss Attelia, a girl of 18 or 20 years of age, led him to the well and gave him a cool, refreshing drink of water, and there and then they fell in love with each other and were afterwards married. The young soldier happened to be a doctor. After they were married, they moved to Little Rock where he, Dr. E. D. Ayers, became one of Little Rock's prominent physicians. Their daughter, Miss Mattie Ayers, frequently visited the family in after years at the Holt plantation.

JUSTUS MATLOCK

Justus Matlock, son of Marcus A. Matlock and great-grandson of John Justus, a pioneer citizen of Washington, is a leading educator of Little Rock. Justus Matlock's father was a prominent citizen of Washington at one time, having been principal of the schools there thirty or forty years ago. Justus' mother was Amy Justus. She was assistant teacher in the high school of Washington when Mr. Matlock was principal, and, as usual, or as sometimes happens, the principal fell in love with his assistant, and they were married.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Matlock have been living in Little Rock for a number of years where Mr. Matlock has been practicing law since retiring from school work. The son, Justus, has taken over the father's profession as an educator and has been principal of the East Side school in Little Rock for several years now.

The Justuses of Washington were a fine old Southern family that settled in Washington in days long ago. He reared a large family, some of whom are now in Texas and some in Arkansas. Mr. Justus owned and operated a flouring and grist mill in Washington throughout his long life there, and during the War Between the States, he too, ground grain and supplied the government with flour and meal. A grand-daughter, Mrs. Viola Justus Turner Price, lives in Lubbock, Texas, and has been prominent in club work.

CAPTAIN JOHN J. THOMAS

For years a prominent merchant and planter and resident of Washington, Captain Thomas enlisted early in the War Between the States and was a member of the Hempstead Rifles. He was in Company H 17th Arkansas Regiment, and after the battle of Oak Hills, Missouri, was sent East under the command of Colonel Griffith to the Mississippi area. He later became captain of his company and was detailed to construct breastworks at Fort Hudson where he was captured by the enemy and was a prisoner for two years. He was married to Miss Sarah Holt, daughter of Milton Holt, one time judge of Hempstead County. They had two children—John H. and Mattie. The former married Bessie Conway, daughter of Judge J. D. Conway, of Washington, and the latter married R. L. Draper, of Little Rock.

DR. SAMUEL MOORE CARRIGAN

Son of Judge A. H. Carrigan and Mary (Moore) Carrigan, Dr. Sam was born a few miles from Washington on the Carrigan plantation in 1856. He was educated principally in Washington, and St. John's College, at Little Rock, and began the study of medicine with Dr. W. P. Hart, in Washington. In 1877-78, he attended the Bellevue Medical College of St. Louis and became one of the leading physicians of the state; and in 1906 he was president of the State Medical Board.

Dr. Carrigan married Miss Minnie Conway of Washington, sister of Judge J. D. Conway, and spent practically his entire life in Washington where they are both buried.

His brothers, Alfred H. and Pinkey B. Carrigan were also natives of Washington, the former a prominent lawyer, and the latter a doctor, and known affectionately, by both white and black as "Dr. Pink." Dr. Pink, the younger, distinguished himself during the yellow fever epidemic in Mexico in the early part of this century, by his successful treatment of that dread disease.

L. E. COWLING, JR.

L. E. (Lon) Cowling, Jr., a great-grandson of another pioneer of Hempstead County, is a prominent and successful business man of Houston, Texas, being president, at this time, of the Southern States Life Insurance Company. His father was Ed Cowling, a real estate man of Washington when Lon was a mere lad. Mr. Ed Cowling married Miss Ada McLane, granddaughter of Uncle Jimmy Norwood whose home was about a mile and a half from town. Their children were May, Lon, Gem (a daughter), Leta and Kelley. May and Leta are now deceased. They went from Washington to Wichita Falls, Texas, and from there they moved to Corpus Christi, Texas, where Mr. Ed Cowling died some ten or twelve years ago. Their children had their first schooling in Washington.

Lon married Dorothy Glass of Marlin, Texas, and has twin boys, Richard and Robert, and one daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth. Kelley lives in Corpus Christi, Texas, and has one child. Gem married George W. Truitt, and lives in Oakland, California, and has three children.

The pioneers of that name first settled in Hempstead County, around Mineral Springs. Some years afterward, Howard County was formed from Hempstead, leaving Mineral Springs, and the Cowlings, in the newly formed county of Howard.

MRS. J. R. BRADFIELD

Ouida (Ragsdale) Bradfield, of Dallas, Texas, is a great-granddaughter of Matthew Moss (brother of James) who settled first in Hempstead County, Arkansas, and later moved to Texas. Uncle Matthew Moss, it will be remembered, was the first man to bring a keel-boat up around the Great Raft in Red River. Mr. and Mrs. Bradfield have a home in Highland Park Addition, in Dallas, and their son, J. R. Bradfield, Jr., is a practicing attorney of that city. Mr. Bradfield has been connected with the *Dallas News* for a number of years.

Many people all over the United States trace their ancestry back to Hempstead County's old court records, through deeds and marriage records, which recalls to mind that we have one celebrity in the family in the person of Rogers Hornsby of baseball fame. He, too, is a descendant of Uncle Matthew Moss, of the River Raft Project.

ROBERT G. SAMUELS
(Native Negro)

Descendant of Member of De Soto's Expedition.

The subject of this sketch was known to every man, woman and child in Washington—long before the War of the sixties. Uncle Bob, as he was called by everybody, shows character, a striking personality, intelligence and dignity, all of which he possessed in no small degree. Far above the average in intelligence among the people of his race, he was also gifted with oratorical powers—a very fluent speaker—a shrewd politician and leader.

In an interview with him a year or two before he died, I drew from him an interesting story about himself and his ancestors. I had heard that he had been a slave of Nicholas Trammell, whose name was linked with that of John A. Murrell, of outlaw fame, and of DeSoto and his travels over the Indian trails, etc., and I was curious to hear what Uncle Bob knew.

There is a tradition that DeSoto went to Mexico, but it leaves us in a maze of doubt and uncertainty as to the route he and his expedition traveled. Some historians are of the opinion that they went through the northern section of Arkansas, while others are of the opinion they crossed the State over a southern route. There are others who state that they stopped at Hot Springs. All histories are vague as to the real facts. Some say that he never got any farther than Hot Springs. Take it or leave it, Uncle Bob's story has some foundation and facts. Here it is:

Madam, my ancestors were of pure Castilian blood. They came from Spain. My maternal ancestor was born in Madrid, Spain, and came to America with DeSoto and his expedition in 1541.

From Arkansas Post, they went on an exploring expedition down into Mexico, their destination being Chihuahua. The trail over which they traveled was as follows: From Arkansas Post, they went to Boiling Springs (our Hot Springs). Leaving Hot Springs, they crossed the Ouachita River at what is now old Rockport; thence through Arkadelphia to the Little Missouri River at or near old Wallaceburg. Crossing the Little Missouri, they passed through what is now Washington, the Indian Mounds near what later became Columbus; thence Baird's Lake and crossed Little River at a place which later was named Ward's Ferry; then on to Red River, crossing that stream at White Oak Shoals (now Index), and on through Mexico to Chihuahua.

Uncle Bob had no knowledge as to how long they remained in Mexico, but said they eventually came back and settled at Boiling Springs.

At Boiling Springs, they discovered a gold or silver mine, which created excitement among the party and much secrecy. The finding of these mines, or mine, was the cause of a mutiny among the band, which resulted in the murder of DeSoto by members of the expedition, and they buried his body in the Mississippi River.

The rest of the party went back to Spain; and after several generations another one of his ancestors reared a family in Spain, and again one of them joined a party of adventurers coming to America, landing at Cuba. From Cuba, they went to Pensacola, Florida; thence back over the same route to Gaines Landing on the Mississippi River, and from there to Mexico, traveling in wagons and on horseback.

At Gaines Landing, they met up with and hired John A. Murrell, of outlaw fame, and Nicholas Trammell, said to be a member of Murrell's band, to carry them to Mexico, which then bordered on Red River, and included all of Texas. Murrell and Trammell carried them

as far as Waco, Texas, where they murdered and robbed Uncle Bob's ancestor's husband (with other members of the party), robbed them of all monies, valuables and horses, then brought the women back to what is now Bowie County, Texas, where they kept them hidden from the Mexicans and Indians. They eventually settled at or near McKinney Bayou where Uncle Bob's ancestor, or grandmother, was forced to marry a half-breed Mexican, Indian, or Negro, the father of Uncle Bob's mother. Nicholas Trammell then became their master.

Some-time afterwards, in the early Nineteenth Century, Nicholas Trammell came to Washington, Arkansas, and purchased some land from David Block, a pioneer merchant and planter, and in the trade Mr. Block got the slaves, Uncle Bob's mother, his sister, and himself. They were brought to Washington, where his mother married Dick Jett, a Negro belonging to the Jett's. He, Nick Trammell, eventually went to Guadalupe, Texas, and died there.

Robert G. Samuels lived to be about ninety years old. He was a Republican, but always stood for the best interests of his home town and county in politics, education and civic enterprises. During the carpet-bag days, he did a noble part in holding back insurrections among the disgruntled Negroes of the county, and used his influence effectively, on many an occasion, when riot seemed inevitable—everybody, black and white, liked Uncle Bob Samuels, and respected him for his intelligence and sense of right and justice.

Gifted with a wonderful memory, he was often sought out for information which he was always ready to give. The Trammell Trail is altogether a separate trail from that made by DeSoto and his expedition. The Trammell Trail begins at Gaines Landing too, but traverses the old road from the Landing to Camden, Arkansas, across the southern part of Arkansas, and on through Louisiana, old Ft. Jessup; thence back into Arkansas, and crosses the Red River at Dooley's Ferry; thence on into Texas.

ARCHIE AND LUCY SHEPPERSON (Colored Citizens)

Archie Shepperson and his wife, Lucy (Sanders) Shepperson, were lifetime citizens of Washington. They were married there soon after the War Between the States, and reared a family of nine children, who became prominent and useful citizens in their respective walks of life in Arkansas and other states.

Archie, the father, became principal of the Negro public school in Washington, and held that position until his death in 1901. He was a leader among the people of his race, and highly respected by both white and colored people in the state and community, where he was well known.

During the period of reconstruction, just after the War, when the country was being overrun by the Northern carpet-baggers and Southern scalawags, he was elected to the office of sheriff of Hempstead County by the white and colored population of the county in preference to a carpet-bag officer. This spurious element was seeking office at that time through the Negro vote. Archie Shepperson was also, at that period of adjustment, elected to represent us in the State Legislature by the same method. (The South preferred our Southern Negroes as officers to carpet-bag rule.) Archie's wife, Lucy, died in 1905.

All of their nine children were born in Washington and received their early schooling in the public

school of Washington, their father being their teacher. Their oldest daughter, Belle, married George L. Tyus.

Charles B., who became chief railway mail clerk, running between Little Rock and Coffeyville, Kansas, held this position until his death. He married Carrie L. Still of Little Rock, Arkansas, a teacher in Gebb's High School of that city. By her first husband, she had one son, William Grant Still, a music composer of Los Angeles, California, where he now resides. This stepson of Charley Shepperson composed the opening anthem of the New York World Fair.

The second son of Archie and Lucy Shepperson was born in 1872. He, too, went to his father's school. He married Dona Apert, of Dallas, Texas. From Dallas, he and his wife moved to Los Angeles, California. After the death of his wife in Los Angeles, he held the position of steward of the First National Bank of Los Angeles for many years, or until his retirement age limit. He is now, at the age of 79 years, making his home with his sister and brother-in-law, Belle and George L. Tyus, in his native town, Washington.

A third son of the Sheppersons, Percy D., attended Haygood Seminary in Washington, of which his brother-in-law, George Tyus, was president. As a young man, Percy Shepperson went to New York City, and from there, to London, England, for a few years, but returned to the United States and settled in Chicago, where he was married to Laura Porter, a business woman of Chicago. He served as dining-car porter up to the limit of retirement a few years ago, and is still living in Chicago.

Mattie Shepperson, a daughter, also received her education in Haygood Seminary. She was married twice. Her second husband was chief manager of the Pullman Company of the Northern Division of Mis-

souri Pacific Railway Company. She had one son, Herman, who is in service in Los Angeles, California.

Jodie, another daughter, also went to school in Washington. She, too, was twice married, her second husband being Walter Wade of St. Louis, Missouri. He was a successful undertaker.

Another girl, Claudia, attended Haygood Seminary, and completed the Normal course. Claudia was married to Professor M. M. Wilburn, a graduate of Paine College, Augusta, Georgia. He is now a professor of Science and Theology in Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Arkansas, where he owns his home.

Claudia and her husband have one daughter and four sons. Her daughter, Mildred, is a graduate of Wiley College, Marshall, Texas. She is married and has a position as librarian of Chicago University. Their four sons attended Philander Smith College. One is now in Los Angeles, California; Marcus M. is head of an orchestra in New York City; a third son, Shepperson, completed a law course in Samuel Houston College in Austin, Texas; and a fourth son of the Wilburn's is Claude, still in Philander Smith College in Little Rock.

Another daughter of Archie and Lucy Shepperson, Willie, married Earnest Strahan of St. Louis, Missouri. They have one daughter, Lucia, who, after finishing school, entered the United States service and went overseas and became a nurse in the army in India. On her return to the United States, she married and is now teaching with her husband at their home in New York City. A young son of the Sheppersons died in youth, aged twelve.

GEORGE LAWRENCE TYUS
and
BELLE SHEPPERSON TYUS
(Colored)

Son-in-law and daughter of Archie and Lucy Shepperson are outstanding colored citizens of Washington, having been born there and having lived and taught school there ever since they were young; they are still living in Washington, retired from active work.

George, a native of Tennessee, was born in Brownsville, Tennessee, April 30, 1863. He received his early schooling in Brownsville, and his education in Paine College, Augusta, Georgia, from which institution he was awarded his M.A. degree in 1912. His parents were Green and Millie Tyus; his father, a farmer and leading churchman.

Professor Tyus came to Arkansas early in 1890, and took charge of Haygood Seminary, an institution of learning for Negroes established in Washington about that time, becoming its president, and holding this position for thirty-eight years.

Belle, his wife, was born in Washington, November 25, 1874, the daughter of Archie and Lucy Shepperson. Her father, Archie Shepperson, had been sheriff and representative of Hempstead County, and teacher, always working in the interest of his town and for the betterment of his people.

After attending the public school of Washington (of which her father was principal), Belle finished the Normal course in Haygood Seminary in 1895, after which she had two years of college work in Walden University, Nashville, Tennessee. She and Professor Tyus were married in Washington, Arkansas, in 1897, and since then have worked together in the schools for over thirty years.

They have reared and educated three children, namely: Edna May, Georgia and Randall. Edna has been teaching in Humboldt, Tennessee, for twenty-two years; Georgia, in the Hope Schools twenty-one years, while Randall, their son, a graduate of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, is now field secretary of the United Negro College Fund in New York City.

Professor Tyus and his good wife, Belle, have sent out from their school a number of young Negro students who have made good in various fields of endeavor, filling public places efficiently and honorably, both locally and statewide. Their uplifting examples and influence, clean and moral living, have been a restraining force in keeping order and peaceful and friendly relations between the white and colored people. Be it said here that, to the credit of the Negro population of Washington, and the surrounding area, the town of Washington, Arkansas, through the one hundred and thirty-one years of existence, has never had a lynching.

I should like to add here, that George and Belle Shepperson Tyus are a great credit to their race, to America, to the state, county and community in which they have lived and worked for half a century.

George and Belle Tyus celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in their home in Washington,

in 1947. Their house was beautifully decorated with flowers and gifts presented by their white friends of Washington, all of whom, including this writer, called on them during the day to offer congratulations. People from Hope, Texarkana, Prescott, Little Rock, El Dorado, Humboldt, Tennessee, Nashville, Tennessee, and St. Louis, Missouri, and their many colored friends, came to wish them many more anniversaries.

JOHN A. MURRELL

The Outlaw.

Murrell was a Tennessean by birth, who made himself notorious as the great land pirate. He lived in Madison County, Tennessee, and organized all the thieves, robbers, gamblers, cutthroats and ruffians that he could get to join his band from Kentucky to New Orleans. He was the chief. They gambled in the towns, robbed boats on the rivers, stole horses and Negroes from the farms, and killed people everywhere.

Murrell was the last of the land pirates who operated along the old Natchez Trace that led from Nashville, Tennessee, through Alabama and Mississippi, on down to New Orleans. He attempted to establish his headquarters in the Little River Valley around Memphis in the early part of the nineteenth century, but was driven out by Marcus B. Winchester, that city's first mayor. Driven out of Memphis, he then established his headquarters deep in the Arkansas wilderness.

Posing as a preacher, Murrell was a popular figure in any frontier area where there were no churches. He would circulate among the well-to-do planters and eat and pray in their homes, while planning to hold a meeting the next Sunday. Then, while he was fervently preaching, with his Bible in his hand, his gang which had kept out of sight would lead off the horses that

were hitched outside the meeting place—as many as they could get away with. When the services ended, and the horse stealing was discovered, no one was louder in his condemnation of the thieves than the bogus preacher, whom no one suspected of having anything to do with it.

There was good money in horse stealing, as a fine horse would sell for \$200, but there was more money to be made in slave stealing, because a good healthy slave, in those days, would bring \$500 to \$1000, and sometimes more, on the Memphis market. But Murrell, as slick at thievery as he was at preaching, had it figured out how to make a Negro yield three or four times that much.

Murrell would talk to a Negro, and promise him that if he would run away from his master, and let him sell him to another, he would give the Negro part of the money. Then the Negro would be asked to run from his new master and come back to Murrell, to be sold again. Sometimes, he would sell a slave three or four times until he had made \$3000 or \$4000 off just one Negro. Then, after the third or fourth sale, the gang would murder the Negro and toss his body into the river . . . Dead men tell no tales.

Unable to establish his headquarters in Memphis, because of Mayor Winchester, Murrell and his gang moved to the Arkansas Wilderness, a few miles up Red River, and set up their headquarters in the hollow of a huge tree. There, they resumed their slave stealing and turned to river piracy.

It is said that there were murder and robberies up and down the rivers for miles, and terror descended upon all who had to navigate the stream that was menaced by these human wolves.

The story goes, that a homeless young man by the name of Virgil Stewart, seeking adventure, was taken into Murrell's band. It happened at a time when the famous desperado was planning to organize a slave insurrection, overthrow and murder the white plantation owners, and set himself up as emperor of an outlaw empire. The slave uprising was to come at Christmas day, 1835, beginning at Natchez, Mississippi, and sweeping northward through the valley. The ghastly plot was discovered when a Negro nursemaid refused to murder the white baby entrusted to her care, and revealed the secret to her master. Immediately, the white people organized and put an end to the bloody scheme.

By this time, Stewart had sufficient evidence against Murrell to convict him. The bandit was trailed to a point near Jackson, Tennessee, and captured. He was tried and sentenced to ten years, at hard labor, in the Nashville penitentiary. He served his term, but both his health and his mind cracked in prison, and he emerged from the penitentiary an invalid and a hopeless imbecile. Thus ended the career of the greatest of all land pirates.

NICHOLAS TRAMMELL

Many are the stories that have been told about Nicholas Trammell, some of which have been in his defense, but no one has ever been convinced that he was anything but a lawless character in sheep's clothing. Since my earliest childhood days, I have heard the repeated tales of old Nick Trammell, and his murderous deeds, as told by ex-slaves. 'Tis true, he passed himself off as a peaceful, law-abiding citizen in the communities in which he lived—and he seems to have lived, or had a home, wherever he happened to stray.

Nicholas Trammell was married in Washington, Arkansas, on May 21, 1843, to Mary Sadberry, the ceremony being performed by one Jacob Whitesides, presumably a justice of the peace, as were many marriages in that day. His name appears on the courthouse records of Hempstead County land deeds and other documents, such as marking out roads, and as the keeper of taverns; but the outstanding reputation or report of his activities is that of being a member of John Murrell's notorious band of outlaws that operated in this territory, Louisiana and Texas before the days of law and order. In fact, it is said that he worked both sides of any and every business in which he was engaged—the lawful and the unlawful—with seeming success.

Nicholas Trammell had a home between Washington and Camden on the Ouachita, on or near the

old Military Road, and close by was a creek known as Trammell's Creek. His house was built of substantial materials with several rooms and hall-way, chimneys, and large fireplaces. He kept a tavern close by, on his plantation, where, the story goes, travelers going west stopped for refreshment and lodging.

It was the custom, back in those days, for the way-faring public to stop overnight at these roadside homes and ask for a night's lodging; and 'tis said that many a traveler who stopped at Nick Trammell's was never heard of or seen afterwards.

The way Murrell and his band carried on their nefarious trade of theft and murder was well-known throughout the settlements, but the unsuspecting traveler, or stranger, was an easy victim. The county was too sparsely settled for the law which was, as yet, an almost unheard of thing, and 'twas too easy under existing circumstances or conditions for such depredations to go unnoticed. Murrell knew every road and Indian trail, every byway and hiding place in the country, and his co-workers were stationed all along the frontiers of the three states and down into Mexico.

Nicholas Trammell drifted to Texas, and finally died at Guadalupe.

WASHINGTON IN LITERATURE AND ART

Ruth McEnery Stuart, noted Southern writer, though born in Louisiana, spent her young life as a writer in Washington. She was the second wife of Alfred Oden Stuart, a Hempstead County planter and merchant of Washington. She and Mr. Stuart were married in 1879.

Ruth McEnery Stuart was a beautiful woman of the true Southern type, of soft creamy complexion, sparkling eyes, brilliant mind, of stately form and regal manner rarely met with. Her literary career began while she was living in Washington. She wrote mostly in Negro and plantation dialect, portraying the humor and pathos of the humble and lowly, simply and with sympathy.

She was the author of numerous books, some of whose characters were drawn from Washington. Her novel, *Sonny*, ranked among her best sellers. One of her books, which depicts Washington scenes written while she lived there was entitled *Simpkinsville*. She was a folk writer and excelled in dialect.

Mrs. Stuart was at one time a substitute editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and was known as the laureate of the lowly. I think it was Joel Chandler Harris who said to her: "You have got nearer the heart of the Southern Negro than any of us." She had a keen ear for colloquialisms and a deep sympathy for the unedu-

cated. Her work as a novelist helped interpret the changing South during the era following the War Between the States.

The old Stuart home, still standing in Washington, is reminiscent of days when the elite of the town often gathered there to imbibe the richness of her personality. She was president of the D.O.T. (Dear Old Town) Club of Washington during her residence there.

I recall a Pink Tea given by Mrs. Stuart for the benefit of the Episcopal church of which she was a member. The school girls (including this writer) served at the table. She had us dress in white tarlatan with pink caps and aprons: the table decorations were also of white and pink, hence the pink tea which was somewhat of an innovation, we thought, but the matrons and youth of the town in those days were lavish with their entertainments, their balls and concerts (and Washington had plenty of talent), their church affairs and their whist parties.

JENNY DELONEY RICE MYROWITZ ARTIST

Jenny Delony was born in Washington, the daughter of A. T. and Elizabeth Delony. The family was prominent in Washington in ante bellum days. Knowing Jenny personally, I would judge that she was between eighty and eighty-five years old at her death which occurred in Little Rock the early part of 1949.

Jenny Delony grew up in Washington and received her earliest schooling there; at the age of fifteen or sixteen, she developed a talent for painting and went to New York to study art. From New York, she went to Paris, France, and became a student of the Beaux Arts for women, the Julian Delacause Ateliers and Anatomy Ecole de Medicine.

After completing her art studies abroad, she returned to New York and opened a studio. In New York, she met and married Mr. Rice, and was soon widowed. She first made her reputation as Jenny Delony, and signed many pictures under that name. She held a directorship of art in various colleges at that period, and made a great success, signing her pictures J. Delony Rice, or Jenny D. Rice. She was married a second time to Mr. Myrowitz but never signed any of her work under that name.

For many years, her biography under Rice Myrowitz has been written up in *Who's Who in America* and *Dictionary of Painters*, *Who's Who in Art* and *Who's Who in New York*.

Mrs. Myrowitz specialized in portraits of celebrities for public buildings and historic record. One of her outstanding works is a life-sized portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, commended by those who knew her, and by art critics as the best portrait of Mrs. Davis extant. She also specialized in miniatures in ivory, and in murals. She was selected to represent America at the International Council of Women at Berlin, Germany.

About twenty years ago, Mrs. Myrowitz sold her property in New York and removed to Little Rock, to be near her people, and was buried in that city.

CARRY CARRUTH, ARTIST

Carry Carruth was born in Washington and grew up there and became an artist. As a sculptor her art specimens were exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, including a life-sized bust of Albert Pike. The bust was later presented to the Camden Bar Association and was destroyed in a cyclone in that city several years ago, when the courthouse was demolished. Carry Carruth never married; she contracted tuberculosis and died at an early age.

MARY B. CARRIGAN

Daughter of Judge Alfred Carrigan, also a native of Washington, Mary studied art in the East, and painted extensively. Specimens of the works of these artists adorn various homes and public buildings in Arkansas, and the State Capitol in Little Rock.

JENNY VANN VAUGHN WRITER

Mrs. Vaughn was a native of Hempstead County and lived with her parents on a plantation near Fulton until she married. The plantation is still known as the old Vann Place. Mrs. Vaughn was educated in the early schools of Washington, having been a pupil at one time of Mrs. Mary J. Field, who taught school in Washington for years.

Jenny Vaughn was of a literary trend, a lovable character, and a most excellent and elegant woman. Her young married life was spent in Washington, but in her later years she lived in Texarkana with her children.

Of Mrs. Vaughn, I am moved to relate an unusual story in connection with her young life. At the age of sixteen or seventeen she fell victim to a strange malady which was baffling to attending physicians who pronounced her dead. The neighbors gathered in the home, as was the custom, and made the burial garments; dressed and shrouded her; and every arrangement was made for the funeral which was to have been the following day. But Jenny Vann was not dead. Before the fatal day, or hour, she "came to," much to the surprise of the family, the physician and friends. She lived, married and reared a family. Indeed, she lived to be quite old. The story goes that after she recovered from her pseudo death or trance she went to a dance and danced in her burial dress.

SECTION THREE

MISCELLANEOUS

CHILD KIDNAPPED

In October of the year 1825, a child of Benjamin Clark, whose home was five or six miles from Washington, was kidnapped by a man riding through the country on horseback. The child, in the care of a slave nurse, was playing in the road a short distance from the house, when the stranger rode up, stopped his horse, and took the child up in his arms and rode off with it. Before the nurse could run to the house and report the incident, the man escaped.

A country-wide search was instituted, but no trace or clue was discovered until some time in the following year, when a letter addressed to Mr. Clark and mailed at Natchez, Mississippi, stated that the writer knew of the occurrence, and knew where the child was, and that if Mr. Clark would send \$50 in a letter directed to Thomas Tutty, he would deliver the child to a woman only, at a certain place on the Ouachita River, to be afterward designated; at which place Mr. Clark was to remit to him, by the person receiving the child, an additional sum of \$150, and make no effort to discover who was concerned in the transaction, for if he did, the child's life would be in danger.

Mr. Clark followed the instructions, but first notified the postmaster and authorities at Natchez, apprising them of the facts, to apprehend any person calling for a letter directed to Thomas Tutty.

In due time, the man called at the Post Office in Natchez for the letter, and was arrested. He gave his name as Edward H. Morris, and said he was a native of Ireland; but his statements were so contradictory it was evident that he was the principal in the case—the real kidnapper. He maintained an inflexible silence as to the fate of the child or its whereabouts. Meantime, a posse was formed in Washington and went to Natchez to bring him back to the scene of the crime, and for further trial.

He was accordingly turned over to Mr. Clark and the posse started back to Washington, but at the river crossing over the Ouachita, or Mississippi, it was said he jumped overboard and was drowned. Thus, it seemed, ended all hopes of gaining any further knowledge of the lost child.

THE LOST CHILD FOUND

Some time in the fall of 1826, the writer's father, Matthew Moss, then a young man of about nineteen or twenty years of age, went to New Orleans to purchase goods for his father's store in Washington; and while sitting in the lobby of the old St. Charles Hotel he happened to overhear a conversation between some men about a family of horse-traders, or gypsies, camped on the banks of Red River a few miles from the city; the conversation centered around a white child seen among the horse-traders, and my father, remembering the case of little Thomas Clark, immedi-

ately became interested and sought out the authorities, who went with him to see and interview the campers.

They were informed that the child had been left with them by a man who said he would come back after the child, but that they had never heard from him again.

While it had been nearly two years since the child was abducted, my father easily identified him as the Clark child, both by the resemblance and by a scar on the back of his head which was found without difficulty, so that no doubt whatever remained as to his identity.

The feelings of the parents on having their young son restored to their arms can easier be imagined than portrayed with a pen.

The little boy was put in the care of the captain of a steamboat at New Orleans and brought back to the nearest landing on the Red River, and delivered to his parents overland in Hempstead County.

Thomas Clark grew to manhood on the farm six miles from Washington. He then moved to Texas where he lived to reach a ripe old age.

COUNTY ROADS

James Moss and William Simms were ordered by the Court to mark out a road leading from Mine Creek to Washington (1826).

James Moss and James Madding were ordered to mark out a road from Saline Landing, to pass by W. M. Bagley's old place near Morris' Still; thence to Andrew Caldwell's; thence direct to Washington.

On December 27, 1820, a "license was granted to Joseph Caldwell of the Saline Landing in the county of Hempstead to keep a Tavern in said place, he having first paid \$15, the tax required by the Court."

William Shaw marked out a road from Washington to Fulton, as follows: "From Washington to intersect Mound Prairie Road; thence crossing Shaw's Creek; thence with the old Chocktaw; Mine Creek to Eden's; thence to John Williams' on Bois d' Arc Prairie; thence to the town of Washington (1826)."

A BEAR HUNT IS DESCRIBED

By: "An Old Timer."

The two Moss Brothers, Matt and Billy; Colonel Ezekiel Kinsworthy, Captain English and Colonel Bowen, pioneer settlers, were celebrated bear hunters. Domestic animals were scarce and bear, deer and wild turkeys supplied the settlers' larders with meat; also, hunting was a diversion; they loved the sport and made frequent trips into the wilds of the river bottoms in quest of such game. Many stories are extant in connection with these early expeditions and outings. This party went forth on one occasion, equipped with the usual camping supplies which included the friendly jug, and, followed by a pack of hounds, camped in the vicinity of old Greenville, (now Mineral Springs), near the Little River. After taking on, or in, a goodly supply of the contents of the "jug," they struck out with the dogs, to hunt for "Bruin." On coming to the creek which they had to cross on a footlog, the lights from the moon cast the shadow of the log on the water in such a way as to make the shadow look like the log; so Colonel Bowen, feeling a little shaky in the legs, no doubt from imbibing too freely in what they deemed essential on such occasions, said: "Well, boys, I guess we'll have to 'coon it'; being in front of the others, he got down on his all-fours and started across, 'cooning it', but alas! it was only the shadow he saw instead of the log, and into the creek he plunged. Before the others had realized what had happened, two of them followed in rapid succession. Capt. Moss who, with English, discovered in time that it was the shadow they were trying to 'coon', said: "Why Bowen, don't you know that the moonlight is sometimes tricky"?

THE CONFEDERATE GUARDS COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN RAWLES

Flag Presented by Miss Emma Jett

Emma Jett was the daughter of Benjamin Pendleton Jett of Washington. She later became the wife of John Morgan, of Morgan's Brigade. Her descendants are living today in Little Rock. I think Miss Emma had a sister who married a Butler; some of their children are the Lafferties of Little Rock.

THE FLAG

Captain Rawles and Gentlemen of the Confederate Guards:
Brave and magnanimous soldiers!

You have sprung to arms, not to repel a danger to yourselves, or to those you are called upon to protect; your homes are secure. Hundreds of miles intervene between you and any hostile army. But the soldier of the South is above all personal considerations. It is the pride of our hearts, that while others fight for pay or plunder, we fight for chivalry. He makes no question of the personal benefits to accrue to himself—he makes no question of the danger he may incur. He inquires not as to the necessity of the conflict. Enough for him that any portion of the South is invaded! Enough that Southern homes, even in a distant land, are in danger. Enough that wives and maidens and children of those who are of kith and kin are exposed to insults and oppression of a selfish foe.—“To Arms!” is the spontaneous cry that flies from

lip to lip, and "To Arms!" is echoed back again from the hearts of each of our noble brothers.

The heel of the oppressor has been placed upon our sister state of Missouri. She writhes beneath the insult and struggles for release. You have heard the cries and you arise to arms. God will help you, noble men! and strengthen you in the day of battle! Our hearts are with you, our prayers attend you! Go forth in our border and there, assume the holy crusade, more honorable than that led by Peter the Hermit. Say to the proud hosts of the Federal power, that Missouri is our sister, and that from the far distant land of the South—from the waters of the Red River, where the flowers ever bloom, you have come to the turbid Missouri whose stream for half the year is bound in ice—not for plunder, not for gain, but to strike for freedom and for brotherhood, and to teach the haughty minions of a corrupt government that there is a bond of sympathy which binds us all as one, and that no part of Southern land is beyond our sympathy.

Go to McCollough, the gallant Texan, and offer him your arms. You bear our hearts along. Every breeze that wafts us news of your success will excite a thrill of joy—every murmur of a reverse will bow our heads in sorrow. Be bold, and fear not. Your cause is just,—it is the cause of virtue—it is the cause of our country.

Those who fall will never meet a nobler death—will never have more honest tears dropped upon their graves. Those who return may come with "Gay and gallant tread" for they will have partaken of scenes which will be renowned in history, and will excite the admiration of future generations.

Soldiers, take this banner! We have given it to you. Every flutter of its folds speaks of the honor of old Hempstead.

It will never have a reminiscence to disgrace it. Let it remind you of us; in the smoke and clamor of the battlefield, look upon it, and know that the hearts and prayers of Hempstead's daughters are with her sons. Bring it back to us! Let us hang it up with pride, and point to it

in future days, torn and ragged it may be, but unstained, without any blemish.

'Tis the flag of the South! Aye, fling its folds to the kindred breeze, emblem of dread to tyrant hordes, of freedom of the seas! Forever may its Stars and Stripes in cloudless glory wave: Red, White and Blue—eternal types of nations free and brave!

FLAG PRESENTATION
By
MISS BETTIE CONWAY
From
The Washington *Telegraph*
May 1861

Last Saturday the 4th, will ever be a memorable day with the citizens of Hempstead county. It was the day of departure of our gallant band of Hempstead Riflemen;—our first installment of our best blood and most chivalrous material paid to the cause of the South.

The town was crowded with people to look the last time for many a day, perhaps, upon the little band, going to throw themselves in the front of battle. There was no excitement, at least none of a boistrous nature, but much emotion of a very significant kind.

Men who look as the crowd looked that day, are dangerous. They spoke little, but when they did, it was words of calm and unflinching determination, as if the scene transpiring before them was but a prelude to many others, of which they, themselves, were ere long to form a willing part.

At eleven o'clock the company was drawn up in front of the hotel to receive the flag, wrought by the fair ladies, and to be presented there. Miss Bettie Conway, in behalf of the ladies rode up in front of the company bearing the flag in her hand, and, delivering it, addressed them in a clear and distinct voice as follows: "The moment of your departure is at hand. You go, in a glorious cause! You go, to defend a heritage bequeathed by an ancestry glorious beyond comparison, and illustrious beyond precedent!

You go, in defense of liberty and independence! You go, to defend the homes and firesides, the hearth-stones of your fathers and mothers and sisters! Your mission is noble, your cause is just, and the God of battles will crown your arms with victory.

"Before you go, before the last sad leave-taking, before the last adieu and the last embrace, I, in behalf of the ladies of Washington, your wives, mothers, sisters and female friends, have a mission to perform. 'Tis to present this banner. It colors are red and white with a field of blue. May its red be emblematic of that fervent bravery which animates every noble heart of your company; the white, the purity of your motives and the innocence you defend,—the blue, of unity of right and justice which makes your cause noble, and the defense of it the sublimity of patriotism. We bid you go! We would sooner be the widows and mourning mothers and sisters of dead patriots. than the wives, mothers and sisters of cringing, cowardly submissionists to aggression and wrong. But the flag:

Flag of the free hearts only hope
By angel hands to valor given—
Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe that falls before you
With freedom's soil beneath your feet,
And freedom's banner waving o'er you.'

"Take it! 'tis the last offering, but the heart's gushing prayer! Never let it trail in the dust, or dishonor stain it! We know you will not, our gallant brothers! But when victory crowns you with her garland wreath, let its proud folds float in the winds of Heaven, mutely telling our oppressors that our country yet remains!

By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear with her to live—with her to die!

"Accept this: 'tis the last token of those who love you as only women can love. Take this banner,—and if e'er
Thou wouldst press the soldier's bier,
And muffled drums should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak for thee."

At two o'clock all was ready, and after a short delay at the court house for the admission of new members, the company departed, attended by the Washington band and a large concourse of citizens accompanying them out of town; and one by one the whole crowd dispersed and an air of stillness settled upon our town, as if every one felt conscious of some event from which all levity should be banished.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY
MISS MOLLIE PAGAN
UPON PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG
TO THE
HEMPSTEAD HORNETS

Captain Garland, and Gentlemen:

Of the Hempstead Hornets:—The duty devolves upon me to pay you the last tribute of respect ere you leave your homes for the battle ground. In behalf of the ladies of this vicinity, I present to you this flag,—flag of our Southern Confederacy—flag of the noble and the brave. This task fills my heart with conflicting emotions: I am grieved at parting with you—but at the same time, my heart bounds with joy to know that our brothers and friends are brave and patriotic enough to fly to the defense of our honor, our country.

There are some in your ranks with whom I am acquainted, but for all, I assure you I entertain feelings of the highest regard. Many of you have shown me deeds of kindness; all have shown marks of respect. There is not one in your company into whose hands I would not be willing to risk my life—my all in a time of peril and bloodshed, for I believe you to be as brave and unflinching as any who have ever donned the armor of a soldier.

In hearing the result of a battle, we will listen with eager anxiety to hear of the fate of the “Hempstead Hornets,” but shall entertain no fears that they will be found flinching when the contest grows dark and furious. We know there are no cowards among you. We do not question your valor. When we say to you with firm hearts, Go

on! In God's name, go on and rescue your country, your homes, your families from under the hand of oppression * * * (here occurs a torn place in the original article.) We know we shall have many hardships to undergo which you would avert—were it in your power—but we would rather suffer, yea die, than have our loved land surrender to Northern oppression. We will protect our homes, our firesides—we can do it. We place no obstacle in your way. We know it is for us you fight; then, we bid you go, a glorious victory is in store for your arms, while nothing but defeat, ignominy and disgrace awaits your foe. The handwriting is already on the wall, and their doom may be read in the annals of our National struggle of '76 which are but a history of the triumphs of freedom over injustice and oppression, clearly proving the fact that:

“Freedom's battle, once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though vanquished oft is ever won.”

Then take this banner and go! “Strike until the last armed foe expires.” Unfurl its folds to the breeze—follow it through the storm of battle, and let it ever prove “a signal of victory or a shroud for the brave.” Soldiers, we now tender you all we can—our smiles, our tears, our prayers and sympathy; and shall expect, when you return, each will bring a “chaplet of laurels and an unbroken shield.”

Soldiers of the Hempstead Hornets, we bid you a fond, sad, long goodbye. May Heaven's choicest blessings ever shadow you.

(Captain Garland of the above is Rufus Garland, brother of Augustus H. Garland.)

THE PRAIRIE DE ROANE HOME GUARDS
And
FLAG PRESENTATION BY MISS DUFFIE

Captain Powel and Gentlemen of The Prairie De Roane
Guards:

An unmerited honor has been conferred on me by the ladies of this vicinity in whose behalf I appear today for the purpose of conveying to you an expression of their grateful admiration of your gallantry and patriotism in so promptly and effectively organizing for the protecting of those at home whom nature has denied the means of self protection, and to defend the soil that feeds and clothes us from the polluting tramp of the invader.

While nature, custom and the conventional rules of civilization has denied to women the privilege of participating in the fierce carnage of battle, it is her proud prerogative in her more peaceful avocations to sustain and strengthen, encourage and soothe, by her appreciation and prayers, those who at their country's call buckle on their armor to defend their sacred rights.

And thus I come today, the humble instrument through whom the ladies of this community, for themselves, and in behalf of the helpless orphans, the aged and the infirm, the prattling babe and the grandsire with silver locks, and above all, in behalf of the eternal principles of liberty, justice and equality, convey to you their gratitude, and as an earnest of our eternal fealty to the cause which impels you to don your armor for the conflict, as an assurance that our hearts are in the glorious cause which you are ready to defend, and that our prayers will be for your success, we offer you this banner. Take

it in the name of the God of Battles, in the hollow of whose hands is held the destiny of nations, and who will "protect the brave who battle for their rights." We offer it in the cherished name of liberty; we offer it in the name of humanity; we offer it in the name of your homes, in the name of your wives, your children, your fathers, your mothers, brothers and sisters. We offer it in the name of our beloved South, and pray that it may be the emblem of our future greatness as a nation, and may prove a terror to every despot who would usurp the rights or crush the liberties of the people.

Wherever it goes, may its Stars and Bars be hailed as the harbinger of liberty, peace and prosperity. I need not remind you of your duty to bear this banner untarnished by dishonor wherever you may be called. No! I know whether at home or on the distant tented field, in the battle's din where shot and shell fall thickest and heaviest, its bright colors may be dimmed by the smoke of battle, its bars may be seared by the merciless iron hail, its gallant bearer may be stricken down, but so long as a shred remains and a living man to bear it, it will never trail with dishonor in the dust.

We have an encouraging spectacle before us today, if one proof was wanting of the justness of our cause, we have that proof before us now. We see a company clothed in the panoply of war, composed of persons of every age, from those whose locks have grown hoar beneath the rays of a Southern sun, who might naturally desire to go down to the grave in peace, but come to offer his remaining days as an immolation on the altar of his cherished South, down to the hopeful youth whose bright visions of the future are connected and blended with his sunny home where the breeze comes laden with rich perfume wafted from the orange groves of the South. He must indeed be ignorant of history and blind to the noble impulses of man's nature who would venture the assertion that such a people can be conquered by the blind votaries of fanaticism. No! When menacing hosts that pollute our border, in their misguided zeal to subdue a people like this, shall have accomplished their end—the stranger from

across the wide ocean who will then visit this desolate waste will inquire where are the people of this once fertile but now desolate land? Echo from the hollow walls, the crumbling monuments, deserted cities, and depopulated plains will mockingly answer—where!

And now Gallant Guards, may the banner you have received today be a protection against every harm to you and to our country! And wherever duty calls you, look upon your banner and remember that the prayers of those who gave it will ascend to the God of Battle in your behalf and—

“When the drum shall cease to beat

And the cannon’s roar is hushed,”

return to your homes where you will be greeted with loud plaudits of a grateful and enfranchised people.

RESPONSE BY CAPTAIN POWEL

Miss Duffie:—In accepting, at your hands, in behalf of Prairie de Roane Home Guards this beautiful banner, wrought by the fair hands of the ladies of this vicinity, I feel my utter inability to respond to that strain of fervid eloquence which wells up from my heart, but fails to find utterance from my lips. You remind us most eloquently and compliment us most flatteringly upon our prompt organization and the motive which dictated it. Truly, most truly, have associated ourselves for the protection of our homes, our firesides and, above all, to defend the helpless and innocent who are unable to protect themselves, and who rely upon strong arms and brave hearts for that defense.

Though our immediate mission is for home protection yet, whenever the feet of the invader pollutes our virgin soil, each, with his armor buckled about him and his patriotism for his shield, is willing,—aye, more than willing—to go forth and offer himself sacrifice in defense of Southern Independence. We feel our mission to be no less than that of our brothers who are now bravely battling for the cause of the South; for which they are meeting the foe in the shock of battle, and by the force of superior valor, driving him back in every engagement with defeat and disgrace, we are guarding their wives, their mothers and sisters against the insidious wiles of the enemy, who, with a ferocity not less than the savage, would incite to insurrection our servile population and bring upon us conflagration, rapine and murder.

From every point, the invader is assailing us. The roll of the drum is now a familiar sound, and wakes the echo in places forever strange to it before. The earth is tremb-

ling beneath the tramp of marching squadrons. The roar of the cannon, the groan of the wounded and dying are now familiar sounds where lately peace reigned, and the stillness was only broken by the implements of peace. But, for all this, the South is not responsible. Her brave ones are only imitating meritorious example of a noble ancestry in resisting the aggressor of tyranny, and asserting the eternal, everlasting principles of justice, equality and independence.

We may be conquered, but never subdued! But when we are conquered, the victor will find arid wastes where once were flowery plains, and not a free man left to tell the story of defeat. God will sustain the right, and by all the lights of wisdom and experience our cause is just.

Then we may not fear. And when the white wings of peace again o'er-spread the land, 'The Confederate States of America' will be a free Sovereign and Independent Nation of the earth, with a future looming up before unparalleled in the history of civilized nations.

Whatever the result may be, this beautiful banner shall wave over us while one arm has strength to strike a foe, and though smoke and dust and blood may stain it, dishonor shall never tarnish it. Accept then fair lady, our thanks for this high testimony of your estimation of our company, and receive from me, in behalf of the company, this pledge: "that till the last arm has fallen nerveless, the last heart has ceased to beat, will it become a trophy to our enemies. With victory or death for our battle cry, a scorn of our enemies to the man shall bite the dust ere victory shall crown their arms."

Again, accept our thanks.

ADDRESS AND FLAG PRESENTATION OF
MISS BELLE SMITH
TO
THE HEMPSTEAD CAVALRY

Gentlemen of the Hempstead Cavalry:—In behalf of the ladies of Bois D'Arc Township, I have the honor to present you with this military ensign. It is the workmanship of the daughters of the South; it is baptised with the warm affection of gushing hearts; and consecrated by their prayers.

We give it to you, not to be borne as by an invader of the soil of those we once called brothers, not to desolate their homes and make drear their firesides. We know the noble descendants of the Cavalier and Huguenot would scorn to accept it for such an unholy purpose. You will ever be as ready to protect the weak and innocent of your foes as to strike down the strong and wicked.

Soldiers! You have done all that brave men could do. You have implored our enemies for peace at any sacrifice, save that of honor and independence. Your generous efforts have been misconstrued and scorned. They insist upon invading our soil, then—

“Welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock,
Let him dash his proud form like a wave on the rock,
But woe to Lincoln, and woe to his cause
When the Southron his claymore indignantly draws.”

Just above us yonder our sister state of Missouri, writhes in chains—groans in bondage more cruel than Classic Greece, or ill-fated Ireland; her towns are sacked—her houses in flames—her helpless families butchered in

cold blood. Her brave Governor stands like a lion at bay, and a noble Spartan band has gathered around him. They guard the Thermopylae of the passage that leads to our own noble state. Moved to pity and commiseration, and feeling all that mothers and wives and sisters can feel for the injured and oppressed, we present you this banner, and pray God that it may soon wave in triumph over the desolated homes of our down-trodden friends in Missouri and free our own soil from the vandal tread of the oppressed.

“Then on to their rescue, hearts of steel,
On to their rescue, souls of fire,
Let patriot’s love inspire your zeal
To conquer, triumph, or expire.”

Soldiers! you will soon go from our midst; around the firesides of and familiar places of our homes and sanctuaries you will be missed and sorrowed for; but oh, we bid you remember that the prayers and tears of mothers, sisters and friends will be with you wherever you go.

We have fearlessly and confidently entrusted our banner to your noble keeping. With it go all our hopes of protection from the heartless monsters who spare neither age, sex nor condition. Around it will linger fond memories of loved ones who leave home and its endearments to try the dangers of the battle-field for our protection. In the thickest of the fight, in the wildest and most daring hour of the conflict, remember that a mother’s eye rests upon it and you, and the prayers of fond ones hover around it.

More, I cannot say—we hope soon to welcome your return, and with it the glad tidings of victory and peace. But Oh! if you come not—if you fall, whether it be amid the proud old hills of Arkansas or on the bleak plains of Missouri, your resting place will be a holy spot and:

“When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck thy hallowed mould,
She here shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy’s feet hath ever trod.”

Soldiers! Farewell! May Heaven shield and protect you; and may you return crowned with wreathes of victory.*

*If Sherman and his army, and others who burned and pillaged the homes in the South, could have heard this address, or been presented a flag with accompanying address such as the above, we wonder if they would have been moved to have spared those homes. Some may have had flags presented—we do not know—but much might have been spared.

GOOD-BYE
A FAREWELL ADDRESS BY C. B. OWSLEY
EDITOR OF THE *COURIER*

Published at Washington During
The War Between the States

With this number, my connection with the editorial department of the *Courier* must terminate; whether it is to be final or only temporary, futurity alone can determine; but be that as it may, my country calls me, and I must lay down the pen and take up the death-dealing instruments of warfare, for

“The hour has come for manly deeds,
And not for puling words—
The hour has passed for party prate—
It is the time for swords.

I will not attempt to portray the bitter feelings of sorrow and regret that press upon my heart in this hour of mourning and separation, for they have no outlet in language; suffice it to say wherever the finger of duty may direct me, or whatever may be my fate—whether I may die upon the battle-field, amid the din of conflict and strife of contending hosts, or live to a ripe old age, rest assured, dear reader, to my latest hour, I will cherish an unfading affection for the friends of the *Courier*.

In my brief career as editor of this paper, I may have used, in the heat of passion, bitter and abusive language, against which, in my calmer moments reason would rebel; if so, I crave the pardon of those whom I may have wounded. Let all past differences be buried, and throw the mantle of eternal oblivion over the faults party con-

flicts may have engendered. We should be as a band of brothers engaged in a holy struggle for our second and, I hope, more permanent independence.

I would here take occasion to entreat my fellow countrymen to be allured by no hope that would lull them into a fatal dream of present security; for peace has fled the land and it would, indeed, take a prophet to foretell the return of that dove-eyed guest. Again, we say:

“Men of the South, our foes are up
In fierce and grim array
Their sable banner laps the air—
An insult to the day!
From North, from East and West they seek
The same disastrous goal,
With Christ upon the living lips
And Satan in the soul.

Before the Courier can meet its readers again, I will be far upon my road for the scene of conflict where, I trust, with my comrades in arms, to unfurl the banner of ‘Old Hempstead’ in victory to the breeze. Again, kind reader, permit me to bid you adieu! It may be for years, and it may forever, yet still, in sorrow, I bid you—farewell!

AN ANECDOTE

From the *Arkansas Gazette* dated February 15, 1917, we copy the following, reminiscent of the Constitutional Convention of 1874, composed of the ablest men who had ever assembled in the State in any legislative or political capacity, and has had no equal since that time:

In 1874, Phillips County, like Hempstead, had not fully recovered from the throes of Reconstruction and Negro domination, so the Democrats in that County joined with the negroes and in this way two negroes and one Democrat (white) were elected as Delegates to the Convention. J. T. White, one of the negroes, was an eloquent and earnest speaker and wielded powerful influence over the colored brethren.

One day, while the franchise clause was up for discussion, White obtained recognition and made an earnest speech against the clause. In his enthusiasms, while speaking, he moved several feet from his chair, and, when he had concluded, there were perhaps a dozen members clamoring for recognition. In the meantime, Bradley Bunch, delegate from Carroll County, had been called to preside. When White concluded his speech, in attempting to take his seat, being unconscious of having moved, he fell sprawling on the floor with his feet up in the air. Mr. Bunch, having a keen sense of humor, met the din of requests for recognition with the observance: "The Gentleman from Phillips has the floor."

NEGRO ORATORY
AS HEARD IN WASHINGTON, ARKANSAS
1898

In the days following the War Between the States and carpet-bag rule, when the Negroes were just emerging from the shell of promised and anticipated rule in the South; and when they realized that Southern sovereignty would never be a realization to them, they began to organize political bodies and secret societies, to further their cause.

It will be remembered by old citizens how they assembled in Convention before elections, with their Republican leaders urging them on to seek public offices. Hempstead County had her share of such conditions, and it took some years to put down the evils. However, conditions finally adjusted themselves.

In 1898, in the Court House at Washington, at one of their Conventions, the following speech was delivered by one Bill McFaddin, a Negro whose oratory may not be found in any edition of *Modern Eloquence*, nor stored away in the archives of any collectors of great speech. Bill is remembered by his substitute for a hat—a gorgeously colored bandana wrapped around his head.

The aforesaid Convention assembled for the purpose of selection of legislative and county officers among their own color. They did not accomplish any-

thing for themselves, and the whole thing was, as usual, turned into a farce. They failed to nominate their ticket, made up of Negroes and some white men.

It seemed that the chairman, Archie Shepperson, did the business with his little gavel. When a motion was made that the Convention declare for a certain Negro for senator, the Chair refused to entertain it on the grounds that a "Committee had been appointed to consider the matter." An appeal from the decision of the Chair was followed by a motion to "lay that motion (the appeal) on the table."

"All in favor of the motion will signify it by saying 'I,'" said the Chair.

Three or four feeble "I's" responded. Without giving the negatives a chance to vote, the Chair sapiently declared that "The 'I's' have it."

One Negro wanted to endorse the Democratic nominees for the other county offices, as well as for circuit judge, and state's attorney, "because," he said, "we," the Negroes, "can use them."

The influence of their leaders, evidently, was waning, as little Black Bill McFaddin's speech indicates:

THE SPEECH

White gemen and black niggers, weeze being badly adjercated in dis yer meeting. We niggers kim hyar wid nuffin an weeze gwine way wid nuffin. De white fokes get all de substance and we git de shadder. Day eats up de possum an frows us de bones. Hits allus dat way and nebber'll be no udder way less yer changes yer resjestitation, exercises more judgmaticism, an obscarves more closer de line ob demarkation atween de progress ob de progression and de impactibility ob de obfustication.

Feller sufferins, dese hyar times am full ah overflowing wid de perils ob de gregarisity, an I tell right hyar yer'd better look out or de debil'll soon hab yer

by de prehensile obligata dragging yer down, down to de bottomless pit ob de hell and demnition! Consider wot's to be ultimathule ob yer coagulated existance on dis ultra-mundane speer wot's whirling us on to indestruction! De hounds ob hell am near, an I's jist waiting for hell to break loose an phantagromatize de whole constabulation an penumbration ob de human race! I extorts yer to stan from under befo de roof relapses an swats yer inter de eberlasting hyarafter. De reobdergation ob de infinitesimality ob de superogation am a mighty onpleasant topic ter discourse in dis warm wedder—Gosh! how hit do mek a nigger sweat and stink! But feller sufferins, in dis swale ob steers—ahem, ahem, dat's hit. Dat's hit, I say. Lemme see, - - - Whar wus I at! Oh yes, I forgot de corntext. I was jist agwine for ter remark dat de chairman wid his little gabble wot he uses ter rap um ter order wid, an ole Bob Samuels wid his big gabble wot flies out ob his jaws lak water outen a pump, hab ruled dis hyar convention jist lak de marsters ruled us ole darkies in slavery times. Nigger had no show den, had no show hyar terday. De white fokes steal de chile and leave de diaper for de nigger.

A BIT OF YANKEE HUMOR

From the *Daily Citizen*, a newspaper published in Vicksburg, Mississippi, on the back of wallpaper, and dated Thursday, July 2, 1863, we copy the following:

"On Dit—That the Great Ulyses, the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th of July by a grand dinner and so forth. When asked if he would invite Joe Johnson to join, he said 'No! for fear there will be a row at the table.' 'He must get in the city before he dines in it. The way to cook rabbits is first catch the rabbit, etc.'"

The last item of the last column of the same issue is the following:

"July the 4th. Two days bring about many changes. The Banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. General Grant has caught the rabbit: he has dined in Vicksburg and did bring his dinner with him: The Citizen lives to see it. For the last time it appears on Wall Paper; no more will it eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten—urge Southern Warriors to such diet evermore. This is the last Wall Paper Edition, and is, excepting this note from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."

NOTE—The writer has this issue of the *Citizen* in her possession.

THE WOODEN INDIAN

Washington had one of the first wooden Indians. Until six or seven years ago, the Indian stood in front of Washington's cigar stores, drug stores, saloons and grocery stores for nearly a century.

The Wooden Indian has become an object d'art, an antique, a rarity. Carved out of a cypress log by a man named Campbell of Newark, New Jersey, who formed him into shape first with a hatchet, then with a pocketknife, the Wooden Indian was originally intended for a cigar-store sign. I have been told that Mr. Campbell made six of these objects. The one referred to in this sketch was purchased in New York during the early days of Washington's history by Capt. Sam Ogden, who brought it overland to Washington in a wagon before there were any railroads. It is owned to-day by Albert G. Simms, of New Mexico, to whom this writer sold it several years ago. However, it had passed through the hands of quite a number of owners before it fell into my hands. As a child, I saw it first in front of the drug store of T. J. Williams; then, afterward, it stood before the saloon of Wash Rowton for many years; after that, it fell into the hands of Mr. C. M. Conway, where it kept sentinel in front of his grocery store for years, but still belonged to Mr. Rowton, who had gone out of the saloon business. A short time before Mr. Rowton died, my husband, T. Y. Williams, bought it and placed it in front of

his store, about forty years ago. My husband died in 1924, leaving the old relic in my possession until I sold it, in 1940, to Albert Simms and shipped it to him at Albuquerque, New Mexico, where it may be seen today on his ranch.

It was the red man who first gave the weed (tobacco), through Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake and others, to the smoking world. The Indians called the herb *tobar*; it was the Spaniards who made it tobacco.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an early smoker, and his name lives in tobacco annals because of the story that one of his servants, seeing clouds of smoke wreathing his master, proceeded to extinguish him by emptying the contents of a bucket of water over him.

THE ENGLISH IVY

The English Ivy, which grows so luxuriantly on the courthouse building and on the trees in Washington, came from the home of Sir Walter Scott.

When James K. Jones was elected to the United States Senate and went to Washington to live, Mrs. Jones and some friends went on an excursion up the Hudson River, sight-seeing. One of the attractions on the trip was the home of Washington Irving. While they were admiring the ivy-covered home of the famous writer, the old gentleman, then well into the seventies, came out and introducing himself told them that he had gotten it from the home of Sir Walter Scott and brought it to America. He then broke off some sprigs of the vine and gave each of them a piece to bring home with them.

Mrs. Jones brought some of it to Washington and planted it around the courthouse. It has a rapid growth and in a few years almost completely covered the building. People coming from far and near to Court would break off a sprig now and then, and at this writing nearly every home in Arkansas has English Ivy growing on it.

THE WASHINGTON FEMININE
ADMINISTRATION
1934 - 1936

Washington, Arkansas, is the first town to have an All-Woman's Council. The above feminine group was elected in April, 1934, and served for two terms. The personnel was: Miss Julia Delony, alderwoman; Miss Ella Monroe, recorder; Miss Mary Catts, alderwoman; Mrs. Charlean Moss Williams, mayor; Mrs. I. L. Pilkinton, Mrs. J. W. Butler and Miss Kathryn Holt, alderwoman.

At the second election, Mrs. W. H. Etter was elected to replace Miss Ella Monroe as recorder, and Mrs. Luther Smith replaced Mrs. Pilkinton, who resigned, while Mrs. Butler moved away.

This event was given much publicity in all the metropolitan newspapers from north, east, south and west, which resulted in a flood of fan mail for weeks from friends and strangers, some from abroad. One woman in Scotland wanted me to examine some land deeds in Grant County, Arkansas, in which she was interested, or involved.

*"Good Gawsh Looks Like
You Would Help a Po' Man
Out Some Time."* . . . Walter Lee.

The Telegraph:

Folks had a good time here Sunday at the Homecoming, but nobody had a better one than did our office nigger, Tige, and Walter Lee, the latter being head window washer for Johnson and Company and "Secretary" to Paul Bailey.

Tige had a convenient birthday Sunday, and Walter needed just a dime or a quarter, to have enough money to buy a sack of oats for his horse. Both of them, knowing most of the people visiting, did a land-office business until they ran out of prospects.

If Walter's horse (if Walter has a horse) ever derives any benefit from the proceeds of Walter's Sunday business to the extent of a sack of oats, then we would like to have a picture of both the horse and the oats.

As for Tige, the birthday gag worked fine—until he tried it on Mr. Walter Simms of Texarkana. Mr. Simms remembered that Tige had previously set his birthday as Christmas Day. He asked just how often Tige had birthdays and was told that Tige had them by the dozen each year; in fact, any time he saw any of his "White folks". Another one of Tige's "white folks", Mr. Tom Old, of New York, took Tige in his automobile to have him point out to him some of the older places in town. After completing their tour of the place, Mr. Old stopped at the Court house, presumably to let Tige out. "Naw sir, Cap," said Tige, "you tek me up town so dose niggers in front of Gilbert Cary's can see me riden in dis car."

THE EFFETE EAST HAS ITS QUOTA OF MORONS

Quoted from the *Arkansas Gazette*, Little Rock.
Arkansas:

People who take the old worm-eaten stories like the "Arkansas Traveler" to be typical of the population of the state should read this one by Walter Winchell, the Columnist. It would appear that there are morons in portions of the effete East also:

Ex-Gov. Lehman of New York decided that war bonds were not selling too well among the farmers upstate So Gov. Lehman went himself to help peddle them . . . After motoring in the wilderness, he encountered a farmer driving a surry with no 'fringe' on top "Hi" called out the Governor, "did you ever hear of Herbert Lehman of Albany?" "Nope" was the indifferent reply. "Ever hear of Franklin Roosevelt?" "Nope", said the farmer. "Pearl Harbor?" continued Lehman. "Never heard of her either." "Ever hear of Churchill?" "Nh-nh what of it?" "Well", said Governor Lehman, "I'm here to see you about bonds." "Ain't interested," said the farmer as he drove on.

SCENE 2: The farmer's wife, who was watching through a window, greeted her husband with: "who was that? What did he want"? "Oh", said the farmer sucking his teeth, "Some city slicker from Albany—named Lehman—told me about a fellow named Roosevelt—who got in trouble with a girl named Pearl Harbor—from some place near Church Hill—wanted me to go his bond."

Signed F. W. A., Little Rock

MARKERS FOR WASHINGTON AND FULTON
PRESENTED BY
THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

The following program was rendered on the steps of the Confederate State Capitol on the above date, commemorating Washington and Fulton:

Invocation—Dr. J. C. Williams.

Chorus—Arkansas, by the High School students.

Presentation Speech—William McComb, of the Centennial Commission. Little Rock.

Acceptance Speech—Mayor Delony, of Washington, and Senator Thompson, of Fulton.

Address—(Historic Sketch) Hon. E. F. McFaddin of Hope.

Poem—(The Old State Capitol) Mrs. Rosa Polk Shipley of Hope.

The Hempstead County Press—A. H. Washburn, Editor of the Hope Star.

Soldiers Chorus From Faust—Washington High School students.

THE INSCRIPTIONS

HEMPSTEAD COUNTY—The Town of Fulton: Fulton on Red River is the point of crossing of the Great Southwestern Trail. Later the old Military Road and the Missouri Pacific railway crossed here. It was a U. S. frontier town prior to the annexation of Texas. A town was

laid out here in 1820 by Moses Austin and his son Stephen, founders of Texas, as a base of supplies of this Texas Colony. In 1840, the town was laid off in lots and squares by Edward Cross, Grandison D. Royston, Daniel T. Witter and Rosswell Beebe.

Hempstead County—Old Washington: Mobilization and organization place for Arkansas troops on their way to the war with Mexico.

Hempstead County—Old Courthouse: This court house of Hempstead County, located in Washington, is known as the war time state capitol because it was the seat of the state government during the federal occupation of Little Rock. The county was named in honor of Edward Hempstead, first delegate in Congress from Missouri Territory.

HOMECOMING IN WASHINGTON

An Annual Event

1922

In the spring of 1922, Mrs. Mattie Carruth Robertson, a native townswoman, then living in another part of the state, conceived the idea of having a homecoming in Washington. The event was advertised in the *Washington Telegraph* and Little Rock papers, and soon everybody was talking about it.

The day was set for the second Sunday in May—Mother's Day. The event was to commemorate the founding of Washington as the first and oldest incorporated town in Arkansas. It was to be an annual event, to which all former citizens still living, their descendants, and descendants of the pioneers, were to meet together in a day's celebration, visit the cemeteries, and decorate the graves of their dead.

The day began with services at the oldest church in town, the Methodist, and the sermon was preached by a former Washington minister—wherever one could be found. At one or two of the very first gatherings, the pulpit was occupied by Rev. John Lowery, a son of Rev. James Lowery, one of the first missionaries into the wilds of Arkansas. However, Mr. Lowery, at that time, was up in his seventies or eighties, and only lived a few years after the first few homecomings. There are none of the older ministers living now. After the

service, the gathering crowd repaired to the courthouse lawn where a bountiful feast was spread on improvised tables under the old cedar trees. The drinks consisted of barrels of iced water, iced tea and hot coffee; the food, barbecued meats of all kinds, fried chickens and boiled country (sugar-cured) hams (donated by the farmers), relishes, cakes, pies, fruits, pickles, etc. The rest of the day was spent in visiting, seeing friends and relatives who had not seen each other, perhaps in forty years or more, and talking of old times. Everyone also signed his name in a large book, or register, at the courthouse.

After visiting the cemetery and placing flowers on the graves of their loved ones, and revisiting old scenes and sacred haunts, the crowd dispersed with a promise to come back next year.

The first gathering proving such a success and happy occasion for every one, the event became a fixed occasion for years. But alas! as the years came and went, there were fewer faces among the old crowd. War came in 1941, which year saw the last gathering. A few of the younger generation still visit the cemetery and bring flowers for the graves of their dead. For years they came from far and near, as will be seen from the following account of the last homecoming on a large scale in 1941:

WASHINGTON'S HOMECOMING DAY

Is a Success.

For the 18th consecutive time, Washington's Homecoming was held Sunday, May 11, 1941. Attending was a crowd of approximately 500—about the usual number who attend the annual event. Quite a number of those who usually attend, mainly those

from a distance, did not attend this time, but their number was replaced by newcomers—to make up for the usual crowd.

Some few homecomers, who have relatives in the county, arrived a day or two in advance of Sunday, but the majority of the crowd began to arrive early Sunday morning, and the trek of those who annually come back to Washington continued throughout the day. The Methodist church was crowded with local people and visitors to hear the Rev. W. W. Nelson, Des Arc pastor, and a native of Washington, deliver the homecoming sermon on the customary subject, Mother's Day.

Preceding the morning service at the Methodist church, members of the Simms family presented to the church, in memory of their mother, Mrs. Mary Field Simms, three items of pulpit service—one large center chair and two smaller chairs. These are made of Arkansas walnut in the conventional pulpit design and the large center chair contains a silver plaque reciting that the three items are "presented to the church in memory of their mother, Mrs. Mary Field Simms (1864-1934) by her children." Mrs. Simms had been organist in the church for years during her young married life. Rev. J. Oscar Gold accepted the gift in behalf of the church.

A year before, at homecoming service (1940), Mrs. William R. King of Memphis, Tennessee, presented the Presbyterian church with a handsome pulpit Bible in memory of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews Hart, a former resident of Washington.

As usual, at the noon hour, all homecoming visitors were provided with a bountiful spread on tables beneath the cedar trees on the lawn of the old Court House. After the noon spread, the visitors were left to spend the time, in visiting with friends and relatives,

the cemetery, the old Capitol building and other spots sacred to them. Most of the crowd remained until late in the afternoon and left at the end of the day, to conclude the 18th homecoming gathering and which, like those which have preceded this one, was thoroughly enjoyed by citizen and visitor alike.

Since not more than half of the homecoming visitors this year registered in the book kept for that purpose, the list which follows does not contain the names of all who were in Washington on that Sunday. Registering were:

From Texarkana:—Glen Frederick, Miss Katie Jett, Rainey Jett, Elizabeth Green, John T. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, Donald Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ables, Miss Rosellen Conway, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Morgan, Mrs. Louise Stuart Holman, Mrs. Offenhauser, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Harkness, Jr., Mrs. Nanette Booker, Paul Booker, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harner, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Simms, Henry B. Holman, Mrs. Nellie Boyce, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thompson, Mrs. Valrie (Stuart) Lowthrop and Edward Lowthrop.

From Little Rock:—Mrs. R. L. Draper, Sarah Draper, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Holt, Mrs. Gayle Jett, Mr. and Mrs. Hardin Bale, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Cato, Miss Imogene Jett, Mr. and Mrs. Matlock, Mrs. Myra Simms Brack, Mrs. Nal Williams, Robert M. Williams, Oscar Old, Mary Kathryn Old and Miss Mattie Royston.

From El Dorado:—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Trimble and family; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Trimble and son; Mrs. C. N. Trimble and David Trimble; Mrs. C. M. Williams and Willie Johnson. J. E. Gold, from Mus-

kogee, Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Allison Johnson, of Shreveport, Louisiana; Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Royston, St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Wilson, Cotton Valley, Louisiana; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lively, Mrs. Doyle Crittendon, Shreveport, Louisiana; J. W. Butler, Newelton, Louisiana; Mrs. W. R. King, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Virginia Hart, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary Simms Eels, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Byron Hildreth, Mobile, Ala.

From Pine Bluff:—Mrs. Stella Royston Woolridge and Leo Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Puddephatt, Leroy Branch, Virginia Ellis and Mildred Ellis. Mrs. Hugh Carruth, Nashville; Mrs. Lena Royston McClung, Morrilton; Mrs. Bessie Battle, Fulton; Mrs. Randolph Hamby, Mrs. Irene Tackett, Miss Irene Hamby, Prescott; Mr. and Mrs. Quintin T. Cone and Q. T. Cone, Jr., and Miss Johnnie June Cone, of Snyder, Arkansas; Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Nelson, Des Arc.; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wallace, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and many others from other places.

The above names do not include those from Hempstead County.





Scale of Miles.

